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"I suffered as I feel their men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

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C u r r e n t ✻ H i s t o r y

**The Fall
of
Port Arthur**

The capitulation of Port Arthur, on January 1, marked the end of a siege, by no means the longest, but in other important respects certainly one of the most remarkable in all history. The aggregate mortality is not known, and may not be for a long time to come, but it has been apparent that several of the incidental engagements have been fearfully sanguinary; the civilized world has shuddered over the correspondents' descriptions of the shambles resulting from the desperate attacks upon, and the equally desperate defense of the various important positions; and all right-minded people must have drawn a deep sigh of genuine relief when the news came that the stubborn defenders of the fortress had at last yielded to the inevitable.

Port Arthur was captured from the Chinese by the Japanese on November 21, 1894, and on May 8, 1895, all of the Liaotung peninsula was ceded to Japan. In November of the same year, however, Japan was forced by Russia, Germany and France to retrocede the Liaotung peninsula to China, and on May 27, 1898, Russia concluded a treaty with China by which China agreed to "lease" Port Arthur and Talienwan, with the adjacent territory, to Russia, and that Government was also given permission to build forts and barracks in the "leased" territory. The character and significance of this transaction were clear to the world, but Japan was helpless in the presence of the three great powers, and was forced to withdraw from Port Arthur. That the Japanese Government were doing other things besides nursing their wrath during the next five years has been sufficiently demonstrated.

Diplomatic relations between the two countries were broken off on February 6 of last year; on February 8 Admiral Togo made his daring attack upon the Port Arthur fleet, seriously damaging the battleships *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan* and *Pallada*; and on February 9 the fort was bombarded by the Japanese fleet. On April 13 there was a general engagement between the two fleets, which resulted in the sinking of the *Petro-pavlovsk* and the loss of Admiral Makaroff and 700 of the crew. Then followed the arrival, off Pitse-wo of sixty Japanese transports bearing the first instalment of the army to be used for the siege of Port Arthur. On May 26 and 27 occurred the battles of Kin-Chow and Nanshan Hill, by which General Stoessel's troops were forced back into the fortress, and the siege was actually begun. Despite the most desperate and well-conducted resistance the Japanese pushed steadily forward from this time. Dalny was occupied on May 30, and on August 5, Wolf, Green and Christ hills, the outer defenses of the fort, were captured. One by one, other points commanding various parts of the inner fortification were stormed and taken, and on November 30 203-Méter Hill, which commanded the harbor, where the fleet lay, yielded to the repeated and reckless charges of the Japanese. From this point the Russian war-ships were soon disabled or driven out of the harbor. During December the advance continued steadily, and with the capture of Fort Sungshu, on December 31, the batteries of the besiegers were sweeping every part of the fortifications. On the afternoon of January 1, General Stoessel was persuaded that further resistance was hopeless, and

could result only in the annihilation of his garrison. Thereupon he sent a note to General Nogi asking for terms of capitulation—a communication which, under the circumstances, amounted to a surrender. On the following day, the terms of capitulation were arranged. The provisions required the surrender of the entire garrison, the officers to be permitted to retain their side-arms and to be paroled and returned to their homes, upon their pledge that they would not re-engage in the present hostilities; the rank and file to be made prisoners of war. The Russians further agreed to turn over to the victors all the war paraphernalia in the fortification, including maps, charts, records and the like. There has been great disparity between the figures representing the number of men surrendered, and also between the statements concerning the conditions in the fortress at the time of the capitulation. The first reports said that the actual fighting force of the garrison had been reduced to about 5,000 men; that the supply of ammunition had been all but exhausted, and that the interior of the fortification had been desolated. Later reports (from Japanese sources) put the total force surrendered at 48,000, and the actual number of prisoners of war at 32,000, not counting 16,000 sick and wounded. Of the prisoners, according to this report, the army furnished 22,500, the navy 4,500, and the remainder were non-combatants. As to the property surrendered, a despatch to the Japanese Legation at Washington (on January 12) summarized it as follows: Permanent forts, 59; guns, 546, of which 54 were of large caliber, 149 of medium caliber and 343 were small caliber; shells for large guns, 82,670; ammunition for small arms, 30,000 kilos; rifles, 35,252; horses, 1,920; battle-ships, 4, not including the *Sevastopol*, which is entirely sunk; cruisers, 2; torpedo boat destroyers, 14; steamers, 10; and small steamers, launches, etc., 35, the latter being usable after slight repairs. This report seems to disprove the statements about the shortage of ammunition.

There has also been sharp difference of opinion as to the tactical justification for this long, and in every way immensely expensive siege. A writer in the *London Spectator* says: "The truth is that a fortress is not an end in itself, but a detail in a strategic plan. It stands or falls by the value of the strategy. If the general scheme is sound,

a fortress may play an effective part; but if its safety becomes an objective in itself, then it is the worst form of entanglement." As to the achievements of the besieging army, the same writer remarks: "To those who know the ingenuity with which Port Arthur was protected such feats must seem only possible at a terrific cost. We do not deny the need on occasion for such self-sacrificing courage. Many positions, in spite of all modern inventions, can only be won now, as at Crécy, by a deadly struggle at close quarters. But a wise commander should husband this heroism and make sparing use of it, for the bravest army, even if it cannot be daunted, may be worn away." On the other hand, Captain Mahan, several months ago, had these things to say about the defense of the fortress:

There appears to me a very general failure on the part of the public to recognize that, appealing as is the misery of these brave soldiers to our every sentiment of humanity, they are not dying—have not died—in vain. Whatever the upshot, they have given their lives, or are still giving their endurance, not merely to save a barren fortress, but to hold in check, by the imperious necessity laid upon the enemy to reduce the place, a body of foes, in army and in fleet, whose hands would otherwise be at the throats of Kuropatkin or Vladivostok. It is no idle sentiment of military punctilio, but the strong demands of a military situation that justify, nay compel, the resistance, which, whatever may hereafter befall, will cover Stoessel and his troops with undying honor.

But whatever tacticians and critics may say about the strategical value of Port Arthur, and the military necessities of the case, it is easy for the layman to imagine that every Japanese soldier engaged in the siege, from General Nogi down to the youngest private, kept steadily in mind during those terrible seven months one fact—that his country had once captured that fortress and had held it until they were robbed of it outright, and that the people who were now holding it incited and played the principal part in the robbery. Nor is it hard for an American to believe that, under the circumstances, the Japanese vastly preferred taking the fortress by main strength to having it given to them.

Will Russian
Reforms
Be Affected?

How the fall of Port Arthur may influence the progress of the war, beyond the obviously necessary stultification of Russia's subsequent naval program, it is not possible intelligently to predict at

this time. Doubtless the bulk of General Nogi's troops will re-enforce those of Marshal Oyama at the Sha River, and likely enough, within a month or so, there will be active campaigning in that neighborhood, perhaps with Mukden as the next objective. But it is much more interesting to consider what effect the blow may have upon the attitude of the Government toward the reform movement, and internal affairs generally. The Czar's reply to the petition of the presidents of the Zemstvos is variously regarded by different disinterested onlookers. That remarkable document, it will be remembered, was virtually an arraignment of the very genius of the present system, which it characterized as "abnormal," because it brought about "complete estrangement" between the Government and the people. The bureaucratic system was roundly condemned for "arbitrariness" and "personal caprice," and then follow a series of specifications which provide practically for a republican form of government. That the Czar should have permitted the assemblage of such a gathering, and should have replied to the petition in a tone which, under the circumstances, was little short of conciliatory, is pretty clear evidence of a serious state of affairs. True, he ignores the request for a national representative body; but, although there is much hedging and qualification, his sanction of the clauses of the petition calling for equal administration of the law, the expansion of local self-government, the greater freedom of the press, the modification of the tyrannical condemnation by administrative procedure, and for other reforms essentially republican in character, are exceedingly significant concessions. It is pointed out that very powerful influences were brought to bear upon the Czar by both the opponents and the supporters of reform—that is, by the reactionaries, headed by Muraviev, the Minister of Justice, Kokovzov, the Minister of Finance, and Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, all of whom insisted upon strict adherence to the traditions of autocracy; while on the other, that is, the Liberal side, were arranged such men as Prince Mirsky, Minister of the Interior, and Witte. Those who insist that the Czar is weak and vacillating by temperament, and is easily confused by plausible presentations of both sides of an issue, maintain that it was natural for him to halt between the two opinions on this case. On the other

hand, the general spirit of the Czar's reform pronouncement must also be considered in the light of the fact that he is essentially an autocrat, and from his own view-point doubtless has little patience with republican theories of government. Taking all these things into consideration, therefore, it seems likely enough that the reformers may get what seems for the moment, at least, to be a serious hearing. And it is not hard to believe that this likelihood is increased for the time being by the effect upon the public of the fall of Port Arthur. For there can be no doubt that, from the first, the war has been exceedingly unpopular with the masses—the same masses whose voice is now being heard, and apparently heeded, in the political councils of the nation.

**Mr. Carnegie's
Library
Benefactions.**

At the dedication of the new library of Beloit College, at Beloit, Wis., on January 5, Mr. Horace White, formerly editor-in-chief of the New York Evening Post, delivered an address presenting the first complete and authoritative account of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's remarkable list of benefactions in the way of founding public libraries. The statistics, Mr. White explained, were prepared by Mr. Carnegie's secretary, and are therefore entirely accurate. Besides the figures, Mr. White presented facts and considerations which may well be reproduced here. He remarked that, as a result of Mr. Carnegie's benevolence, more work has been done in this country for free libraries since 1891 "than had been done in our whole previous history, and one man has done more of it than all others put together. Mr. Carnegie has, up to the present time, given or pledged himself to give 1,290 library buildings to the English-speaking people. Of these 779 are in the United States. The aggregate cost of these buildings is \$39,325,240, of which \$29,094,080, or practically three-fourths of the whole, has been expended in this country, about \$6,000,000 in England, about \$2,000,000 in Scotland, and \$1,475,500 in Canada. The proportion of the total population which Mr. Carnegie has supplied with library facilities is, for the aggregate of the English-speaking race, a little more than 18 per cent., and that is the percentage for the United States, for England and for Canada, taken separately. This means that eighteen in each one hundred persons in all

and in each of these countries have free and convenient access to books by reason of Mr. Carnegie's beneficence. These are mostly dwellers in towns and cities." Mr. White explained the discrepancies shown in the table as follows: "Thus in New York 55 per cent. of the population is so supplied, while the proportion in Minnesota is less than 10 per cent. The difference is to be accounted for, doubtless, by the great density of population in New York city, where eighty Carnegie libraries, which are branches of the New York Public Library and under its administration, have been or are to be supplied. . . . There are no Carnegie libraries in the State of Mississippi, while in California, which has about the same number of people, there are thirty-five. As Mr. Carnegie does not discriminate between States or sections, the discrepancy here noted must be due to the indifference of the Mississippians themselves to libraries, or (which means the same thing) their unwillingness to be taxed for the support of them. Alabama has shared Mr. Carnegie's bounty to the extent of five libraries, but Arkansas has none. Two of the small States in the Union, Rhode Island and Delaware, have no Carnegie libraries, whereas Idaho, which is still smaller, has three; Nevada, the smallest of all, has one, and the District of Columbia seven."

Mr. White referred to certain current criticisms of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions. As to the contention that the money could have been better used in the building of hospitals, infirmaries, and institutions for like purposes, he remarked that "it is the recognized duty of civilized countries to provide hospitals for the sick poor and to care for neglected children and the aged and infirm, and to support them by public funds." And in answer to the criticism that Mr. Carnegie gives only "bricks and mortar," Mr. White said: "It is true that he seeks to coöperate with the people in spreading light, not to supplant them in that endeavor. The person who awakens dormant minds, excites public spirit, and nurtures the self-respect of the community, does far more than one who merely gives cash. As regards brick and mortar, surely the first step towards a public library, is to provide house-room for books and book-seekers. This is the starting-point and *sine quâ non* of the whole business. Very few of these 1,290 libraries would have been in existence, or under way, if the indispen-

able first cost, the library plant, had not been offered by Mr. Carnegie."

The foregoing excerpts from Mr. White's address, and the following table which accompanied it, we reproduce from the New York Evening Post—the table in reduced form, the columns showing "total population," "aggregate of population served with Carnegie libraries" having been omitted:

CARNEGIE LIBRARY STATISTICS.

Name of State or Country	Amount given or promised for erection of buildings.	Number towns with Carnegie libraries.	Number Carnegie libraries.	Percentage of whole population supplied.
Alaska.....
Alabama.....	\$90,000	5	5	2.8
Arizona.....	54,000	3	3	13.3
Arkansas.....
California.....	1,317,500	30	35	39.7
Colorado.....	433,500	11	11	41.3
Connecticut.....	20,000	1	1	6
Delaware.....
District of Columbia.....	700,000	1	7	78.4
Florida.....	90,000	3	3	11.9
Georgia.....	267,500	2	9	8.2
Idaho.....	40,000	3	3	6.6
Illinois.....	1,038,250	53	53	8.7
Indiana.....	963,000	45	45	15.2
Indian Territory.....	25,000	2	2	2.3
Iowa.....	938,500	51	52	16.1
Kansas.....	265,000	12	12	9.4
Kentucky.....	533,500	10	10	16.5
Louisiana.....	260,000	2	5	21.3
Maine.....	176,000	11	11	11.2
Maryland.....	55,000	3	3	2.9
Massachusetts.....	361,000	21	21	5.2
Michigan.....	1,301,200	29	34	21.6
Minnesota.....	409,000	28	28	9.7
Mississippi.....
Missouri.....	1,327,500	15	25	22.4
Montana.....	95,000	7	7	12.7
Nebraska.....	210,000	7	7	0.5
Nevada.....	15,000	1	1	10.6
New Hampshire.....	137,000	9	9	14.1
New Jersey.....	512,000	16	18	18.0
New Mexico.....	20,000	2	2	2.9
New York.....	6,360,000	39	119	55.7
North Carolina.....	100,000	4	4	3.1
North Dakota.....	77,700	5	5	7.4
Ohio.....	1,713,500	52	63	30.2
Oklahoma.....	88,500	5	5	7.6
Oregon.....	110,000	2	2	22.4
Pennsylvania.....	6,612,930	34	70	33.4
Rhode Island.....
South Carolina.....	25,000	2	2	1.2
South Dakota.....	126,500	0	0	8.7
Texas.....	483,500	10	19	9.3
Tennessee.....	195,000	5	5	6.7
Utah.....	25,000	1	1	5.9
Vermont.....	65,000	2	2	7.1
Virginia.....	180,000	3	3	7.4
Washington.....	432,500	9	9	36.5
West Virginia.....	60,000	2	2	2.5
Wisconsin.....	692,000	33	33	14.3
Wyoming.....	92,500	4	4	28.0
United States.....	29,094,080	619	779	18.7
Porto Rico.....	100,000	1	1	3.4
Canada.....	1,475,500	45	45	18.8
Scotland.....	1,076,550	71	102	43.3
England.....	5,038,610	275	317	18.2
Ireland.....	598,000	30	36	10.8
Australia.....
New Zealand.....	91,250	5	5	8.2
Tasmania.....	35,250	1	1	19.6
West Indies.....	22,000	1	1	2.0
Total.....	\$39,325,240	1,048	1,290	18.7

**The Farm for
Juvenile Negro
Offenders**

From one of our Southern readers we have an interesting account of the probation plan established in Alabama about a year ago for the benefit of juvenile negro lawbreakers, by Judge Feagin, of the Birmingham police court. It had been the practice to sentence young offenders to the chain-gang, where, of course, they came into close contact with grown and often hardened criminals. A year ago last December Judge Feagin put his plan into operation. For a second offense he imposes a full sentence upon a boy, but the mayor of the city at once offers to commute this sentence to a term of sequestration on a farm at some distance from the city. Much as they dislike leaving the city, naturally the small offenders prefer the farm to jail and chain-gang life, and our informant says that at the time of his writing about sixty little negroes were being taken care of in these rural homes. He says that although the boys are required to work, the system has no resemblance to peonage, because the farmers selected are known to be kind and honest men; and furthermore, they are held strictly to an agreement, which reads as follows: "Received from N. B. Feagin, Judge of Police Court, Birmingham, Alabama, and little colored boys, whom I agree to raise and educate, giving them a good home. I agree to train them in habits of industry and for good citizenship. I will treat them kindly, and will not transfer them to any other person, but will keep them upon my farm near..... I further agree to write to Judge Feagin once a month and keep him posted as to how they get along." It is not surprising, though it is none the less gratifying, to hear that influences of the kind here prescribed have had salutary effects. Our informant says that reports from the boys who have been thus placed on farms are to the effect that "all are in excellent health, delighted with their new life and developing rapidly under the good influences that surround them. One of them," we are further assured, "was shown a letter from his mother asking that he be returned to her, but he refused absolutely to go, declaring that he received better treatment in his new home and had a better chance to make something of himself. In town he had been convicted over and over again of petty thieving." We

are also assured that "the plan has reduced crime in the city of Birmingham to an extent that surprises everyone. It diminished the number of arrests from sixty in December to five in May and three in June. The police declare that petty larcenies have almost come to an end." Supposing that the friends of this movement may be disposed to exaggerate its efficacy (although we have no reason to mistrust the accuracy of our informant's statistics), it seems sufficiently clear that Judge Feagin has instituted a very admirable reform. To quote our informant again: "The plan is being watched closely and hopefully by all classes of citizens, the press and many other courts in the South. So aroused are the negroes of the better class that they have organized themselves into a State association, and are enlisting the entire sixty-six counties in one great effort to carry out the plan systematically, and also to assist Judge Feagin in establishing a negro boys' reformatory. A wealthy negro has donated 125 acres of land near Tuscaloosa for a site for the new institution. Booker T. Washington is lending his aid, and philanthropists in Boston and New York are taking up the cause. When the reformatory is once established it is quite sure of receiving support from the State Legislature. The State has an industrial school of this kind for white children, but until now no provision has been made for the little negroes. Judge Feagin greatly prefers the separate home upon the farm, and will continue to place the young criminals in them as far as possible, but he realizes the need of a larger institution as well." If Judge Feagin's preference for the "separate home upon the farm" implies misgiving as to the efficiency of the "reform school" as such, it is a feeling which will be shared, we believe, by many magistrates who have had to do with juvenile criminals, and probably by most thoughtful police officials. The testimony of such observers quite generally is that as a result of the interchange of experiences and the absorption of new ideas from the other small criminals with whom he must be closely associated, the average boy comes out of the ordinary "reform school" several degrees worse and actually more dangerous to society than he was when he went in. And for this very reason police officials have been known to refuse to arrest boys who, under the law, would be sent to such an institution. On

the other hand, the remarkable success of the George Junior Republic is sufficient demonstration of the possibilities of judiciously ordered juvenile reform measures—although, of course it is to be remembered that Mr. George has had to do chiefly with the neglected and the reckless, rather than the vicious. Judge Feagin's view of this question is well worth quoting. According to our informant, he says: "Rural homes are the bulwarks of personal purity and national honor and patriotism. The farm is the school for the development of individuality. It inspires self-confidence, self-reliance and independence. Our little negroes must be taught construction to save them from destruction; for their hands will tear down unless trained to build up. It is the *economy* of the State to do this and to care for them while they are young." There can be no question about the soundness and the benevolence of this doctrine. Once it is put into practice in good faith throughout the South, a correct and speedy solution of the race problem will have been well begun.

**Dr. Schurman
on the
Radical Vote**

With the discussion of the significance of the large socialistic vote actually cast in the presidential election, and of the clear evidence that there was also a very large "radical" vote which was not cast at all, comes the interesting intelligence from England that the politics of that country are about to see a new "labor" party pledged to secure "equality of economic opportunity for the people." In neither country has this radical element assumed definite political proportions (although certain observers of British political tendencies believe that the new labor party there will play a conspicuous part in the next elections); but there is not lacking evidence that the material is at hand in each, and it only remains to be seen whether these forces are to become aggressive and independent, or whether they will blend with and more or less alter the character of prevailing politics.

In our department of "Current Discussion" last month we reproduced, under the caption, "The Talk about a New Party," some ante-election consideration of that subject, and many of these expressions emphasized the obviously increased strength of the radical element, as represented by the Socialistic and Democratic vote. Another explicit rec-

ognition of the importance of this aspect of the result last November comes from Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University. Dr. Schurman will not be accused of radical sympathies by any one who knows him; and at the very opening of this particular expression (a speech to the Merchants' Association of Fitchburg, Mass.) he was at pains to say definitely that he had "no faith in socialism," and that he believed free competition to be "the natural, the inevitable and the most beneficial rule for economic societies." These declarations serve to emphasize the significance of his next remarks, which were as follows: "I nevertheless am deeply impressed both with the magnitude of the socialistic vote and the abstention from voting of a million or more radical democrats at the last election. Is not this a surprising, indeed a startling, phenomenon. Is it not, in its quiet, peaceful way, just as significant as the red flag which waved last week in the streets of St. Petersburg? Is it not, like that, a protest of good and honest citizens against what they believe to be injustice and the violation of the rights of man. Evils there must be, evils real or imaginary, or such occurrences would have been impossible. It becomes all good Americans, therefore, to look into the matter, to distinguish facts from fancies, to discover the real diseases which prey upon the body politic, and, if possible, to find the means to exterminate them or to abate their virulence." Dr. Schurman then proceeded to remark that "if the public is to protect itself against the oppression of syndicated capital, in some way it must put an end to uncontrolled monopoly." This, he thought, would not be difficult to do in the case "of those industries of a monopolistic kind which locally supply general necessities," for, as he added, "all over the country municipalities are now coming to own their own water-works, gas-works, electric lighting plants, and sometimes their telephone systems and street railways." But, he went on to say: "We must not, however, quarrel with the system of big productions or of consolidated interests. That is not only a natural economic evolution, but it may be of the greatest benefit to society. We want to retain the combinations without giving them the weapon of monopoly." And further along in his speech Dr. Schurman sounded these significant warnings: "But monopoly is not the only evil from which our people suffer. The party of Mr.

Bryan demands an income tax. And, though I have always opposed Mr. Bryan on the question of the monetary standard, I have always thought an income tax one of the fairest modes of levying taxes, associated as it would be in this country both with federal tariff taxes and with State and municipal property taxes. In any event, I beg you to remember that, if you would check the development of radicalism and socialism now so imminent, you must satisfy the demands for justice in taxation which are made by the supporters of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Watson and Mr. Debs." We have quoted these expressions not for the purpose either of indorsing or of brushing aside Dr. Schurman's obvious forebodings about "radicalism" and "socialism," but simply to emphasize the fact that such influences seem very real to a trained and able observer.

**The New
Labor Party in
England**

In a recent very interesting letter to the Boston Evening Transcript, Mr. John Atkinson Hobson discusses the influences which, he declares, must sooner or later work together to form the new English "labor party," referred to in the preceding paragraph. "It has been long manifest," he says, "that the increasing prominence of 'labor' and 'social-economic' questions in modern politics must either produce a radical reform in the ancient Liberal party, or evoke a new party which would destroy that party. The time is now arriving for the practical determination of this issue." The tariff controversy, he adds, far from emphasizing the solidarity and usefulness of that party, "is serving more and more to display the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of the Liberal party and its leaders. . . . Though it contains individual politicians, or little groups of men prepared for the constructive work of radical land reform, taxation and nationalization of monopolies, and for drastic social remedies of various kinds, the dominance of 'vested interests' on the one hand and indifference upon the other preclude any vigorous policy along these lines."

The beginnings of the new party Mr. Hobson traces to the combination about twelve years ago of several small Socialistic groups. This "Independent Labor party" adopted a program which, although it avoided the extremes of the German Socialists, was nevertheless essentially Socialistic; and it man-

aged to get some sort of foothold in industrial communities in the north of England and in Scotland, and even to return a few members to the House of Commons. But it soon became apparent that this party could not be effective without the aid of the great trade-unionist organizations, which had hitherto contented themselves by maintaining a Parliamentary committee and seeking to influence specific labor legislation. The first important move toward this end was made at the trade-unionist congress in 1900, when there was a proposal to unite the trades-unions, the co-operative societies and the Socialistic organizations for the purpose of returning labor men to Parliament. Some of the more conservative trades-unions did not support this movement; the Social-Democratic Federation also held out, and the co-operative societies refused to alter their non-political character. But the combination of "the powerful trades-unionist movement with the young and enthusiastic Independent Labor party has," says Mr. Hobson, "proved exceedingly successful. Nearly all the important trade unions have now come in, and a million trade unionists are combined with the Socialists of the Independent Labor party for united, independent action in elections. Men of high ability form the executive, and the secretary, Mr. J. R. MacDonald, an Independent Labor party man, is a remarkable combination of a political thinker and a detailed tactician. The actual strength of this Labor party, for this is the designation of its candidates, has recently been tested in the municipal elections, where their gains have been actually as great as those of the Liberal party at a time of Liberal advance." Mr. Hobson thinks it unlikely that the success of the new movement will be proportionately as marked in the coming Parliamentary elections, "in which customary party ties have greater binding force; but the result will most likely be such as to show 'the writing on the wall' to the more intelligent members of the Liberal party."

The new party is fairly well provided with funds, and "already about fifty candidates of the Labor Representation Committee are adopted in the various constituencies" and the leaders everywhere are refusing to co-operate with Liberal candidates, who, says Mr. Hobson, "do not yet recognize the new party as a serious political factor which has no real sympathy with decadent liberalism and

which, moreover, has come to stay." He thinks it probable that the party may return to Parliament at the next elections a group of from twenty to twenty-five representatives who, acting as a body, he points out, "would be expected and even required to work together in intimate co-operation not only on trade questions, but on all matters of national politics." As yet the Labor Representation Committee has not indicated exactly what policies may be supported or opposed by the representatives of the party as a whole. On the other hand, according to Mr. Hobson, "the Independent Labor Party section has a carefully formulated progressive Socialistic programme, their principles are openly avowed; but though their leaders are well represented in the executive of the committee, they have no desire to attempt to force socialism, either in theory or in practice, on that committee. They well recognize that the temper and history of many of the trade unions has been individualistic, and they trust to the education of events to modify this habit of thought and of policy. The leaders are confident that in the House of Commons the members of this party will agree on all the concrete issues presented to them. Meantime, in the committee itself, the hammering out of a policy based on principles proceeds apace. In the main it would be true to say that the Independent Labor party, or Socialist-Labor party, is capturing through permeation of ideas the merely political trade-unionist movement, and that the new party in Parliament will be socialistic. But its socialism in the main will neither be of the 'scientific' nor the 'sentimental' order; it will move in opportunist fashion towards taxation or public ownership of lands, nationalization of railroads and of certain other monopolies, a legal eight-hour day, free secular education and public support for poor children, the unemployed and the aged, an enlargement of municipal public enterprises, and will offer a consistent opposition to imperialism and protection. The trade unions will, when their suspicions of legislators are overcome, be led to such legal incorporation as will be essential to the policy of a legal working day and a legal standard of wages, with public machinery for the settlement of trade disputes."

Toward the close of his letter Mr. Hobson describes what he believes to be the present structure of the Liberal party, and ventures a prophecy as to how that party will event-

ually be affected by the new Labor party. This discussion presents a political picture curiously like that which certain observers believe they see when they contemplate the present status and what they consider the logical future of our Democratic party. "The new party," he says, "will for some time to come be very chary of alliances, especially with sections of the Liberal party. But that party, unless some miracle of restoration occurs, seems doomed to decay; on every topic of construction it is hopelessly split. But inside that party has been forming a group of radicals who will be in very close sympathy with the new Labor men, and who, without any formal understanding, will get into the habit of working and voting with them. Here we have the nucleus of an alliance which will secure for the labor party the future co-operation of the distinctly progressive section of the present Liberal party; the Whig element and a remnant of belated individualistic Radicals will drift over into the Conservative party, which will then attain its full logical position as the party of 'the vested interests.' . . . The two-party system will probably issue triumphant from a temporary eclipse, but it will be reformed upon a new basis of antagonism, that of 'vested interests' against equality of economic opportunity for the people."

**Arbitration
before and after
the Fact**

The recent meeting in New York City of the National Civic Federation served to emphasize still further the essential and very sensible *raison d'être* for that association's existence. This, we take it, is a sort of blend of Lord Salisbury's *mot*, "Four men around a table can settle anything," with the adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Lumped together, and given their full significance, the things done, or planned to be done, at this and all other meetings of the Federation are of vastly less importance than the fact that men like Andrew Carnegie and Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and August Belmont, Franklin McVeagh and Warren S. Stone have found a way of getting together and talking things over with the result that they get one another's view-points before the actual strike or a lock-out is even threatened. Doubtless at first much genuine surprise was felt on either side at the seemingly plain indications of common sense and good-nature among the

other fellows, and the National Civic Federation deserves support, if for no other reason than that it has made possible this remarkable mutual discovery. It will be strange, indeed, if out of that discovery are not extracted, in due time, several ounces of prevention.

At this meeting Mr. August Belmont, president of the Interborough Company of New York City, was elected president of the federation to succeed the late Senator Hanna. In his speech accepting the office, Mr. Belmont said: "It is a pleasure to believe that organized labor is learning more and more the lesson that its share of the responsibility for a contract is equal to that of capital. The dignity of labor equals the dignity of capital, where labor adheres as strictly as capital must adhere to the obligations of a trade agreement. I would emphasize to the leaders of organized labor the prime importance, the absolute necessity, of fidelity to contracts. When they have made a collective bargain it should be impressed upon all workers whom they represent that the individual honor of every man is pledged to abide by the terms and spirit of that contract. When employers feel assured that the making of a contract with organized labor is as reliable as any of the transactions in the business world to which they are accustomed—as, I am glad to learn, is becoming more and more the case—then the trade agreement will carry its own recommendation as an effective solution of the labor problem." This may sound a trifle one-sided to those who have been familiar with certain of the great labor controversies, but the expression undoubtedly is sensible as far as it goes, and labor leaders will do well to ponder it seriously, however much they may be inclined to apply the *tu quoque*.

Mr. Carnegie also spoke a wise word when he said: "What the Civic Federation should aim at is that strikes or lockouts should be prevented, and for these I can see no cure so effective as a trade agreement providing for arbitration, after every effort has been exhausted to settle the differences by the employer and his men." As against this view, we have the deliberate opinions of President Eliot, of Harvard, that arbitration "seldom results in anything but a compromise unsatisfactory to both parties," and that "both parties to the controversy generally increase their demands in a ratio pro-

portionate to what they believe will be stricken out," supplemented by the declaration that he has "yet to see when arbitration has successfully accomplished its purpose." It seems to us that it will be better to accept the doctrine of the ironmaster than to adopt the dubiousness of the educator. We have not seen the full text of President Eliot's address, and the excerpts from it at hand do not make it clear that he actually advised the abandonment of all attempts to arbitrate labor disputes. But at all events, to say that neither side is ever fully satisfied with the verdict of arbitrators seems at best a rather captious criticism of the system itself. It is hardly possible that either side *expects* to be fully satisfied with all phases of the decision, assuming that each represents a fair allowance of intelligence. But it is difficult to understand how anybody can be entirely pessimistic about the possibilities of the system in the light of the result accomplished by President Roosevelt's Anthracite Coal Commission. Neither side in that controversy got all it demanded, by any means; but the *strike had stopped*, and an appalling calamity had been averted. If it is possible to arbitrate a coal-miners' strike, why not any other kind of strike?

Federal Control of Corporations

The report of Mr. James R. Garfield, as Commissioner of Corporations for the Department of Commerce, has been taken very seriously by newspapers throughout the country. The Department of Commerce, it will be remembered, is an institution in which President Roosevelt is particularly interested, and to which he looks for much assistance in the study of the vexed trust problem. And it is generally assumed that the President approves of Mr. Garfield's recommendations, which, of course, adds to their importance. The Commissioner's report, a generally dispassionate and carefully prepared document, closes with these conclusions:

First—Commercial and industrial conditions present the foremost problems of to-day. There exists a deep rooted general feeling of dissatisfaction with existing conditions. Some causes of dissatisfaction are apparent, and the evils are very real and great.

Second—The present legal conditions under which corporate business is carried on are extremely unsatisfactory. They admit of, and invite extreme abuse. They are the result of forced growth under divergent pressures, and in their present anomalous state represent the needs

or demands of special interests, and are not a permanent body of law adapted to provide properly for all the interests involved.

Furthermore, the "State system," applied to interstate businesses, has developed additional and peculiar evils; a diversity so great as to amount in operation to anarchy; an inevitable tendency toward the lowest level of lax regulation, and the unequal and disastrous contest between state legislatures and commercial forces of national size and power.

Third—No satisfactory reform is to be expected under the "State system" of incorporation.

Fourth—The general government has at its command sufficient power to remedy these conditions in its control of interstate commerce, supplemented by subsidiary and incidental powers.

And by way of remedies the Commissioner makes these recommendations:

(a) The granting of a Federal franchise or license to engage in interstate commerce.

(b) The imposition of all necessary requirements as to corporate organization and management as a condition precedent to the grant of such franchise or license.

(c) The requirement of such reports and returns as may be described as a condition of the retention of such franchise or license.

(d) The prohibition of all corporations and corporate agencies from engaging in interstate and foreign commerce without such Federal franchise or license.

(e) The full protection of the grantees of such franchises or license who obey the laws applicable thereto.

(f) The right to refuse or withdraw such franchise or license in case of violation of law, with appropriate right of judicial appeal to prevent abuse of power by the administrative officer.

A frequently expressed objection to such a system is that it would give the Federal Government a power not only dangerous of itself, but actually out of harmony with the spirit of our political institutions. The New York Sun (Rep.), which has the reputation of being generally in sympathy with the so-called "vested interests," remarks that it is "a distinct relief in discussing the subject to reflect that, however attractive such a proposal may be, and in whatsoever degree it may harmonize with the passing agitation of the hour, its adoption and enactment by the Congress of the United States are improbable," and then proceeds in part as follows:

Indeed, the Congress could with equal reason declare and create a limited monarchy and call on the people to choose their first King. We do not know how in simple and engaging guise there could be framed another measure so subversive of our whole theory and principle of government. What would become of the sovereignty of the States? What pretence could be alleged

of its continued existence? How long would it be possible for us to recognize ourselves as the United States of America? It is impossible to suspect Mr. Garfield of an ulterior or a deftly concealed purpose. He does not want to destroy corporations and eliminate them forever from the body politic. Nevertheless, does he not obviously propose that individuals may usurp all the rights and privileges now enjoyed by corporations and in their single capacity or as firms do an unrestricted interstate business from which collective capital is prohibited? The stockholders and investors generally would like to make the experiment of a Government oversight of their interests. It ought to amount to something for them as well as for the masses. The proposal, probably, is not to abolish property rights as they are described and understood under the Constitution, although we seem to recall a disturbing utterance on this subject from a higher authority than Mr. Garfield. But the remedy which Mr. Garfield holds out to them is an *ignis fatuus* which they may grasp only after the Congress has consented to burn the Constitution of the United States.

And the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (Rep.) says:

It is undisputed that many and gross abuses have risen from the present system under which charters have often been secured, not for the purpose of legitimate industry, but for ruthless and reckless stock jobbing. Yet the proposition to give the government autocratic authority over these concerns is one whose magnitude and future bearing on American institutions demands the most thoughtful and intelligent consideration that can be given. It amounts to a centralization of Federal power over the business of the nation to an extent never hitherto approached in this country, where the principle of local and individual freedom of action in business affairs has been steadily maintained. Whether the evils which might spring from it would or not be greater than those which are now admitted to exist is a question that cannot be decided in an offhand or hasty manner.

On the other side, the Chicago Tribune (Rep.) expounds and approves of the system, in part as follows:

A corporation is organized in New York. Well and good. It can trade in New York. The national government says nothing. But pretty soon this corporation extends its business to Ohio. Does New York project its sovereignty into Ohio? Certainly not. Only the national government can do that. If the national government gives a New York corporation the right—through a license—to trade in Ohio is the sovereignty of New York abridged? It would take a superman developed from a race of John C. Calhouns to see how. The clamor about insidious encroachments on state sovereignty was opened on a false scent. The right way to oppose federal licenses is to show that they would injure the people of the United States. Which will be difficult.

And in another editorial the same paper says:

The set of the times is toward more national

control of interstate corporations. Only the nation can cope with a billion dollar trust, which obliterates state boundaries in its resistless sweep of action. What a chimera national control will be if the national government is not given the power to remove from the interstate national arena a corporation which refuses to obey the interstate laws! For authority to engage in interstate commerce, a federal license; for contumacy toward the anti-trust laws, a withdrawal of that license—if national control is to go farther than good-humored expostulation this will have to be the program.

The Pittsburgh Despatch (Rep.) thinks that the consistent application of the system would cause much confusion, for these reasons:

The commission man who buys an invoice of grain in Ohio and ships it to Pittsburgh, the wholesale merchant who sells goods to a customer in Youngstown, the farmer in Washington county who delivers a load of hogs in West Virginia, would on this theory be obliged to take out licenses for inter-State trade and would be subject to penalties for omitting to get the license. To actually put such a rule into force would make the subject of inter-State commerce regulation so unpopular that it would be wiped out at the next election. Suppose that it were possible to discard the universal application and apply it to those inter-State enterprises which call for regulation? We are even then led up to an obfuscating paradox. We would not license, say, the usual jobbing concern selling its goods in two or more States, because there is no need of regulating that sort of trade. But if all the organizations were concentrated in a single monopoly harmful to the public interest then something must be done. What is proposed for such a case? To license the harmful monopoly! Even when we concede that the license is to be given for the purpose of withdrawing it again it does not diminish the paradox of beating about the bush to accomplish a result to which there is a direct road under the statutes.

And the Philadelphia Public Ledger, after remarking that "the Constitution has been undergoing development, and if it be agreed that it is necessary, desirable or expedient that the Federal Government assume control over all the concerns of the people, no consideration of 'State rights' will stand in the way," and that "with the evolution of the national sentiment, the sentiment of State rights, as a sentiment, or a political abstraction, has lost its power, whether the sentiment of personal liberty has or not," proceeds in part as follows:

Even accepting Mr. Garfield's idea that the word "commerce," in the Constitution, means "business," and assuming that there were no constitutional obstacles in the way, so large a concentration of power in any one place would still be open to discussion on grounds either of commercial or of political expediency. In other countries, as in Germany and Russia, there is a

visible reaction against over centralization that cannot be without influence here. Even those who theoretically support a protective tariff generally admit the practical objection that it brings the Government into too close a partnership with business, and tends to foster monopoly, and to increase the influence of corporate interests in public affairs. This mainly concerns legislation. What would be the effect of bringing all business within one centralized executive control? That Mr. Rockefeller applauds the idea is not surprising. It is not the great "trusts" that would be most fearful of this power. . . . On the other hand, the Federal Government does possess very large powers in the regulation of interstate commerce that have been judiciously upheld and yet have been but partially applied and certainly have not been exhausted. To neglect undisputed powers while reaching out after other powers that are at least questionable cannot be held the wisest or most practical way of meeting large public problems, and the Garfield proposition has evidently not grown in favor with the consideration that has been given it.

Is the Monroe Doctrine Being Stretched?

Probably not one of President Roosevelt's political theories has been more generally or more heatedly debated than has that one which is variously spoken of as the "big stick" policy, the "overlordship" or "international policeman" idea, and, latterly, as the "new Monroeism." This policy was very definitely expressed by the President in a letter written last summer to an association of Cubans who were celebrating in New York the anniversary of the beginning of political freedom in that country. The pronouncement was sharply criticised and as stoutly defended at the time, and this discussion was revived to some extent by the reappearance of the same doctrine in the President's recent message to the Congress. Since this discussion is likely to be continued by Mr. Roosevelt's insistence upon the need of a large navy, one use for which, it is maintained, would be the support of this "new Monroeism," it will be well to reproduce at this time the two definite expressions in question, together with some of the current debate of the policy concerned. Here is what the President said to the Cubans and to the Congress:

TO THE CUBANS.

If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need

TO CONGRESS

Chronic wrongdoing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society may, in America as elsewhere, ultimately re-

fear no interference from the United States. All we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and be prosperous and orderly. When this is the case they will find only helpfulness from us.

quire intervention by some civilized nation, and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.

It will be seen that there is virtually no difference between the import and the spirit of these two pronouncements; and this fact was freely remarked when the later one was noted in the President's message.

The discussion of the President's later declaration has been scarcely less spirited than was the debate aroused by the epistle to the Cubans, and it has been participated in to a considerable extent by the foreign, particularly the British press. The London Times, for example, speaking of Mr. Elihu Root's exposition of this "new Monroeism," says:

It has been asked whether the American people are to become the debt collectors for Europe. Certainly not, so long as they do not interfere with other people who want to collect their own debts for themselves; but if for their own ends they threaten war against a European nation collecting its own debts, by the only means at command among South-American republics, then they must play the policeman under the penalty of figuring in the eyes of the civilized world in a much less respectable part. . . . They must be aware that the claim they put forth in the Monroe doctrine is a very large one, but we do not suppose that its abandonment would be proposed by any candidate for power. Whether it would be made to-day were the matter mooted for the first time is another question. The doctrine is really based upon the theory of American aloofness, which in other directions is breaking down under the extension of American interests in all parts of the world, together with the growing consciousness of the national right and duty to take part in all the great movements that concern humanity.

The New York Tribune, whose loyalty to Republican policies is, of course, never wavering, says, that the President's declarations mean just this:

That the American States near us on the south are to be protected in their independent sovereignty as long as they conduct themselves aright; that, if any of them grossly misbehave, they must be corrected; and that, if ever correction is to be administered, it must be by, or with the consent of, the United States. What

legitimate exception is to be taken to any of those propositions? Again and again the European powers have set the example of compelling offending States to mend their ways. There is no apparent reason why American States should be exempt from the operation of that principle. Finally, in the remote contingency of its being necessary to call an offending American State to account, reason, logic and precedent all indicate the propriety of the work's being done by an American power, as a similar work in Europe would be done by a European power. If there is anything in that startling to Americans or offensive to Europeans, we must confess our inability to perceive it. The disorderly States must mend their ways, or must submit to discipline. That has been the unwritten law of the world since the beginning of international life, and its continued operation will be no new thing.

In a very well considered editorial, the Boston Transcript (Ind. Rep.) has these things to say about various aspects of the subject:

There is a Latin-American side to Monroeism which ought not to be ignored, but which if disregarded may, should our policy become militant, place us in the unenviable attitude of coercing our Southern neighbors at the behest of Europe. That this is at least a possibility of our guardianship ought to be realized by everyone who is familiar with the history of Latin-American finance, a wonderful record in more senses than one. Let "The High Finance" of the Old World load itself up with these repudiated or semi-repudiated bonds at a few cents on a dollar, and receive a tip that the United States either can or may be made to intervene for a settlement or "readjustment," and there will be at once a "sharp advance," affording good profits and an embroglio on our hands. History in the last fifty years has abounded in instances of the power of "high finance." The political Latin-American side of Monroeism is found in the possible unwillingness of nations of the rank and pride of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to accept an onerous degree of guardianship. They may insist that they prefer to do their own business in their own way and that they can best make terms without intervention or intermediary. Supposing this should be their constitution, ought we to override it, so long as the proposed settlement does not involve cession of territory? To prevent such cessions, to preserve the independence of South America against the force or machinations of the Holy Alliance, were the great ends sought by the simple Monroeism of Monroe. Since his day Monroeism has "expanded" by continued interpretations until there are signs to the southward that the public opinion in the countries affected views it with something very like distrust. It would be a strange untoward outcome of eighty years of Monroeism if a secret combination of Latin-American countries should be formed in opposition to "the overlordship of the United States."

Professor Dowden's Robert Browning*

OF the books that are at once a biography of Browning and a criticism of his poetry, this volume* is likely to be accepted as the most satisfactory. It will be found more helpful to the student than the earlier biography by Mr. Sharp, which, though excellent in its way, and well adapted to meet the demand for a brief sketch of the poet's life and work, is still not always trustworthy in matters of fact, and suffers beside for the want of access to sources of information of which later biographers have been able to avail themselves. And it is a better book than the new biography by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—free from the errors and inaccuracies in which the latter work abounds, and free, also, it need scarcely be said, from the phrase-juggling, the euphuistic smartness, and the desperate attempts to be brilliant, which characterize Mr. Chesterton's manner—a manner which, appropriate as it might be in a criticism of society verse, is nothing short of offensive in a consideration of Browning and his poetry.

Browning's career, though sufficiently varied, was uneventful, save for the one romance of his courtship and marriage. As it unfolds itself in Professor Dowden's narrative it is seen in three stages. In the first Browning appears as the ardent youth, of a free joyous nature, early conscious of a call to do the poet's work, and eagerly preparing himself for his mission. He is seen also as the young poet with the first fruits of his art already gathered. The end of this first stage is marked by his marriage with Miss Barrett. With that event the second stage of his career opens—sixteen years of an exalted happiness as unclouded, perhaps, as falls to the lot of man, years crowded with moments of intense joy, like those in which Mrs. Browning slipped into her husband's pocket the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and those still happier moments in which Browning read them for the first time. This love story of the Brownings Professor Dowden tells delicately and frankly, and with an art worthy of one of the most beautiful and satisfying romances

in the history of art. The early meetings of Browning with the fragile invalid, Miss Barrett—strong in spirit as she was frail in body; the dogged obstinacy and selfishness of Mr. Barrett, who sought to end all intercourse between the lovers; the elopement; Miss Barrett's improved health—a very miracle of healing; and the transfigured years in Italy—all these things are told in pages alive with a sense of the beauty of the story and aglow with the warmth of perfect sympathy. The second stage of Browning's life was brought to a close by his great loss, the death of Mrs. Browning. Then began the last stage—the grey evening of his London days, a period over which his bereavement ever cast its shadow, though he still found pleasure in his work, and in mingling socially with a large circle of congenial friends in the world of literature, music and art.

As a biography this volume leaves, all things considered, little to be desired. Based upon what seems an exhaustive acquaintance with the facts, it has still the vivifying touch that brings the man before us as he moved, in youth, manhood, and age, among his kinsfolk and friends, and in the wider circle of society; and it succeeds, too, in the difficult matter of conveying the true impression of the tone and atmosphere of the world in which he lived. One need go but a little way in this book for the assurance that its author has been a careful and loyal student of Browning's life and work. The biographical and critical data are ample, and bear witness to range and minuteness of knowledge. A noteworthy feature of the story of the poet's life is the effective use made of anecdotes, interesting and picturesque in themselves, and at the same time valuable for the bright light they throw upon the poet's character. Each of these artfully selected episodes adds some touch of nature to the portrait, and all combine to give it the warmth of life.

Professor Dowden's ripe scholarship, his insight, and his fine literary faculty, evinced long since in various fields of criticism, might have assured us in advance that this book would be a valuable contribution to a knowl-

*ROBERT BROWNING. By Edward Dowden. E. P. Dutton, New York. \$1.50.

edge of Browning's thought and art. And such it is. The remarks upon the separate poems are, taken in their entirety, more comprehensive and weighty, more subtle and searching, than those in any other book of the kind, unless Mr. Brooke's "Browning" be excepted. And further, in analyzing poem after poem, as the author does, the repeated appearance of certain ideas and trains of thought traces out for the reader, though in somewhat broken lines, the course and tendency of his doctrine. It is made plain that Browning's chief concern was with questions of religion, ethics and art.

Browning's ideas have, one and all, their roots in his religion. His views as to the conduct of life, his solution of the mystery of evil, are always based upon the conviction that our life here is merely a probation, a preparation for a life hereafter. The universe was, for him, proof of God's infinite power and intelligence. And, finding in man's heart a finite love, he leaped, like the David of his poem, to a faith in the infinite love of God. It was this definite religious doctrine that won for him a hearing from people who in general concerned themselves little with poetry. Orthodoxy, in particular, face to face with the foe whose sappers and miners were seeking to destroy the foundations of its stronghold, welcomed Browning as a powerful ally, and increased immensely, if somewhat adventitiously, his vogue as a poet.

One of Browning's most striking traits was his faculty for reasoning in verse. To this faculty he loved to give full play. And many of his readers find in the following of the casuistry of the poems a delightful, if somewhat strenuous, intellectual exercise. But this faculty of Browning's, fine and vigorous as it was, on the whole did disservice to his poetry; and, though he called in its aid to reenforce his religious position, it helped little to strengthen by argument the basis of his belief. The philosopher who examines his thought finds in it nothing that is new, nothing that was not before familiar. It was only the splendid assurance of his own faith, manifesting itself in the emotions, not in the reason, that carried conviction with it.

Browning's religious feeling was in its main tendency of the Puritan stamp, refusing the aid of intermediary symbols, and aspiring to direct communion with the Unseen. He preferred the worship of dissenting

chapels to that of the Anglican or Roman churches. He could speak with contempt of "Rome's gross yoke," its "sacred buffooneries, posturings and petticoatings," and he declared it well "to have the eyeteeth and the Puseyistical crisis over together."

A comparison of the religious positions of Browning with those of Matthew Arnold and Tennyson respectively is most interesting. Between Arnold and Browning the polarity is complete. Arnold found no ground, rational or instinctive, for entertaining a belief in a moral, intelligent and beneficent power that ruled the universe. A future life was problematical, and, for his part, he would cultivate his garden in the one world of which he was certain, and bend his energies to making life here and now as rich in goodness and beauty, as free and happy as might be. Hence his preoccupation with conduct, and his care for social organization and politics, which to Browning, for whom salvation was an individual, not a social affair, were things indifferent, or of only secondary concern. Thus Browning and Arnold, two of the three great Victorian poets, present philosophies of life absolutely and fundamentally opposed each to the other. Tennyson, the third of these poets, though he inclines to the side of faith, still swings, pendulum-like, between faith and doubt. To read three short poems—Browning's "Prospice," Arnold's "Dover Beach" and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"—will, perhaps, give point to the comparison made above. In the first the keynote is that of triumphant certitude; in the second, that of doubt; in the third, that of hope.

Space is wanting to follow Professor Dowden further in his exposition of Browning's thought, but two matters, which are each of them noteworthy, may have a word in parting. First, it should be remarked that one follows Professor Dowden's criticism with the more confidence because, loyal as he is to Browning, his attitude is never that of the devotee. He admits Browning's obscurity; he complains of being often tossed on the choppy sea of his verse; he finds the 1876 volume a severe test of his devotion; in a word, he glosses no fault. And, in the second place, one cannot but be struck by the author's admirable criticism of "The Ring and the Book," especially of that part of it in which he speaks of the relations, each to the other, of Caponsacchi and Pompilia. Browning's poetry, in telling the story of

these two, voices a love which, though purely a thing of the spirit, is still an ardor as passionate as any that is known to man. This note of purely spiritual passion in which sense and self are completely forgotten, is one of the rarest of phenomena either in literature or in life. Often, in literature, for long periods, it is never heard at all. And when heard it is apt to be discredited as something unreal and phantom-like. It must seem to many that a chief glory of Browning's poetry lies, to use Professor Dowden's words, "in its expression of the exaltation produced by the love of man and woman when it touches a certain rare but real altitude." To lift up the heart until it comes to a living sense of spiritual passion, to leave in it, once and for all, a conviction of the actual truth and validity of such a passion, is to make an important contribution to the interpretation of human life. This Browning's poetry has done, and Professor Dowden's comments upon it in this aspect must be counted as criticism of the most vital and illuminating kind.

Considered simply as a biography, Professor Dowden's book is likely to elicit nothing but praise. It rounds out the poet's life to a harmonious whole. And if to write an even exposition of successive poems could be regarded as a literary estimate, the same might be said of the book as a criticism of the poet's work. But an even exposition of successive poems constitutes a handbook,

not a literary estimate, and one may reasonably expect of Professor Dowden something more than a compilation of this kind. The critical passages of the book do not cohere; nor are they arranged in due perspective, with relation to the great landmarks that should loom up large in the foreground. They lack the relief that emphasizes the essential. All sense of progress, all sense of perspective, are lost from sight under the ever-multiplying piles of analysis and exposition. At such length, indeed, do the processes of analysis and exposition go on that one is tempted at last to cry with the critical Polonius, "This is too long!" And finally, there is little attempt in the book to sift the wheat from the chaff; to separate vigorously the permanent from the perishable elements of Browning's tremendous output—a task which it is of the first importance for criticism to attempt, and which it can to-day approach with a large measure of assurance.

But after all is said and done, those who prize Browning's influence must be grateful to this volume, the product of full knowledge and unfailing sympathy, for a story of the poet's life admirably told, and for a pellucid exposition of the poems that should quicken the enthusiasm of Browning devotees, and prove a valuable guide to such as are just beginning to make the poet's acquaintance.

Horatio S. Krans.

The Reaper

THE Reaper is Terval Saemundson. From the memorable night when a storm followed a cloudless day, and forty-seven fishing boats were lost off Gloup, the seeds of his manhood were sown. But he reaped as others sowed, the desires of his heart ever put aside for his duty. The story of this life Miss Rickert has told with a remarkable strength and charm. It is her first book. She gave up a position as instructor of English at Vassar to write; and the result shows at least that hers was no false call. Indeed, she seems so far to have caught the will-o'-the-wisp qualities which

THE REAPER. By Edith Rickert. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.

give a novel color, beauty, character, strength, and above all, in point of difficulty, charm, as to warrant extravagant praise and rosy predictions.

Some who have gone to it have found it morose. Somber it may be, for it could hardly light, but morose it must not be if you approach it in the right spirit. You must gird your heart with the strength of the people; you must feel their Norse blood; you must love the angry arctic sea, and picture the life as they felt it; never as it would come to you who are used to warmer climes and cushioned lives. If you cannot read it in this spirit you must stick to your novels of the drawing-room, the "sunny south,"

and the mellow, misrepresented past. The sturdy love, which ever doubts death; the devotion to duty, which wrecks all plans; and, above all, the somber beauty of this life, the reflection of the sea and the rough hills, must not be brought to your fireside. You must go to them, feel their strength in your blood, and this Miss Rickert enables you to do.

You must feel, too, how this, which may be dear to us, is life to them; for all our joys and sorrows are relative. Read what Miss Rickert says in her introduction, "The Toon and the Folk":

"There is a little world of islands within the fastness of the Northern Sea where the years turn so softly from to-morrow into yesterday, that they are scarce marked but by the upspringing of fresh crops of *wee things*, that presently come to be dandling bairns of their own. The old men forget the count of their days; and the old women cling to the fringes of immortality.

"From the digging up of the clods in chilly April to the gathering in of the frost-bitten harvest, time is measured by the herring seasons; and from the kindling of Yule-fires to the last of the weddings, by the catches of haddock. . . . For the great fact of life is the sea."

And when she has sketched the people of whom she is to write she adds this paragraph:

"There is little trace of these unrecorded lives on the broad backs of the hills, and the sea has no memory of them; but there as here with us are strong hearts that bear and wait, and weak hearts that shall find pity of God—a world perennial in love and sorrow and struggle, and the hope of things to be fulfilled."

It may be judged from this that the story deals with the deeper tones of life—yet the light notes are not lacking; and if sorrow is the predominant theme, it is not morose. Rugged strength and wracking struggle do not appeal to all alike; perhaps that is why some turn from this book with a heavy heart. But there must be more who will find its pages crowded with a secret charm, and a sweetness of devoted love and steadfast purpose which will fill the mind with pictures for many a week.

Terval Saemundson bears the brunt of the sorrow, and he reaps, too, in an unexpected way, the reward of his sacrifices. The burden of a hard life is thrown upon him. His

mother, of Scotch descent, is a prey to an uncontrollable love of whisky. To shield her Terval has over and again, through many years, to do the housework when his mother is not fit. His father, lost at sea in the opening chapter, leaves him the burden of the family, which is increased when Eric, his brother, chooses the sea as his right, and leaves the restless Norse spirit to till the soil.

There are other characters, too, and many of them, sufficiently in the foreground to be principals, yet with all this diversity there is a marvelous unity. Osla, waiting ever hopefully for Eric's return, never wavers in her faith that he will come back, and will not remarry. And best of all, Meggie-Betty, who is, after all, the heroine.

Terval, proud of his Norse blood, loves the lore of his ancestry. He knows it, too, from the studies of his life, and longs to go out into the world whose call he feels, to wander and to work, but whenever the opportunity comes he turns his face resolutely to the duties of home and the ties of his mother's weakness and dependence, until all the barriers are swept away. Then the real Terval comes, but how it would be unfair to say, and would take away from the true sweetness of the book.

Enough that through long years of toil, of secret sorrow, and of triumphs the Norse spirit called, the Viking blood struggled for its birthright, and the son of a weak Scotch mother refused the summons, and not from weakness and indecision.

Yet the very tragedy of spirit is not without a lighter side. Did not Meggie-Betty, stupid, dumpy, and hard-working, long for Terval to go out into the world where his "book learning would be of some use". Osla, the daughter-in-law, could take his place, but there was the secret vice which even Osla must not know. Terval told Meggie-Betty of the "Nibelungenlied," a copy of which he held in his hands, of Siegfried, and the wondrous women of the golden days.

"You'll no find a woman in Setter that's like the women of old times—dona think it, Meggie-Betty," he said, as he passed the book over the wall. "But that's the kind of a woman a man can look up to. Why, there's no lass in Setter who would so much as dare go with her father to the fishin'—did ye ever hear of one?"

"Na, na," she had to admit."

Yet, a few days later Meggie-Betty did

go, and the chapter "Meggy-Betty at the Herring" is droll in the pitiful figure she cuts, pitiful—but brave—this woman, whose heavy workaday body and mind sought to emulate the daughters of old.

"You'll be surely sick," chuckled the old man. "I ken nothing in the world sicklier as a fishing boat dragging at her nets." . . .

"But why do you want to go?" asked Laura sharply.

"I dona ken rightly," began Meggy-Betty, but stopped to question herself. Why did she want to go? "I canna say," she concluded, obstinately."

And all of the time she was unconsciously grappling with the great desire to be as Terval might wish; yet her slow mind and sluggish heart did not know why.

Again, when Joram Ingster sought a wife he wrote to Margaret Manson, meaning Meggy-Betty's niece; for nobody ever thought of Meggy-Betty by any other name. But the old grandfather fastened it to Meggy-Betty, and the chapter which follows, with Joram's call, his confusion, and subsequent proposal is full of droll humor.

So they lived on, year after year, with the sea roaring about them and the chill blasts blowing over the rocky hills. Perhaps Miss Rickert could have filled the book with the scenes of humor, which even such a life possesses, but it would not be a true picture, nor half so magnificent.

It is in the relation of the storm-bound isles to the men and women, of strong hearts and weak, that Miss Rickert has given us so much to love. Framgord, high on a rocky cliff, buffeted by the wind, and piled high in winter with snow and ice, where Terval lived and "worked out his freedom," is picturesque, indeed.

Here it was in the summer of his fifteenth year, on a soft July day, that he watched his father sail away for the last time with the fishing fleet.

"His face full against the yellow sunset, he had stood on the point at Framgord and watched the out-going of the fishing-fleet. He could see the boats still, working from shore to shore of the narrow bay, as the wind puffed faintly. His heart was with them as they went steadily past tawny Hascosay with its golden sands, and the rosy cliffs of Fetlar, past green Wedderholm, where the seas wallow and bark; past purple Linga to the blue hills of Unst, whence they drove into the open until their red sails had faded into pink and had been enfolded one by one in the heavy blue curtain of sea and sky."

And here it was in winter, when a great storm raged, "although the cliffs here were only about two hundred feet high, yet they should be some barrier—one would say—so great was the fury of the ocean that it was at peril of life and limb that Terval ventured out. Monstrous boulders weighing tons each were hurled on the battered earth, like so many pebbles, and the spray lashed the face like scourges whenever the door was opened."

It was in such a land as this that love outlasted the short summers and the long bitter winters. It is all a story of love and devotion; of pain, and sorrow, and suffering, too, but it is pain of a life that is so strong, that one who would call it morose must have peeped at it from the seclusion of a mind that was frightened by the strength of the elements and the elemental passions of the fisherfolk.

Martin M. Foss.



Books on Vital Issues

Ideals of Science and Faith

In A. D. 1257 Roger Bacon was imprisoned for ten years by ecclesiastical authority for the sake of science. As this did not prevent him from further investigation, the penalty was repeated in 1278. On February 17, 1600, Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake, by the same authority, because he ventured to hold a theory of the universe which differed from that of the Church. In 1632 Galileo was compelled to retract upon his knees, again by the same authority, his opinion that the round world was not so fast that it could not be moved. It is true that these things took place in what may be called the hour before the dawn of science, but all who remember the appearance of the "Origin of Species" will also remember the bitterness of the *odium theologicum* which pursued the adherents of the doctrine of evolution.

That bitterness is now acknowledged even by theologians to have been a mistake, but, unfortunately, the mischief caused by it has been incalculable. Men guiltless of science and theology alike took advantage of the agitation to assail faith, and, through faith, religion, until the Christian community resounded with that blatant unbelief which is as different from scientific skepticism as darkness is from light. Others with some knowledge of theology and very little of science undertook to harmonize the two, and, instead of improving matters, alienated many thoughtful persons by the weakness of their specious arguments. For something like a half century matters have stood thus, with a tendency on the part of the majority to let the conflict exhaust itself. Once more the voice of cool reason can be heard, and science and faith alike are asking whether there is any real antagonism, and whether, if such does exist, there is not some way in which it can be removed. One of the most important contributions to this discussion, a contribution characterized by a truly philosophic spirit, is to be found in "Ideals of Science and Faith."

This volume* consists of ten essays by
 *IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH. *Essays by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. E. Hand.*
 New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.

men of sufficient note to insure the feeling that the several points will be treated candidly and adequately. Six of the essays take the scientific side and deal with physics, biology, psychology, sociology, ethics and education. While all the authors are men of mark, it will be sufficient to state that the names of Sir Oliver Lodge, the physicist, and Professors Thomson and Geddes, the authors of "Evolution of Sex," are a guarantee of quality. The remaining four essays present the case for faith, one being by a well-known Presbyterian minister, two by Anglican clergymen, and the last by an eminent Roman Catholic layman. There is also an introduction by the editor, notable for its admirable tone and clear reasoning. It is difficult to imagine a calmer and more dignified presentation of the momentous questions involved, and the volume will be hailed with gratitude by all who are prepared to approach the subject with that reverential spirit which ought ever to be the attitude of the searcher after truth.

Now that the dust and smoke of the battle is to some extent laid, it is possible to ask with equanimity whether there ever was any necessity for the fury manifested by the self-constituted champions of science and faith, and whether, to quote an apt, even if somewhat strong expression, it was not a case in which "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Sir Oliver Lodge points out the fact that some scientists at least did not entertain the popular opinion that science was destructive of faith. He says:

"Nevertheless, we must admit that there have been men of science, there must be many now living, who accept fully the facts and implications of science, who accept also the creeds of the Church, and who do not keep the two sets of ideas in water-tight compartments of their minds, but do distinctly perceive a reconciling and fusing element."

If such be the case and no one conversant with the history of science during the past half century will doubt it, there is something in common between the ideals of science and the ideals of faith. The surest way to

discover this common possession is for us to know what these ideals are, and this is just what these essays propose to set forth. It will be well to remember that in some fields of science—notably in physics, biology, and psychology—some of the working hypotheses, sufficient for all present explanation of phenomena, but still hypotheses, are regarded as on their trial. It is not likely that these, however, will affect the outline of the ideal, but only the detail; still the student of science insists, before all things, upon fairness.

One can easily understand that the common possession will be found more readily in ideals of mind than in those involving matter. Hence the essays on psychology, sociology, ethics and education present less discordant views than those on physics and biology. In fact, Professor Muirhead, in his "Psychological Approach," says:

"Among leaders of science themselves the confident tone of a generation ago has given place to a distrust of all claims to finality on behalf of scientific conceptions, accompanied with a renewed sympathy with ideas in essence religious. And, speaking generally, it is not too much to say that religion in the wider sense of the word exercises a stronger hold on the mind of the civilized world to-day than it has done at any period since the Reformation."

Mr. Branford, also, in his "Sociological Approach," evidently does not regard a *modus vivendi* impossible between sociology and faith, for he demands no surrender of any principle regarded as vital by the Church. He says:

"The practical policy obviously revealed is this: Let the Religious Idealists, purging themselves of formalism, laying aside desanctified ceremonialism, take the lead in combining the Naturalists, the Workers, the Humanists, the Educationists, the Evolutionists, and the Sages, into one joint movement for the awakening of the Young, for the salving of the Degenerate, for the conversion of the Unregenerate."

The "Ethical Approach" is the least inspiring of the scientific essays. While the writer sufficiently exalts that altruism which is the very essence of Christianity, he is morbidly pessimistic; but it is not difficult to see that if even his ideal had an element of the Platonism of the "Phædo," it would present but little antagonism to faith.

It is evident that Professor Geddes, who

writes the essay on "An Educational Approach," as well as joining in the biological essay, sees no necessity for ultimate antagonism. He boldly says:

"Men of science and men of religion, it is true, are far from reconciled. Let them discuss, therefore, frankly and fully; but above all let each keep moving. The problems at issue can seldom be really touched by the self-sufficiency of either the mere logical debater or of the practical man of either party; they need sympathy, insight, and interpretation from the beginning. This realized, the ideal revelations of the past, even their social creations also, no less than the phases of arts and sciences, may again be interpreted in the present, and their vital elements transmitted to the future."

As anyone who has given the slightest attention to the questions at issue between science and faith is aware, the greatest antagonism is found in the fields of physics and biology. This is due to the fact that the discoveries of science militate against statements claimed to be given by inspired revelation concerning creation, prayer, the nature and miraculous work of Christ, which are regarded as vital by Christians. These are dealt with by Sir Oliver Lodge in a "Physical Approach," which formed one of his "Hibbert Lectures"; and by Professors Thomson and Geddes in a "Biological Approach." We owe a debt of gratitude to these authors for the candid and reasonable way in which they have dealt with what are indeed crucial issues. While, however, they are firm in their position, and fully realize the vastness of the gulf which separates the conclusions of science from the dogmas of faith, they, nevertheless, do not hesitate to express their belief in an ultimate Eirenikon when knowledge shall have become more complete. Sir Oliver Lodge concludes with the remarkable words: "The region of Religion and the region of a completer Science are one." But, perhaps, the following words of Professors Thomson and Geddes are even more remarkable:

"So far then, for the present, we may go with this attempted contribution towards a better understanding between the theologian and the evolutionist. Are we suggesting that biology, with all its approved place in positive synthesis, is less irreconcilably removed even from traditional theology than may have seemed? its return to the fold,

of natural theology at least, less hopeless? Or perhaps rather that the development of the theologian, and of theology itself, may be recognized as the continual endeavor to express and symbolize, for the individual and for the race, the mystery, the process, the ecstasy, the agony, the progress, and the ideals of Life? It is something if the controversy thus emerge anew, cleared of some past misunderstandings, and open for a discussion in which each seeks to take the other at his best. When scientists accustomed to push the indications of science to their legitimate conclusion speak thus, it behooves those who prate so loudly about the absolute impossibility of any reconciliation between Science and Faith to hold their peace."

There can be no harm in wishing that the theologians had seen as clearly as the scientists the real points at issue. They have, however, not done so. It is beside the question for the Presbyterian to show that orthodox believers have sometimes done much for science. Neither is it to the point for the Anglicans to discuss the position of the Bible and the Church. The really crucial issue is not one of authority, for scientists do not admit that, but it is whether in the light of present knowledge dogma can possibly be restated, whether the present verbal symbols of the Church are in their present forms a necessary, an indispensable part of faith, whether the Church, as custodian and interpreter of truth essential for the temporal and infinite welfare of men, can, or will, modify

interpretations to meet scientific ascertained facts.

It is quite conceivable that there will be almost insuperable difficulties in discussing this, for the religious temperament is such that, if one section of the Church Catholic ventured upon the step, all others would vie with each other for the claim of being the sole repository of sacred truth in its purity and entirety. But this is really the point to which the discussion must finally come. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the Roman Catholic layman, sees this, and declares that dogma formulated by the Church is indispensable; that the Church has "official and divinely appointed guardians of the *depositum fidei*," that with these guardians rests the decision as to what is essential truth. Science may go on accumulating secular truth, but the Church will decide whether any scientific fact shall be recognized as theological truth. The position may be logical from the Roman standpoint, but if it is impregnable the reconciliation between science and faith is indeed far distant.

One result, however, is gained by the issue of these essays side by side. We know where we are to-day. The ideals presented by the several writers are so many *effigies* which we can submit to comparison. It may be that we shall find that there is less dissimilarity and more essential coincidence than the unscientific skeptic and the hide-bound formalist would have us believe.

Robert Blight.

Economics and Moral Elevation*

ALTHOUGH Professor Seager professes to have written this Introduction as a presentation of economics to college classes, he has rendered a valuable service to the general public as well. The work is evidently the result of an exhaustive investigation of all the leading problems of Political Economy, and written with a conviction that these problems are not—as some of the professional "economists" would have us believe—too abstruse for the student of average intelligence. The mysterious laws of "value and price," the relation of "supply and demand," the intricate problems of rent, wages and interest—the battlefield of the classical economists for a century—are

stripped of much of their terror in the hands of one who is pre-eminently a teacher. Before entering upon the more serious part of the science, the problems of distribution, the volume contains brief outlines of the rise of modern industry in England and America, a statistical summary of industrial expansion in the United States and a preliminary survey of the entire field of economics.

It would be difficult to classify the author as of either the "Classical English School" or "the Austrian School" of economists, and he has well earned the right to stand among those whom he would designate as "American economists," though, with his clearly American methods of analysis and argument, he exhibits the influence of Böhm-Bawerk, and his English translator and exponent, William Smart.

*INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS. By Henry Rogers Seager. Henry Holt & Company, New York. \$2.00.

The feature of the work which is of especial significance, and for which we have desired to commend it to our readers, is the social, or ethical, tone which pervades throughout. Professor Seager evidently regards it a legitimate phase of economic science to point out the social and moral effects of certain lines of industrial conduct instead of limiting the study to a history of abstract theory. In discussing the emphasis, which we in America place on the sacred rights of private property, for example, he describes the privilege of idleness often enjoyed by the possessors of personal property, and while denying that such persons could accurately be regarded as parasites, he affirms that "the presence of such persons in society itself constitutes a strong argument against the continuance of the institution of private property which makes their existence possible." Or again; "The economist must not merely explain the reasons for the earnings assigned to property and the circumstances that determine their amount, but he must also supply the basis for a wise decision as to the social utility of the system which permits these earnings to go to individual property owners." In the field of practical economics, his exposition of the "make-work" fallacy, by which revelers in luxury justify their extravagance, is both concise and unanswerable. The danger that an aristocracy of wealth, in such a country as this, shall monopolize the easiest means for acquiring further wealth, and thus hold the mass of people down to working for mere wages, is discussed with calmness and yet with vigor, and he does not hesitate to commend such methods as those employed by

New Zealand and parts of Australia to restrict monopolies, prevent child labor and preserve the industrial peace of the community, as methods based on the principle that "considerations of social expediency and general good are substituted for blind competition."

The discussion of the distribution of wages and the effect of income on social development and education, while intended to be merely descriptive, is one of the most scathing arraignments of the present economic order we have seen. While there are enough exceptions to the law fixed by economic conditions to justify the familiar assertion that each one's success depends upon himself, Professor Seager keenly observes that "they do not alter the more fundamental truth that the sort of self one is, depends upon heredity and education, and that differences in educational opportunities are a chief cause of the differences in wages which it is the task of economics to explain." The discussion of "trust legislation" and the development of labor organizations is timely, while the arguments for public ownership of public utilities again make the principle of social expediency the controlling law. The book is an intensely human study and proves that the economist's ideal is not foreign to the ideals of the moral elevation of the race, but that the economist includes that elevation as one of its necessary elements. "It is his confident expectation that men will grow better as the conditions of their economic life become pleasanter; and his belief that they can grow better in no other way is what gives its chief interest to his subject."

Owen R. Lovejoy.

Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton

THESE volumes are so attractive in their appearance that could they be forwarded to Ruskin they would certainly please him in that respect, if they did not satisfy the exigency of his individual sense of what a book should be. Whether their contents, so baring to the

world the secrets of his heart, would be equally approved by him, I can but guess, for his judgments upon matters in which he was deeply involved were incalculable quantities. But Mr. Norton's view is certainly as trustworthy as any possible. We do not wonder at his confession that it was with reluctance and question that he brought himself to publish these letters. Advancing a little way into them the more sensitive reader will wish that they had been withheld, but,

*LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. In two volumes, pp. xv, 261, 243. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1904. \$4.00.

reading to the end, he will find every doubt dispelled. It would, indeed, have been very strange if, after having so tenderly bound up Carlyle's wounds, made by the faithful Froude, Mr. Norton should have repeated Froude's mistake. He has done nothing of the sort. The revelation is, indeed, very intimate, but it leaves Ruskin standing higher than it finds him, if not intellectually, in the completeness of his personality, in the loneliness of his social aspirations and his unrequited love.

Mr. Norton's editing is always of the best. It is neither too little, nor too much. It is quite perfect here. There is good introductory matter, and subsequently each new division of the correspondence has some vital comment on the stage of Ruskin's life which such division represents. It is very interesting that this correspondence begins at very nearly the point (1856) where Ruskin's "*Præterita*" broke off. Hence it may be regarded as a sequel to that delightful story of Ruskin's earlier life written in his old age. And in some respects the letters have a value to which the "*Præterita*" does not attain. No recollected emotion could be for Ruskin "Emotion recollected in tranquillity," or give us so exactly the form and pressure of his thought and feeling as does their immediate expression. The letters are so varied that in their combined effect they make it possible for us to see Ruskin steadily, and see him whole, as does not the Collingwood biography or Harrison's. Even were this virtue denied to them, they would remain inexpugnably the history of a literary and personal friendship of peculiar poignancy and charm. It is certainly remarkable that Mr. Norton should have made fast friends of two men of so different temperament from his own as Ruskin and Carlyle. His friendship with Ruskin had a continuance of forty years. And on neither side was there any "mush of concession." We have only Ruskin's letters, but it is evident from these that Mr. Norton withstood him frequently, and in no dubious fashion. Apparently, Ruskin's "cursing and swearing" at America, and at his friend's aberrations from his own last-formed opinions were less trying to Mr. Norton than Mr. Norton's strictures on the general course of Fors Clavigera were to Ruskin, so passionately was Ruskin convinced of the wisdom and efficacy of that serial publication. On the whole, there was quite as much dif-

ference as agreement between the correspondents, but except for a few longer intervals, when the American war made their opinions mutually intolerable, there was no rupture of the amicable relation, and nothing could be more winning than the tenderness of Ruskin's affection for his friend, and this yearning for the answering note.

The most painful impression made by these letters, more painful than the recurrent lapse of Ruskin's intellect from its royal seat, is that of Ruskin's lack of intellectual continuity and unity and of the dissipation of his energy over a wider field than he could cultivate successfully. His rejection of "Modern Painters" and his defense of Turner as worthless, and the variety of his later social and literary undertakings are significant of a mind which was not "to its native centre fast." He caught up opinions and held them passionately for a time, only to abandon them for others which were held no less passionately in their turn. Much of his violence is, like Carlyle's, mere humorous exaggeration, but it has the defect of Defoe's satire, with which there was no faintest possible wink to put the duller-witted on their guard. For all the exaggeration is not humorous. There are colossal expressions of self-confidence, which are intended with the utmost soberness.

For the rest, I propose to give without much order or coherency some extracts and quotations from these letters, which shall convey a better idea of their quality than could any description of them whatsoever. The style of these letters will be found much better than that of "*Modern Painters*," much more direct. There are no purple patches here. And if they often tend to caricature Ruskin's thought and personality, it should be remembered that a good caricature often renders a man's face or mind better than a painstaking likeness. Here is a highly characteristic assault upon American scenery, which is, of course, utterly irrational and absurd holding American scenery responsible for the stupidity of a young lady taking her first lessons in drawing:

"You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly country. But I have just been seeing a number of landscapes by an American painter of some repute; and the ugliness of them is wonderful. I see that they are true studies, and that the ugliness of the country must be un-

fathomable. And a young American lady has been drawing under my directions in Wales this summer, and when she came back I was entirely silenced and paralyzed by the sense of a sort of helplessness in her that I couldn't get at; an entire want of perception of what an English painter would mean by beauty or interest in a subject; her eyes had been so accustomed to ugliness that she caught it wherever she could find it, and in the midst of beautiful stony cottages and rugged rocks and wild foliage, would take this kind of thing [a drawing in the letter] for her main subject; or if she had to draw a mountain pass, she would select this turn in the road, just where the liberally-minded proprietor had recently mended it, and put a new plantation on the hill opposite."

Ruskin's opinion of "Aurora Leigh" was very different from Fitzgerald's. He knew that Mr. Norton had not read it, because he had written of other things. Mr. Norton speaks of a letter of 1857 as "almost the last light-hearted letter" that Ruskin wrote to him. A year later he wants "to take up mathematics for a couple of years, or go into [his] father's office to sell sherry for the same time." "Otherwise, there seems to be a chance of getting into perfect Dryasdust." In the Turin gallery he enjoyed or suffered a wonderful experience. "There was no sudden conversion possible to me either by preacher, picture, or dulcimer. But that day, my evangelical beliefs were put away to be debated no more." This meant, Mr. Norton speaking, "that his whole theory of the relation of art and religion must be reconstructed, and that his teaching henceforth must often be at variance with his past doctrine." "Lowell does me more good than anybody, encouraging me, and making me laugh. . . . The punning is so rapid and rich, there's nothing near it but Hood, and Hood is so awful under his fun that we can never laugh." Shortly we have a list of his "wants," as various as those of Holmes' contented man. He wants to get all the great pictures of the world "into a great fire-proof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine," and to have them perfectly engraved. He wants "to macadamize some new roads to Heaven with broken fools' heads," and to "hang up some knaves out of the way," not that he dislikes them, "but it would be wholesome for them and others, and they would

make good crows' meat." He sees "clearly the entire impossibility of any salvation of art among the modern European public." This because of the rage for restoration in architecture and painting. He is as "alone as a stone on a high glacier dropped the wrong way, instead of among the moraine." He "likes other people's writings so much better than his own, Tennyson's, Carlyle's [Lowell's,] Helps's, etc. Here and there are passages which, as Mr. Norton writes of the "Præterita," indicate an abnormal perturbation of his mind. He is often railing at the weather in this furious manner: "I have had fourteen days of incessant wind and rain, and am stupid with disgust and wonder that such things should be. Nature herself traitress to me—whatever Wordsworth may say." In one of his blackest moments he pours out this complaint:

"This is all will, but it is to me so fearful a discovery to find how God has allowed all who have variously sought him in the most earnest way, to be blinded—how Puritan—monk—Brahmin—churchman—Turk—are all merely names for different madnesses and ignorances; how nothing prevails finally but a steady, worldly-wise labor—comfortable—resolute—fearless—full of animal life—affectionate—compassionate.—I think I see how one ought to live, now, but my own life is lost—gone by. I looked for another world, and find there is only this, and that is past for me: what message I have given is all wrong; has to be all re-said, in another way, and is, so said, almost too terrible to be serviceable. For the present I am dead—silent."

Besides ill-health and overwork, and an uncertain literary aim, there entered into Ruskin's life soon after the beginning of this correspondence an element of peculiar sorrow, his wasting affection for Rose la Touche. She was a child of nine when Ruskin first knew her in 1858. She died in 1875. In the meantime he came to entertain toward her a "grand passion," and desired to make her his wife. Swift's relation to Stella was not more pathetic or more tragical, and was not so absolutely free as this from any shadow of stain. But there was difference of religious opinion, and in 1872 she definitely refused to marry him. She would not even see him when she was at the point of death unless he could say that he loved God better than he

loved her. It was impossible for him to lie, and than his refusal to do so there shines no brighter leaf among his bays. Mr. Norton has treated this aspect of Ruskin's life with perfect delicacy and much reserve, "holding with those who believe that there are sanctities in love and life to be kept in privacy inviolate," but the great trouble comes to the surface now and then in Ruskin's letters, and much oftener incarnades them through and through with the misery of his bleeding heart.

The letters abound in literary and other esthetic judgments, which never fail to be interesting, though they often give us pause. Swinburne's "Atalanta" is "the grandest thing ever yet done by a youth—though he is a Demoniac youth. Whether he will ever be clothed and in his right mind, heaven only knows. His foam at the mouth is fire, meantime." In 1868 there was a pleasant meeting of Ruskin with Darwin, "and their animated talk afforded striking illustration of the many sympathies that underlay the divergence of their points of view, and of their methods of thought." Byron he calls "one of the sincerest, though one of the vainest of men; there is not a line which he has written which does not seem to me as true as his shame for his clubfoot." Our confidence in Ruskin's judgments is marred by his sudden revisions of them wherever mood and circumstance conspire to produce a novel impression. In 1872 Duccio is "twenty times more interesting than Cimabue." In 1874 he is "altogether amazed at the power of Cimabue." "Giotto is a mere domestic gossip compared with him." His moods subject everything visible or audible to the stress of their unmitigable gloom. "After the faces of what is now average humanity in Florence, the face of the worst crétin here [in the Rhone valley] is as the face of an angel in its innocence and pitiable, indeed, but not hateful fatuity." The glaciers are not what they were, but the saddest of all is Mont Blanc itself from here [St. Martin's]—it is, to what it was, as a mere white-washed wall to a bride-cake";

not one of his happiest comparisons. Concerning Froude Ruskin had a chronic difference with his friend. "You had better, by the way, have gone crazy for a month yourself than have written that niggling and nagging article on Froude's misprints." Carlyle's letters to Emerson vex him "with their perpetual 'me miserum'—never seeming to feel the extreme ill manners of this perpetual whine." Evidently, Ruskin's gift for seeing himself as others saw him had melted by this time "from the smallness of a gnat to air." It is true, as he submits, that he has much more reason than Carlyle to be crying, "Ay de mi!" He finds Jowett's translation of Plato "good for nothing, a disgrace to Oxford," and must make a better one himself.

In view of Mr. Norton's sometime reputation as less strenuously American than he might be (he does not like our faults), Ruskin's perpetual girding at him for his comfortable Americanism must have impressed him as highly amusing. It will so impress his friends. Yet it would be much better to search out the truth concealed in Ruskin's fierce arraignment than to brush it aside so cavalierly as we do commonly. Wisely or otherwise, Ruskin attained in his last years to some rehabilitation of his early faith, "not as being true, but as containing the quantity of truth that is wholesome for me." Perhaps the most wonderful passage in the book is that (pp. 192, 193, vol. ii.) describing his delirium during one of the many periods of cerebral excitement to which he was subject during his later life. Never was madness nearer allied to genius than it was here. But this alliance was at all times for him an indefeasible possession. Not more so, however, than his loving-kindness. It is that which makes the most profound impression in these letters. He has been more admired than loved. Hereafter, in proportion as these letters are well known, he will be more loved than admired, and yet not less admired than heretofore.

John White Chadwick.

Cartoons upon Current Events



"EVERYBODY GETS A SQUARE DEAL, AND YOU—YOU BE GOOD!"

Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



THE CONGRESSIONAL EMPORIUM OF AMUSEMENT
IS NOW OPEN

—Satterfield in Cleveland Press



A BIG UNDERTAKING FOR MR. MORTON
Professor Morton proposes to train down the railroads to
a healthy condition.

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal

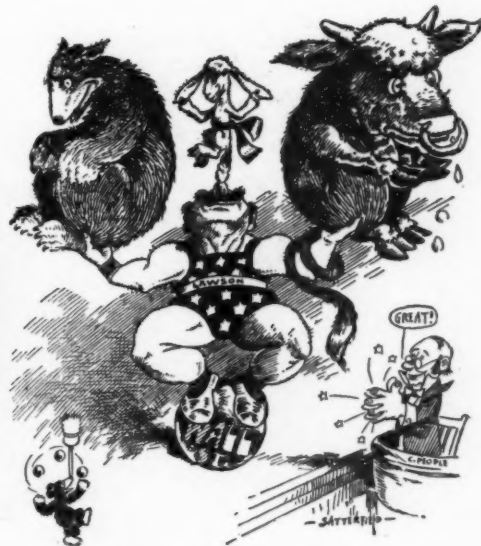




THROTTLED!

Once upon a time there was a man who thought he could prevent the dawn of day by stopping the roosters crowing.

—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



FRENZIED VAUDEVILLE

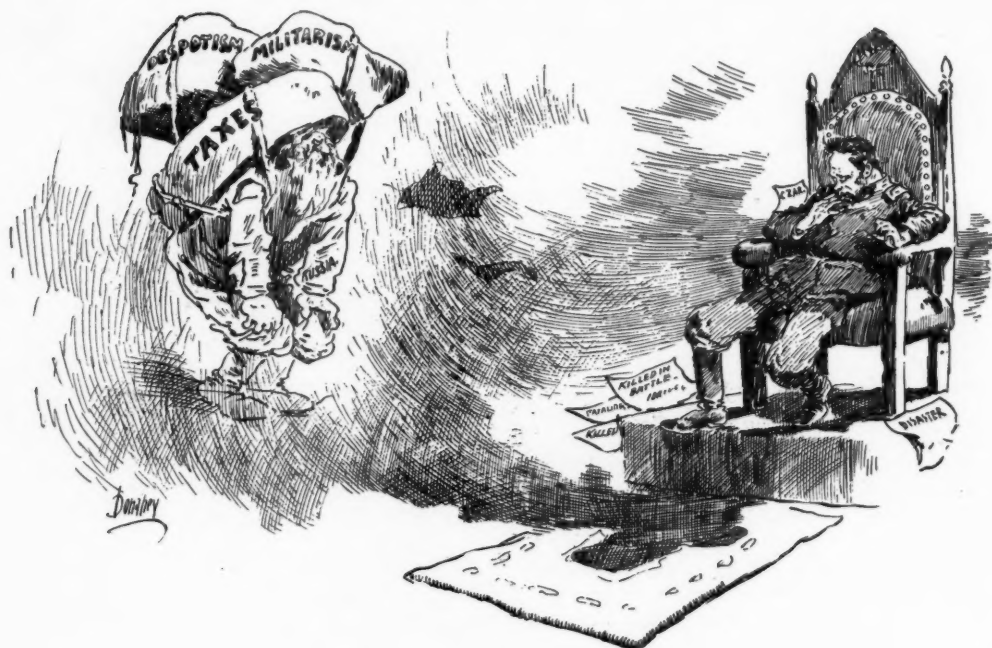
Mr. Lawson in his Great Balancing Act.

—Satterfield in Detroit Tribune



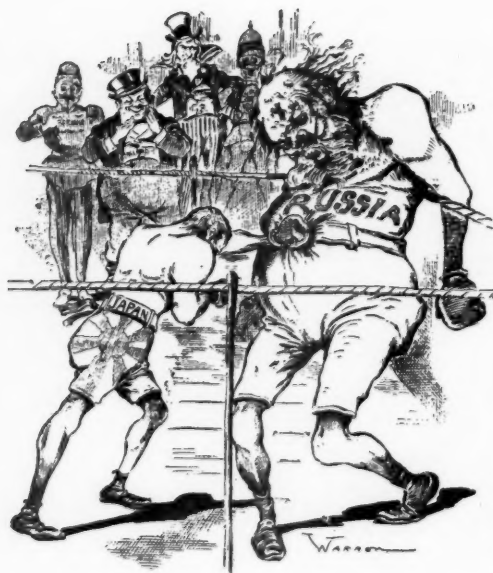
STILL PULLING 'EM

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



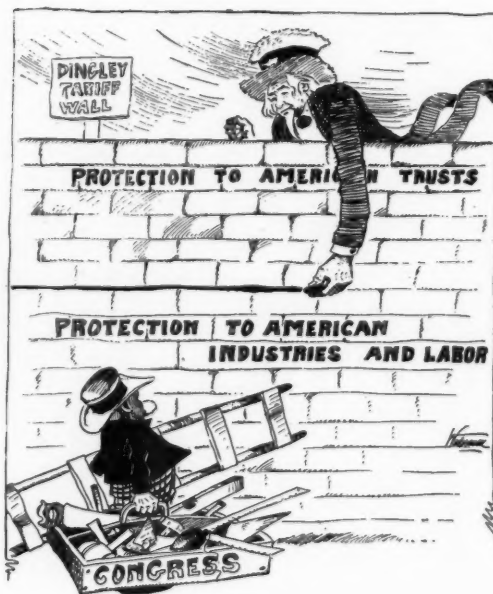
THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



WHY DON'T THE SPECTATORS INTERFERE?

—Warren in New York Globe



"TAKE IT OFF RIGHT HERE, SON"

—Waterman in Ohio State Journal

People in the Foreground

Henry James
in
America

The publication of "The Golden Bowl," the latest book by Mr. Henry James, recalls attention to the fact that the distinguished author is at present living in America. The interest attaching to his visit is not lessened by the fact, frankly acknowledged, that he is here to study us, and, later, put us in a book. Remembering what he has already done by way of portraits of his compatriots, it is safe to say that the curiosity to read his forthcoming studies of America and Americans under the widely different conditions which have come about since he last dwelt among us, will hardly be matched by any other book of the season.

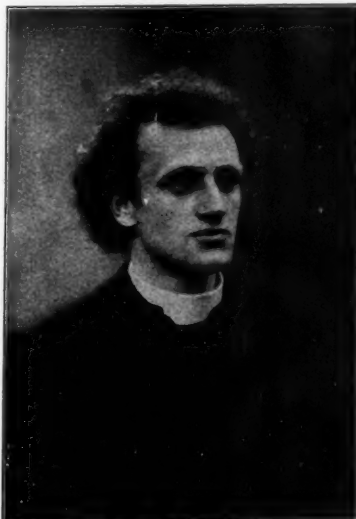
Of his new book, "The Golden Bowl," he has himself said recently in characteristically James language, that "it is distinctly, in my view, the most done of my productions, the most composed and constructed and completed, and it proved, during long months, while it got itself step by step endowed with logical life, only too deep and abysmal an artistic trap. By which I don't mean an abyss without a bottom, but a shaft sunk to the real basis of the subject, which was a real feat in engineering. I hold the thing the *solidest*, as yet, of my fictions."

We printed recently a portrait of Mr. James, and the clerical look of the clean-shaven features doubtless surprised those who have been familiar for many years with the portrait of Mr. James wearing a full beard.

The real home of the author is now in England, in the ancient town of Rye, which was one of the original Cinque Ports. Here, at Lamb House, an historic old mansion, Mr. James enjoys the serene peace and

beauty of an English country home such as he has, to the joy of his readers, so often introduced into his stories.

The Rev.
Hugh Black



REV. HUGH BLACK

The Rev. Hugh Black is a Scotchman, as his name indicates, and was born at Rothesay in 1868. He studied at Glasgow University, and was ordained to the Presbyterian Ministry in 1891. From 1891 to 1896 he was pastor at Paisley, and in the latter year was called to St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. He published "Friendship" in 1898, and "Culture and Restraint" in 1901. His recent book, published this fall, "The Practice of Self-Culture," deals with the practical ways in which the self can be equipped for service. It contends that self-culture is not in itself a complete ideal for human life, but has its place as the necessary education to make a man's contribution to the world worthy. Our chief need, the author says, is to lay hold of a comprehensive scheme into which our efforts will fall easily, and the proposition of which acts as an inducement. Some of the chapters deal with culture of the body, the mind, the imagination, the heart, the conscience and the spirit.

Will
Irwin

Observing readers will have noticed with great frequency of late the recurrence of the names of Will Irwin and Wallace Irwin in the leading magazines and in the metropolitan press—the former name, when given, always signed to prose, the latter quite as regularly to verse. The two gentlemen are brothers and hail from San Francisco, whence apparently much of the good

red blood of up-to-date journalism in the East is being supplied.

We present herewith a portrait of Mr. Will Irwin, whose name first became familiar by his joint authorship with Gelett Burgess of "The Picaroons: A San Francisco Night's Entertainment"—a book which showed a deal of cleverness and an easy familiarity with almost every phase of life in that remarkable city. Mr. Irwin, it seems, has other claims to fame, for in the December "Bookman," we learn that in his native haunts he was known as the "Champion Three-Ring Smoker of the Pacific Slope." So closely has this reputation stuck to him that a recent letter bearing a caricatured portrait of Mr. Irwin blowing three rings of smoke was delivered to him without question at the editorial offices of the New York Sun, where Mr. Irwin now has his desk and to which the letter was sent.



WILL IRWIN

John Burroughs—Poet and Naturalist The true scientific instinct and the real literary faculty are not often found in pronounced degrees in the same intellect. This, perhaps, is the real crux of the recent controversy over a certain kind of animal story. For it seems clear to many of the interested audience that most of the liberties taken with truth, of which we have heard so much, are due to the working—perhaps the overworking—of a lively literary faculty bereft, at least for the moment, of the scientific instinct.

Mr. John Burroughs (a characteristic portrait of whom forms the frontispiece of this issue of *Current Literature*) has earned the right to be considered the dean of nature writers, by reason of a combination of these qualities which appears in all of his writing upon his favorite themes. The vein of truthfulness probably is apparent even to those of his readers who know the least of natural history, because the sense of probability, always active in a balanced intellect, is not challenged by the

form of his recital. And it is probably not too much to add that the more one knows about the birds and the beasts, the more confidence he feels in the essential accuracy of all that Mr. Burroughs writes about them. Here is obvious accuracy, not only in intent, but in execution; and a minuteness of execution unsurpassed by any contemporary in this field of observation.

The felicity and facility of Mr. Burroughs' literary faculty make a strong appeal to lovers of graceful English. Here, indeed, is a rarer power than that of mere observation. For to train the observation to a degree of considerable acuteness is by no means difficult. In fact, given a real interest in natural history, and the eye is quickly enlisted and works with increasing accuracy and alertness. As Mr. Burroughs himself says in his essay on "Sharp Eyes," "the eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim." And then—the psychology of it, very cleverly put—"A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through"* (So, too, you are likely to find several four-leaved clovers, once you have found *one*. For then your little talisman beckons to his fellows *from* your heart *through* your eye.) But, although there are many who have birds in their hearts and Indian relics in their eyes, there are few who can transfer either the interest or the image to another. It is precisely this that Mr. Burroughs' literary skill enables him to do on almost his every page. And there are fewer who reveal the real soul of nature with such clearness of vision and delicateness of intuition. What could be finer than this appreciation of the spirit of the eagle, which we quote from his most recent book, "Far and Near":

Many times during the season I have in my solitude [at Slabsides] a visit from a bald eagle.

*"Locusts and Wild Honey."

There is dead tree near the summit, where he often perches, and which we call "the old eagle tree." It is a pine killed years ago by a thunder-bolt—the bolt of Jove—and now the bird of Jove hovers about it or sits upon it. The days on which I see him are not quite the same as the other days. I think my thoughts soar a little higher all the rest of the morning. I have had a visit from a messenger of Jove. The lift or range of those great wings has passed into my thought. I once heard a collector get up in a scientific body and tell how many eggs of the bald eagle he had clutched that season, how many from this nest, how many from that, and how one of the eagles had deported itself after he had killed its mate. I felt ashamed for him. He had only proved himself a superior human weasel. In the present case what would it profit me could I find and plunder my eagle's nest, or strip his skin from his dead carcass?

eyrie upon the remote solitary cliffs. He draws great lines across the sky; he sees the forests like a carpet beneath him; he sees the hills and valleys as folds and wrinkles in a many-colored tapestry; he sees the river as a silver belt connecting remote horizons. We climb mountain-peaks to get a glimpse of the spectacle that is hourly spread out beneath him. Dignity, elevation, repose, are his. I would have my thoughts take as wide a sweep. I would be as far removed from the petty cares and turmoils of this noisy and blustering world.

**Sir Charles
Wyndham and
His Company**

Since Sir Charles Wyndham's arrival in this country he has presented two plays, "David Garrick" and "Mrs. Gorringle's Necklace." In both of these he has shown a refinement of acting combined with polish



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AND MISS MARY MOORE

Should I know him better? I do not want to know him that way. I want rather to feel the inspiration of his presence and noble bearing. I want my interest and sympathy to go with him in his continental voyaging up and down, and in his long, elevated flights to and from his

and skill which have made his work peculiarly appealing. There is a dignity and authority about his impersonations that at once lift them to a high level of excellence. Beyond this his own personality, which is

most attractive, has lent its charm and helped win him the success in this country which he holds in his own. England has sent us over many splendid actors, but none who have so quickly and so decisively gained popular approval and affection.

It is interesting to note, too, how carefully trained and how excellent Sir Charles' company is. There is a sort of homogeneity about it that gives it the character of one large family, each contributing a part to the general superiority. His leading support, Miss Mary Moore, is especially worthy of note. Though in "David Garrick" she showed grace and charm, it was not until she appeared in the whimsical rôle of Mrs. Gorringer that something like a just estimate of her could be formed. As this selfish, petty, pretty, pouting little society lady she fairly scintillated. It was a brilliant performance of a rather

difficult part which was out of the beaten track. And her success has thus proved almost as instantaneous as that of Sir Charles himself.



FLORENCE WILKINSON

Readers who Florence have enjoyed in Wilkinson the magazines the occasional verse by Florence Wilkinson will be glad to see the portrait of the lady which we present herewith. There are not many of the younger poets whose verse has a more delightful quality than Miss Wilkinson's. She has recently published, through McClure-Phillips, a volume containing two plays, "David of Bethlehem," and "Mary Magdalen." Miss Wilkinson will be remembered for her charming book of poems of childhood, "Kings and Queens." These two plays are intended for production, and they have been praised for their delicacy and distinction by such actors as Sothorn and Julia Marlowe.

Judith of Bethulia*

LORD BYRON, in a letter to Murray, declining to attempt the redrafting of a poem, said that he was like a tiger—good only for one spring. How far it is worth while for a poet who has once written upon any theme to take it up again, is a question fairly raised by Mr. Aldrich's play. For reading, it is distinctly inferior to his narrative poem of ten years ago. It is longer by about one-third, but generally speaking, the expansion is not accompanied by added interest. This is particularly true of the part of Achior, Judith's rejected lover. It is dull and conventional. Nor can it be said that the scenes are successful wherein the distress of the city is illustrated. One could well spare the closing half of Act I, Scene 2, and the opening scene of the second act.

*JUDITH OF BETHULIA. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

Briefly, the story of Judith as told in the Apocryphal book is as follows: The King of the Assyrians having determined to "avenge himself on all the earth" sends Holofernes, his chief captain, with a vast army, to conquer "the west country" wherein lay Judea. He sweeps everything before him until he reaches the walled city of Bethulia, "stuck like a hornet's nest against a rock." There he is checked. He cannot batter down the wall, but he poisons the wells which lie without the town, and thirst and hunger in due time bring the inhabitants to the point of surrender.

Thereupon Judith, a widow, of great beauty and wealth, puts on "her garments of gladness wherewith she was clad during the life of her husband," and goes with her handmaid into the camp of the Assyrians to the tent of Holofernes. She pretends to have fled in terror from the doomed city because the inhabitants were about to commit

the sacrilege of eating the tithes. She asks and obtains permission to remain, but to go each night into the woods beyond the camp to pray. On the third night, Prince Holofernes makes for her a great feast, and having drunk too freely of wine, he falls asleep in his tent. Judith strikes off his head, and she and her maid return with it to the town, where it is exposed outside the gate.

feminine attribute excepting her religious fervor. The distance between her and Charlotte Corday, humanly speaking, is immeasurable; though their heroic deeds are nearly identical in motive. Judith's character throughout the ancient legend lacks that note of tenderness with which the writer has here attempted to accent her heroism."

One may reserve judgment as to the criti-



From a photograph by Morris Burke Parkinson, Boston

MISS O'NEIL AS JUDITH

When his army discover that he is dead they flee in terror, and the town and Judea are saved.

Mr. Aldrich thinks that Judith "moves through the Apocrypha, a beautiful and cold-blooded abstraction, with scarcely any

cism of that wonderful old tale. But there can be no doubt that the scene in the play in which Judith works herself up to the point of killing the prince is full of power. It is a pleasure to record that the rendition of it by Miss O'Neil, for whom the play was

written, leaves nothing to be desired. We quote from Mr. Aldrich's dramatization the following from Act III, Scene 2.

JUDITH

My lord, I know a pleasant-thoughted verse,
An old-time legend of an ancient king,
The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast the grief called
life.

HOLOFERNES, *confusedly*

Say on, I hear thee, though thy voice seems far.
Art going? Nay, I see thou hast not stirred.
I am the plaything of vain fantasies!

[Judith looks at him with curious intentness for a few seconds, then gently removes his arm from her waist and seats herself on the tabouret at his side.]

JUDITH

The small green grapes in heavy clusters grew,
Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew
And amber sunshine the long summer through;

Till, with faint tremor in her veins, the Vine
Felt the delicious pulses of the wine;
And the grapes ripened in the year's decline.

And day by day the Virgins watched their
charge;

And when, at last, beyond the horizon's marge,
The harvest moon droopt beautiful and large,

The subtle spirit in the grape was caught,
And to the slowly dying monarch brought
In a great cup fantastically wrought.

Of this he drank, then straightway from his
brain
Went the weird malady, and once again
He walked the palace, free of scar or pain—

But strangely changed, for somehow he had lost
Body and voice; the courtiers, as he crossed
The royal chambers, whispered—*The King's
Ghost!*

[The arm of Holofernes slips from his breast and falls over the side of the couch, the flagon which he has retained in his grasp crashing on the floor. Judith rises, startled.]

My lord? . . . He sleeps! . . . Un-
ending be his dream!

The ignoble slumber that has fettered him
Robs not his pallid brow of majesty
Nor from the curved lip takes away the scorn.

Bagoas shall not awaken him at dawn!
(*Pauses.*)

O broken sword of proof! O prince, betrayed!
In me he trusted, he who trusted none!
(*Pauses again.*)

I did not longer dare to look on him,
Lest I should lose my reason through my eyes.
This man—this man, had he been of my race,
And I a maiden, and we two had met—
What visions mock me! Some ancestral sin
Hath left a taint of madness in my brain.
Were I not I, I would unbind my hair
And let the tresses cool his fevered cheek,
And take him in my arms—Oh, am I mad?
Yonder the watch-fires flare upon the walls,
Like red hands pleading to me through the dark;
There famished women weep, and have no hope.
The moan of children moaning in the streets
Tears at my heart. O God! have I a heart?
Why do I falter? (*Kneeling.*) Thou that rulest
all,

Hold not Thy favor from me that I seek
This night to be Thy instrument! Dear Lord,
Look down on me, a widow of Judea,
A feeble thing unless Thou sendest strength!
A woman such as I slew Sisera.
The hand that pierced his temples with a nail
Was soft and gentle, like to mine, a hand
Moulded to press a babe against her breast!
Thou didst sustain her. Oh, sustain Thou me,
That I may free Thy chosen from their chains!—
Each sinew in my body turns to steel,
My pulses quicken, I no longer fear!
My prayer has reached Him, sitting there on
high!

The hour is come I dreamed of! This for thee,
O Israel, my people, this for thee!

Thomas Ewing, Jr.



Sainte-Beuve's Centenary And Two Volumes of Translation*

THE celebration of Sainte-Beuve's centenary on the 23d of last December once more fixed the attention of the world of letters upon the career and achievements of a man who as a critic is second to none, and as a guide to a knowledge of the French genius and literature is unrivaled. In him criticism finds a kind of patron saint; and all lovers of the humanities honor him for his complete devotion to his art and for his great gifts. Everywhere strong in its human interest, his work does not appeal to the scholar only; nor does it ever stoop to pander to the tastes of the hour; yet it is both scholarly and popular—altogether the most delightful and informing criticism in the world.

Though Sainte-Beuve began his career poor, and died not much richer, he never sought, as so many have done, to make literature a stepping-stone to fortune, a title to ministries: he loved it for his own sake, and practised it as an end in itself. Almost all of his laborious life—fifty years of it—he spent in Paris, and he left as a result of his toil a prodigious mass of work, in bulk as great as that of Voltaire. Honors, literary and other, came to him in course, but late and slowly. He was appointed one of the keepers of the Mazarin Library, and knew then, for the first time, what it was to enjoy easy circumstances; he was elected to the Academy; he went as lecturer to the College of Lausanne, and as Professor of French Literature to the University of Liège; he held for a time the chair of Latin Poetry at the Collège de France; he was elected Commander of the Legion of Honor; and a few years before his death, in 1865, he became a senator. And finally—an honor he prized more than any other—his weekly essays were for years recognized as the chief recurring literary event of Europe.

With regard to Sainte-Beuve's private character the most opposite opinions have been and are advanced. If no judicial estimate of it has as yet appeared, neither devil's advocates nor defenders are wanting.

*PORTRAITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve (Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley). G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904.

The former, attributing his later unfavorable criticisms of men whom he had once, with youthful enthusiasm, somewhat extravagantly praised, to personal motives, charge him with jealousy of the success and fame of his great contemporaries. Sainte-Beuve's defenders, on the other hand, regard the expression of his revised estimates of these men as creditable to him, and as one more evidence of the love of truth and the intellectual integrity which characterize the whole body of the great critic's work, and to which the results of recent controversy have borne fresh witness. But whatever conclusion may be reached upon this debated question,† it is certainly true that in few critics can less unfairness be found than in Sainte-Beuve. And for all Brunetière's assertion that "a great part of his judgments should be received with caution, and are subject to revision," it may be confidently said that few critics have been so uniformly right. Other complaints are made against Sainte-Beuve's character. The moralist deprecates his facile morality. His character was indeed not spotless. To certain distinctively Christian virtues he could lay no claim, and made no pretense. But if the elements of his nature—the good and that which offsets it—be tried in the balance, the true metal will not be found wanting. His artistic conscience was sensitive and exacting. And his unmeasured and self-forgetful devotion to his art must be counted to his honor. He disdained the easy methods that would have made his profession lucrative, and was ready for great sacrifices to maintain his professional dignity and critical independence. The quest of truth was a passion with him. "Truth" (the word engraved in English upon his seal) was his motto, and to truth as he knew it he was faithful. He had many of the virtues that men are least apt to discount. He was generous, kindly, and helpful to his friends. His temper was sweet and

†See M. Faguet's article in "Revue de Paris," February, 1892, and M. Michaut's detailed and searching study, "Sainte-Beuve avant les 'Lundis'" (Paris, 1903), for some interesting remarks upon this subject.

humane, and he had the gracious and amiably human instincts of the true poetic nature.

To rightly understand the greatness of Sainte-Beuve's achievement in criticism a knowledge of his method of production as well as of the essays themselves is indispensable. The essays of the "Causeries du Lundi," and many of those in other volumes, were written one each week, and for some fifteen years they appeared continuously. It is hard to believe that these weekly *feuilletons* of criticism, so scholarly, so finished, so seemingly unhurried, so serene in spirit, were written at speed and for a waiting press; but such was the case. With what painstaking research Sainte-Beuve was wont to prepare himself for each of these articles one may learn from the notes he sent to the friend at the National Library who provided him with books. His patience seemed inexhaustible, his toil for years almost ceaseless, and his labors taken together nothing less than Herculean. It was not without reason that his mother lamented the fearful wear and tear of his active literary life, and wished that he had chosen another profession. "I never take a holiday," he wrote in the period of the "Causeries du Lundi"; "on Monday towards noon I lift up my head, and breathe for about an hour; after that the wicket shuts again and I am in the prison cell for seven days." Such was the cost to Sainte-Beuve of the "Causeries"; and he well merits the gratitude of the host of readers to whom the result of his labors is an unmixed delight.

The range of Sainte-Beuve's criticism is as wide as the world of literature, and concerns itself with the most varied types—men of letters, men of science, philosophers, priests, kings, diplomatists, courtiers. And he seems at home alike in classical, medieval, and modern times. He can be *bon camarade* with natures the most opposite. Whether the question is of Virgil, of Dante, of Rabelais, of Villon, or of Voltaire, of builders of ethical systems, or of iconoclasts of creeds, of the Latins or the Greeks, or of the modern French, Germans, or English, there is the same free flow of sympathy, quite unimpeded by any wall of dogma, or any prejudice of time or race. Sainte-Beuve fashioned for himself a method which was in many points original, and has proved a powerful influence upon all criticism since his day. Hating fixed judgments, he never cared to say that a book was definitively good or definitively bad; he loved the nu-

ances, the subtleties of criticism. It was no part of his creed that the first duties of a critic were to judge an author by general theories of literature, to formulate direct and definite conclusions, to assign a work its precise place in a certain literary class, or to deduce literary principles from critical studies. His procedure was alien to all critical systems that conceive of criticism, in Coleridge's way, "as an application of rules deduced from philosophical principles." He sought first of all to display and explain what his author had done, and to seize and present what was unique in his work and distinctive in his personality. His method did not run upon pedagogic lines.

From the method of the historian and the scientist Sainte-Beuve took hints that in a large measure determined his critical procedure. An author he was wont to regard as in large measure the creature of his age and his country; he studied him in relation to the larger life of his nation, his province, his town; he followed him into his home, and considered him, in the light of all available *personalia*, with reference to his private and domestic life, his habits, and the influences of his education. Preoccupation with considerations of this nature is apt to lead to determinism of the kind which Taine was later to embrace, and which found epigrammatic expression in his famous sentence, "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar." But from this fatalism Sainte-Beuve found a door of escape in his belief that there is in each man of genius a mysterious power, all his own, that can defy the influences of environment.

In one aspect Sainte-Beuve's criticism was the application of historical methods to literary biography. On another side it aimed to bring into the analysis and exposition of literature something of the methods of exact science. He would have the literary critic approach human nature with numberless observations in the manner of the scientists, investigating the anatomy, physiology and psychology of an author, and bringing the results to bear in the explanation of his work. Sainte-Beuve's minute and searching studies of a great company of individuals, his "long course of moral physiology," as he called it, led him at last to the conviction—a conviction which speaks plainly in the work that followed "Port Royal"—that there are families of souls, and a hierarchy of

families among them, just as in natural history there are families, genus and species; and that henceforth the principal object of criticism should be to investigate minds from this standpoint, to distinguish them precisely, to discover their analogies and their differences, to group them; and that at present the best way to advance this kind of knowledge is through the production of a series of monograph studies that should proceed somewhat in the manner of his own essays. He was, in a word, seeking through criticism to grasp general laws, to formulate a science of the soul, or, in his own phrase, to lay the foundations of "a natural history of minds."

One or two other notable features of Sainte-Beuve's method should not remain unnoticed. No one can fail to observe throughout his essays the relentless pursuit of that which constitutes the individuality of each author or artist whom he considers. He has an unfailing instinct for all the particularities, physiological and psychological, which make a man different from all others, unique in his kind, which make a man himself. He is skilled to seize the irreducible distinction of minds and temperaments, and to mark the different forms and the different values which they impress upon ideas held in common. Having seized upon the distinctive traits of the individual, he sought to attach him on all sides to the earth, and to make him live and move as he did in life. One cannot fail to notice this process, as it goes on continually in Sainte-Beuve's studies. The essays, beginning for the most part in analysis, gradually transform themselves, until the dry bones of ordered detail give place to a kind of portrait. And there comes a moment when this also is transformed to a creature of flesh and blood: the portrait speaks and lives, and the man himself is found. This process is not merely biography; it is the introduction of the "portrait" into literary criticism. And it was this introduction of

the "portrait," involving, beside the consideration of literary achievements, a re-creation of the author, and a setting before the reader of his aims, his circumstances, his society, and the literary atmosphere about him, that accounts in a large measure for the eager interest these *causeries critiques* have awakened in the public from the hour of their appearance to the present.

The seeming desultoriness of Sainte-Beuve's method was repugnant to the French



Frontispiece

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

From a steel engraving

mind, which is eminently logical, and loves to generalize and deduce. It is therefore not surprising that it has laid itself open to attacks at home. Adverse criticism complains of Sainte-Beuve's work—of his early work especially—that it is but the record of the literary adventures of an errant and vagabond nature, interested in everything, and driven everywhere by an insatiable and universal curiosity. It is maintained also that in his detailed biographical studies he is too

often but gratifying, under the pretense of historical exactitude, a taste for gossip and scandalous anecdote. Many smile at his scheme for inaugurating a natural history of

the attitude of the critic who bases his estimate of a literary achievement upon the measure of its success in presenting types of universal appeal and typical representations of human life. He is too much given, many will think, to regarding literature as an expression of temperament.

But after all is said and done, Sainte-Beuve's fame stands unshaken by the assaults of criticism. His work, at its best, can combine, or use in turn, the methods of different schools as it does, for example, in his wonderful "*Étude sur Virgile*." There, in the manner of historical criticism, Virgil is seen as in part the product of antecedent literary and social influences, and of the influences that surrounded him as he moved in the warmth and light of imperial favor and protection. And in the manner of psychologic criticism the veil that hides the author's nature is withdrawn, and the reader is brought under the spell of the Roman poet's grave, sweet and reverent spirit. And finally, in a measure beyond Sainte-Beuve's wont, the *Æneid* itself is seen from the academic standpoint, and considered with regard to the beauty of its epic form and the universality of its appeal.

Sainte-Beuve must always hold an important place in

the history of criticism, for he has strengthened its foundations, enlarged its scope, and given it a place of ever-increasing importance in the literature of Europe. He saved it from the dryness of the old rule-and-line method in accordance with which author after author was measured by fixed standards, the results recorded, and the author dismissed; and he led it to new triumphs along the ways opened by Diderot and Lessing. As a critic Sainte-Beuve had a broader culture and freer sympathies than Matthew Arnold, and a subtler insight than Lowell. His criticism was saner and of a stronger human appeal than Walter Pater's. As a guide to either his own or foreign literature he was more trustworthy than his



LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE

From a steel engraving

minds, and are unable to discover that he has done anything material toward constituting such a system. His excessive absorption in the individual—which may be deprecated from different standpoints—is declared essentially unscientific. Seeking to understand a given author, and to explain him, Sainte-Beuve ends by admiring him relatively by sympathizing with him or by excusing him. He seems incapable of rigor toward those whose weakness and failure he knows but too well. Thus there enters into his work a relativity that hardly permits him to pronounce judgment, and gives good ground for objections like that of Brunetière, who complains that his criticism "reaches no conclusion." Sainte-Beuve rarely takes

greatest disciple, Taine, seeming always to have—what the latter often wanted—the tradition of the subjects he treated. Adverse criticism, by taking thought, has scarce

lessened his stature by a cubit; his greatness looms up almost undiminished; he still remains, after a century, one of the great names.

Portraits of the Seventeenth Century.

"PORTRAITS of the Seventeenth Century," two substantial and presentable volumes of translations from the "Causeries," the "Portraits Littéraires" and the "Portraits des Femmes," make their appearance appropriately in this year of Sainte-Beuve's centenary. Miss Wormeley, already well and favorably known as the translator of Balzac and Molière, has rendered them in English. Illustrations, numerous, if not notably good in their kind, bring before the reader likenesses of the distinguished company assembled in the essays, and considerably enhance the interest of the work. The selections here made again and again display Sainte-Beuve at his best, exemplify the versatility of his genius and the catholicity of his criticism, and leave us with a lively of sense of the good service his writings must always render in broadening the range of human sympathies and in inducing a better understanding of the French nature and of human nature in general.

All the interest that variety and contrast can lend to character studies of this kind is here present in the highest degree. Types the most diverse, polarities of mind and temperament the most absolute, are portrayed with a sympathy, a knowledge and an insight that never fail. One is made to feel the blight of La Rochefoucauld's cynicism, and then the gracious piety of Fénelon, or the spiritual ardor of Pascal. And if contrasts are the question, one must think also of La Fontaine, the disrespectful and irresponsible, and place beside him Corneille, whose character for all his genius, was starched in the fashion of the *bon bourgeois*.

The great ladies of the seventeenth century have an honorable place in this gallery of pictures; and nowhere else are the taste and tact, the grace and elegance, the sure and delicate touch of Sainte-Beuve more plainly evinced than in the painting of their portraits. Among them are some of the rarest and the loveliest flowers of a society in which the social graces were brought to their highest development—a

distinguished company, indeed—women who seemed to detach themselves from all that was common, to shine in all that was exquisite, and to show, whether with the pen or in social life, the true refinement within them. With many of them a wonderful radiance and charm, a brilliant, lively and sparkling wit, a taste for coquetry or gallantry, played over the surface of cultivated and solid minds. The variety that lent so strong a spice of interest to the portraits of the men does as much for the portraits of women. In portraits like those of the Comtesse de la Fayette and "La Grande Mademoiselle," of the Duchesse



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ
From steel engravings of the period

de Longueville and Madame de Sévigné, of Ninon de l'Enclos and Mlle. de Scudéry, the same features do not, it need scarcely be said, reappear. The juxtaposition of the

pictures of the two last-named ladies makes a most striking, if in certain respects a too sharply pointed, contrast; and the essays that introduce them are, it may be said by the way, good examples of Sainte-Beuve's method. Full justice is done to all that was

her graces of mind and person; Mlle. de Scudéry as a spinster of great worth and no charm.

On two or three counts one may feel that he has ground to complain a little against these volumes. In the first place the essays are left undated, and one curious in the matter must look elsewhere to learn from what period of Sainte-Beuve's life a given critique proceeds. And, barring an exception or two, the original paintings and engravings, from which the numerous illustrations are taken, are also left undated; and the artists who made them, if known, are unnamed. As a consequence the question of authenticity troubles us with doubts.

In speaking of the merit of the present translation it should not be forgotten that the great critic's style does not lend itself easily to reproduction, and that something of its virtue will inevitably escape in that process. But at least one might expect to find in a translator of Sainte-Beuve—a man who did not spare himself in maintaining a high level of excellence in his writings—one disposed to use all diligence in rendering the original faithfully, and, beyond that, in preserving its grace and charm, Miss Wormeley has upon the whole done her work excellently. Yet there are here and there ineptitudes, phrases loosely rendered, or turned, as it were, with the left hand, that

seem to tell of carelessness or haste, and constitute flaws in the fair fabric of the translation. Nor does one discover evidence of a burning zeal in the pursuit of the minutely appropriate word or the graceful paraphrase. But in spite of this, let it be said, that Miss Wormeley's work does leave a real impression of the grace of style and individual charm of the original. The more of Sainte-Beuve that is brought into English the better, and, as translations, these two volumes are well worth while. "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century" is a delightful book, and should be warmly welcomed.

Horatio S. Krams.



Frontispiece

HENRI, DUC DE ROHAN

From a steel engraving

engaging in the character of Mlle. de l'Enclos, whose charm, animation, wit and piquancy brought a long train of illustrious lovers, one after another, under her spell. Her career recalls that of the courtesans of Greece. Her character, if by its grovelling ethics beyond hope of redemption, has still the saving grace of a certain frankness and uprightness, and of the faithfulness in friendship, that were hers. Mlle. de Scudéry, the author of those interminable heroic romances whose vogue was cut short by that literary kill-joy Boileau, was everything that Ninon de l'Enclos was not. Ninon is seen in these pages as one whose virtue was all in

The Woman's Book Club

How Women Can Earn Money

MRS. ALDEN'S book* is not a literary one. It makes no pretence of being. It is, so to speak, a business Baedeker for the woman starting out in unfamiliar roads of self-support. It is written, subdivided, and indexed, in the most practical, plain and systematic manner. Nevertheless, it is as interesting a book, on every page, as any feminine reader could ask, for the individuality of its clever and experienced author breathes from each paragraph. "It is my firm belief," she begins, "that every woman not an invalid can earn her own living, if she really wants to do so. Perhaps, to make it clear that I am not dreaming things, the personal note ought to be admitted here. Without vanity and without shame, the writer can say that she has probably earned money at more various occupations than almost any woman in America. She has made a living cooking for sixteen farm-hands on a Western ranch, teaching a borderland school, singing in church and concert, as "matron" in a great tent factory, as superintendent in a metropolitan candy factory, as inspectress in the New York Custom House, as Secretary in the Street Cleaning Department, as a busy reporter with notebook and camera, as editor on a daily newspaper." No wonder that the book has the ring of experience. After reading it through, we feel the force of her closing assertion: "This book has not been built upon theory or compiled at second-hand. All that has been written is the result of actual practical experience, both on the author's part, and the part of thousands of questioning women with whom she is daily brought into contact (as President-General of the International Sunshine Society). This wide range of experience, it is believed, invests this book with a distinctive character."

It certainly does. Those who are familiar with the aspirant for self-support will recognize truth here: "I have often noticed that when a woman finds herself thrown upon

her own resources her first impulse is to apply for a position as secretary to some one. This, too, when she has not the first qualification for filling such an office. She thinks, however, that it will not hurt her socially to take such a position. She never stops to think whether she is capable of doing the work. To be a success it is absolutely necessary to be a stenographer and typewriter; also to write a good long-hand. Naturally, one cannot take care of a large correspondence without having had a good general education, and it is not bad to be able to speak two or three foreign languages, and to have seen something of the world."

Let it not be thought, though, that Mrs. Alden is discouraging. The great merit of this little volume is the variety of hopeful suggestions it offers to the unskilled. It might be called a book of beginnings for untrained, inexperienced women of all ages and circumstances. Of course, we all know that the young woman, strong and trained, gets the first chance everywhere. That is inevitable. Equally, of course, beginners in some branches of self-support must be young. Teaching, for instance, is a trade that "the mature woman can no more expect to learn than she could expect to learn surgery." So is telegraphy, since "old ears do not fit themselves to new sounds." But there are dozens of paths open to the feet of middle-aged women, if only they are willing to work, and in any degree adaptable. The woman who will not try a new path because it is new, or who is afraid of losing social position (though she cannot possibly keep it up) or who wants to make money without doing any work, is foredoomed to failure at any age, anyhow. The woman who is not looking for what she would *like* to do, but for what she can *find* to do, is sure to find something. Here is a concrete example:

"There were plenty of things I could do," said one young woman to me, in relating how she made a start in life; "my difficulty, and it is the same with almost every woman thrown unexpectedly upon her own resources, was to get a chance to prove what I could do."

*WOMEN'S WAYS OF EARNING MONEY. By Cynthia Westover Alden. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.00.

"How did you manage?"

"Why, I heard of a man who was on the lookout for a woman who could handle fifty girls he had in his employ. I knew I could do it; he thought not, simply because I had never worked before. I worried the life out of him until he gave me a trial. I made it a point to be generally useful. I was determined to be a necessity to that firm. There is no branch of the work now that I do not feel perfectly capable of temporarily caring for. The result is that while I began with \$40 a month I am now getting \$2000 a year."

In an entirely different field, perseverance gained a similar foothold.

"A young woman came to me not long ago and said she wanted to sing in 'Florodora.'"

"Do you know any one in the company?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know any of the managers?"

"No."

"Do you know the operetta?"

"Every word of it. I can sing any of the parts taken by women. I can play the whole thing almost without looking at the notes. I know all the choruses by heart. I—"

"Enough. If you can do all that, you can sing in 'Florodora.'"

"How?"

"Linger around. Manage to meet some of the chorus girls. Manage to be admitted at rehearsals. When you see something to do, do it. You will fall into line without any trouble. There will be a vacancy some time, and if you are on hand, you will be asked to fill it."

"Her eyes were open wide with astonishment. She had been in America only three weeks, but had come here from London determined to earn her own living. She had been reared in comfort, and had devoted much time and money to the cultivation of her voice; her only experience on the stage had been in amateur theatricals."

"She went from me to the opera house. She got in. They were clamoring for the chorus girls to get into line. One was ill. This girl said, 'I'll substitute till she gets back.' In the confusion she rehearsed, and she sang that night. She stayed around. The next thing in her favor was when the accompanist was late. Our young woman quietly took her place at the piano, and the rehearsing went on as if she had been ex-

pected to play. They were half through when the professor arrived, and then it was decided that this young girl was a valuable young woman to have at hand.

"She was offered a place in the chorus, and to make a long story short, she finally went on the road as one of the 'Sextette.'"

"I give this true story to show the great value of being on the spot when wanted. This woman had a good voice, and perseverance and pluck; without them all, she would have failed. As chorus girl she was paid first \$10 and then \$15 a week. As she was raised in rank her salary increased. I know that later she received \$50. What higher salary she may have received since, I do not know."

"When not engaged in a company, this woman spends her time in making shirt waists. She began by making her own and taking orders from friends. Now she has a good business, as she says, when 'off duty' that pays her board and expenses."

The chance of getting into the Government service is interestingly discussed. The practical advice is given to hunt up all the possible civil-service examinations within reach, and make a habit of taking them. They do not require a college education; but the applicant must pass at or over seventy per cent. Factory, sanitary and school inspectors, post-office clerks, clerks in the departments at Washington or in municipal departments, are all appointed from the civil-service examination lists. Mrs. Alden tells amusingly of some of her own experience as a custom's inspectress.

Women who can only work at home are not forgotten. "If you live in a city, scan the daily papers for ideas. Watch the advertisements. You may find exactly what you want, or something you read may suggest to you something you might never have thought of but for what you saw in the paper. If you live in the country, ask some friend in the city to send you the advertising sheets of the big Sunday newspapers. Should you have no city friends, save up pennies, and send stamps to the editors directly instead. I pick up a New York newspaper as I write this, and the first thing I see is an 'ad' for five hundred women to do renaissance lace work. This 'ad' is by a respectable firm, and promises plenty of home work. You will find some 'fake ads,' but on these we will waste no time." Another suggestion is putting up box lunches at home to sell to

travelers on the trains running through, or to workers in offices, etc. Raising bouquets of herbs for butchers to sell with the meat was one woman's beginning, which ended in market-gardening, with a hired man, and violet raising and preserving as profitable adjuncts.

"Emergency" businesses are varied and picturesque. The young woman in a large city who goes out as an "emergency maid" is naturally overrun with custom. Many readers will sigh for her. The emergency packer who started to go around to the big hotels to help hurried or indolent patrons, and who earned seventeen dollars the very first day, and has had to take in her younger sister as assistant already, is a suggestive pioneer. From the list of feminine successes in the last chapter of the book, we take a few at random, to show their amazing variety.

"Miss Henrietta Rowe runs a hunting camp at Moosehead Lake in the season, and sometimes teaches cooking at Mt. Holyoke the rest of the year. Mrs. Ida Freligh, a normal-school graduate, is a tugboat owner and manager. Miss Amelia Judson, a graduate of Cornell, who wanted to go to Paris to study art, had her plans changed by illness in the family. She is now running a saw-mill in St. Louis. Miss Mary Adams is assistant State microscopist of Iowa. Miss

Yeemans is known all over California as a butterfly catcher. She runs a regular international butterfly exchange and finds it profitable. Miss Anita Martin is accumulating a competence raising turkeys in a Texas county town. Miss Asch, of South Carolina, raises the best hunting dogs in the State, and another Aiken woman, Miss Cheatham, raises mocking-birds, teaches them to sing, and sells them to Northern tourists. Miss Ida Nerrell, of Augusta, has made a field for herself as a perfumery maker, and has her own receipt for distilling cape jasmine. Miss Virginia Smith, of New York, bathes cats for the members of the Four Hundred. At one cat show all but one of the prize winners were her patrons, and she is prosperous."

Mrs. Alden has certainly collected more women's ways of earning money than any other writer has dreamed of. The stock occupations are not neglected, either—journalism, stenography, work in the big stores, authorship, nursing, music, art, keeping a boarding-house, and so on. About every one of them she has something new to say; so that, though her book is meant for the feminine beginner, the wisdom of her counsel will be most recognized by those who have the most knowledge and experience.

Priscilla Leonard.

Recent Notable Poems

The Sun Dial at Wells College. .Henry van Dyke*

The shadow by my finger cast
Divides the future from the past;
Before it sleeps the unborn hour
In darkness, and beyond thy power;
Behind its unreturning line,
The vanished hour, no longer thine;
One hour alone is in thy hands,—
The NOW on which the shadow stands.

Sleep Song. Henry van Dyke

Forget! forget!
The tide of life is turning;
The waves of light ebb slowly down the
west:
Along the edge of dark some stars are burn-
ing

*MUSIC AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry van Dyke.
Charles Scribner's Sons; New York, 1904. \$1.00.

To guide thy spirit safely to an isle of
rest.

A little rocking on the tranquil deep
Of song, to soothe thy yearning,
A little slumber and a little sleep,
And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget!

The day was long in pleasure;
Its echoes die away across the hill;
Now let thy heart beat time to their slow
measure,
That swells, and sinks, and faints, and falls
till all is still.
Then like a weary child that loves to
keep
Locked in its arms some treasure,
My soul in calm content shall fall asleep,
And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget!
 And if thou hast been weeping,
 Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy
 grief;
 Lie still and watch the singing angels, reap-
 ing
 The golden harvest of thy sorrow, sheaf by
 sheaf;
 Or count thy joys like flocks of snow-
 white sheep
 That one by one come creeping
 Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep,
 And so forget, forget!

On a Sampler. The Century

Where shadows long at midday fall,
 It hangs upon the parlor wall,
 Relic of days beyond recall;
 E'en Time, the trampler,
 Few marring marks has on it set;
 Its frame still glints like polished jet;
 A virgin she, and virgin yet
 My great-aunt's sampler.

The letters all, from *a* to *z*,
 Broidered in varied script you see,
 As prim and as demure as she,
 But scarce as graceful,
 (Dame Rumor, whispering down the years,
 Her maiden memory endears,
 And paints her one who banished tears
 From many a face full.)

Flowers bloom thereon in pink and blue;
 Small birds disport, of motley hue;
 And tiny trees their green to view
 Spread pyramid-like;
 A massive mansion, faintly red,
 Uplifts below its dormered head;
 Above, a curious quadruped
 Seems gamboling kid-like.

And in the center written down
 Behold—*Celestia Anna Brown*:
Her Sampler. Visions of renown
 This fair recorder
 Perchance gave harbor in her brain,
 Love-visions, too, untouched by pain,
 The while from many a tangled skein
 She etched the border.

Then there's her precept deftly done,
 Words taken straight from Solomon,
 Regarding those beneath the sun
 Who but a crust have;
 With all her sweet, large-hearted will.

Did she not follow it until
 She reached the foot of life's long hill?
 I know she must have.

Wiser the maids of nowadays,
 Less finical in frock and phrase;
 In multitudinous works and ways
 Our times are ampler;
 And yet somehow a dreamer's thought,
 With longings, wed to wonder, fraught,
 Harks back to her whose fingers wrought
 My great-aunt's sampler.

Clinton Scollard.

To the Heroic Son Atlantic

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
 Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like
 rain,
 Peoples are reaped and garnered as the
 grain,
 And only that persists which is the truth:
 Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
 And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
 Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty
 pain:
 Dream the great dream that buoys thine
 age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped
 cave;
 He, poised in darkness with victorious
 wings,
 Keeps night between the granite and
 the sea,
 Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave;
 Then, from the portal, where the ripple
 rings,
 He bursts into the boundless morning,
 free!

Duncan Campbell Scott.

Meb-be. Canadian Magazine

A quiet boy was Joe Bedotte,
 An' no sign anywere
 Of anyt'ing at all he got
 Was up to ordinaire.
 An' w'en de teacher tell heem go
 An' take a holiday
 For wake heem up, becos he's slow,
 Poor Joe would only say—
 "Wall! meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school
 Unless dey bodder heem,
 But all de scholar t'ink he's fool,
 Or walkin' in a dream;

So w'en dey're closin' on de spring,
Of course dey're moche surprise
Dat Joe is takin' ev'ryt'ing
Of w'at you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say: "Joseph,
I know you're workin' hard,
Becos w'en I am pass mes'ef
I see you on de yard
A splitting wood—now you mus' stay
An' study half de night?
An' Joe he spike de sam' ole way
So quiet an' polite—
"Wall! meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die,
An' lef' heem dere alone
Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,
An' farm all rock an' stone.
But Joe is fader, moder too—
An' work bote day an' night
An' clear de place, dat's w'at he do,
An' bring dem up all right.

De Curé say: "Jo-seph, you know
Le bon Dieu's very good;
He feed de small bird on de snow,
De caribou on de wood;
But you deserve some credit, too,
I spik of dis before—"
So Joe he dunno w'at to do,
An' only say wance more—
"Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year,
An' helpin' ev'ry wan
Upon de parish, far an' near,
Till all hees money's gone.
An' den de Curé come again
Wit' tear drop on hees eye;
He know for sure poor Joe hees frien'
Is well prepare to die.

"Well, Joe! de work you done will tell
W'en you get up above;
De good God he will treat you well,
An' geev' you all hees love.
De poor an' sick down here below

I'm sure dey'll not forget—"
An' wat you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
Drawin' hees only breat'?
"Wall! meb-be!"

William Henry Drummond, M.D.

Japan, the Beautiful..... Sunset
The ghost of grace, through heathen tides
and times,
Hath kept her vigil 'neath thy trembling
stars!
Thy cherry-blossom cheeks, in peace or
wars,
Still beam rapport with all thy sweetest
chimes!

New states may grow where fallen states
have been;—
The pulse of Beauty, dead, shall beat no
more!
Thine not the cause of wall and tower
and store;—
Thy citadels are laid in hearts of men!
Ivan Swift.

To Edgar Allan Poe..... George Sterling
Time, who but jests with sword and sover-
eignty,
Confirming these as phantoms in his
gloom
Or bubbles that his arid hours consume,
Shall mold an undeparting light of thee—
A star whereby futurity shall see
How Song's eventual majesties illume,
Beyond Augustan pomp or battle-doom,
Her annals of abiding heraldry.

Time, tho' his mordant ages gnaw the crag,
Shall blot no hue from thy seraphic wings
Nor vex thy crown and choral glories
won,

Albeit the solvents of Oblivion drag
To dust the Sundered sepulchers of kings,
In desolations splendid with the sun.

*The Testimony of the Sun and Other
Poems by George Sterling.

Editorial Wit and Wisdom

Add an egg to General Nogi and you have the name of a seasonable beverage.—*Houston Chronicle*.

Still, it is better for the South to burn the cotton than the cotton-pickers.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

What will it profit Japan if, after sweeping the seas, she presents the returning Admiral Togo with a house?—*Detroit Tribune*.

If the Mormon "saints" are up to all they are up to, what can a Mormon sinner do to distinguish himself?—*Houston Chronicle*.

Robert Burns' Bible sold the other day for \$3,250, and when Bobbie was alive he needed both the Bible and the money.—*Houston Chronicle*.

A lock of Thackeray's hair sold in New York for \$16. That is more than the novelist made out of his first book.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"Nan" Patterson's shocking testimony causes the hope that there are not any more "Florodora" girls at home like her.—*Kansas City Times*.

At last W. J. Bryan has done something Grover Cleveland may indorse. He started on a duck shooting expedition yesterday.—*Kansas City Star*.

"De weather will soon be cold enough," said Brother Williams, "fer charity ter sit up by a big fire an' pity de poor."—*Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution*.

Before commenting unkindly on the Japanese "Banzai"—and it does sound foolish

—reflect how the average American college "yell" must impress the Japanese.—*Kansas City Star*.

Gov. Douglas will recommend a plainer and more modest uniform for the officers of the Massachusetts national guard. This will cause Gen. Miles to throw an epauletic fit.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

John Alexander Dowie boldly declares there is no such man as Santa Claus. There would be something wrong about Santa if John Alexander believed in him.—*Baltimore Sun*.

It is believed that the Rojestvensky fleet is considerably maligned by the story that it took a shot or two at the Antarctic circle as it rounded the Cape of Good Hope.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

With Chicago's sterilized kiss, antiseptic courtship and sanitary marriage it seems it will hardly be worth while to be young pretty soon. Chicago has not invented the deodorized divorce suit yet.—*Florida Times-Union*.

The advocates of woman's rights and female suffrage are greatly encouraged by a late decision of the Vermont Supreme Court that a female murderer has as much right to be hung as a man.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

From Berlin we receive the printed notice of a new hair dye, and the "composer" of it has mercifully addressed us in English. "I deliver the Hairdye from fair to the deepest dark" he assures us. Then with a burst of candor for which we cannot sufficiently commend him, he adds, "It produces a natural color and is thoroughly injurious."—*London Chronicle*.

Literary Notes and Gossip

The Macmillan Company announce for issue early in the spring the first volume of Prof. Edward Channing's "History of the United States." This volume, devoted to "The Planting of a Nation in the New World," brings the work down to the period of the Restoration, which marks an epoch in the administrative relations between the English Government and the colonists. The work will be completed in eight volumes.

William Farquhar Payson, the author of "Debonnaire" (McClure-Phillips), is one of the few men who knew the real Whistler in his later days. He met him in Rome at the time he was standing as best man to William Heineman in his marriage with Magda Sindici (the author of "Via Lucis"). Later he saw a good deal of him in London. The Whistler on show, with all his eccentricities and his vengefully ready tongue, Mr. Payson says is decidedly not at all the real Whistler, who in the privacy of his own home was all sweetness, kindness, wittiness and brilliancy. In an intimate conversation or discussion on art, literature, morals, religion, or what not, Whistler, he declares, was nothing less than marvelous. In his later days Whistler looked longingly toward America—harked back, as it were, to his earlier love. He thought tremendously of the American appreciation of his work.

Articles of unique and valuable interest, it is announced, are under way for early publication in "The Century," describing fully and with Mr. Burbank's authority the miracles being wrought by Luther Burbank in fruit and flower breeding. Mr. Burbank's recent work has given to science edible cacti, the white blackberry, the plumcot (a cross between a plum and an apricot), an apple-tree bearing four hundred varieties, new seedless fruits and many other wonders.

E. P. Powell, author of "The Country Home" (McClure-Phillips), was especially inspired to the writing of his book by his desire to spread as far as possible his enthusiasm on the joys of country living. The book, he hopes, will counteract what he considers the evil tendency toward congestion

in population in the cities, and give proper direction to the emigration countryward. He believes in country life, especially for brain-workers; and declares that they can live in the country, have lovely fruitful homes and at the same time improve their literary output. He is championing in America ideas similar to those that Rider Haggard, author of "The Brethren," is championing in England. Mr. Haggard has long been carrying on a propaganda for the development of rural England, and the emptying of the congested districts of London, Birmingham and other big cities into the countryside.

A Russian woman revolutionist whose life has been spent in propagating the idea of revolt—not however, of nihilism or assassination—has lately visited New York. Her personality and history are intensely dramatic. She is described by Ernest Poole in the January Magazine Number of the "Outlook" as follows: "Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist, hard-labor convict, and exile for twenty-three years in Siberia; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom." A most interesting portrait of this woman, Katharine Berechkovsky, accompanies Mr. Poole's article in the "Outlook."

To write in the vein of former successes is usually the road to further triumphs in literature; but once in a while by turning into a new field an author makes even a greater stroke. This surely has been the case with Anthony Hope. Beginning with the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda," his popularity blazed with renewed vigor when he brought out the almost frivolously witty "Dolly Dialogues"; and now he has added the laurels of a true novelist, through his story dealing with the problems of married life, "Double Harness," in which the critics declare that "he comes home to the fuller realities of human experience." That the public likes Mr. Hope in his new rôle as a commentator on real life is evidenced by the fact that the "Double Harness," is one of the

best selling books of the year, and is now going into its fourth edition.

This is the day of books of practical inspiration toward a more rational and happier life. Many sorts of volumes bearing on this subject appeared this fall; and it is interesting to note that this prominent tendency in modern literature is an outgrowth of the "return to nature" of a few years ago. Two books mark the high tide of this double movement toward a life closer to nature and to happiness, and so stronger and higher—"The Fat of the Land," by John W. Streeter, and "Happiness: Essays on the Meaning of Life," by Carl Hilty. Dr. Streeter's book tells of a man who went back to the land whole-heartedly, and made a better living and a richer, fuller life off his farm than from his lucrative medical practice; and the fact that it was one of the big successes of 1904 shows the interest now active in turning from city to country. M. Hilty, however, recognizes that we cannot all forsake town for rural life, so he points out how to find happiness in work, how to fix good habits, and how to make life calm, happy and useful, no matter where we live or at what we work.

The ideal modern library is set forth in the new American Library Association Catalogue for 1904, issued by the Government Printing Office at Washington. The New York State Library and the Library of Congress joined forces in selecting out of the whole range of American and English literature the books that should go to make up an ideally good small public library for the general reader, which would also serve the needs of most special students. It is of interest to know that of the 7,520 volumes declared by these authorities the best for the purposes of the library and the general reader, a little more than eighteen per cent. are published by The Macmillan Company.

In the January "Critic" the details of Lafcadio Hearn's funeral are related by Margaret Emerson, an eye-witness, coupled with snapshots, taken in Japan, of the procession moving through the streets of Tokio. Nobody could be better fitted to describe the incidents of this event than Miss Emerson. She speaks with feeling of the appropriateness of the Buddhist funeral to this gentle, self-centered man. She describes

the ceremony at the old Buddhist temple, graphically noting the custom of depositing grains of incense on the brazier before the coffin, the movements of the head priest resplendent in violet and red gauze, and the other details of the ritual.

Again we are to have a novel dealing with the Quakers and their trials, and naturally enough it comes from Philadelphia. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" demonstrated the romantic value of the persecuted Quaker, and the present author as a "member of meeting" ought to know the life quite sufficiently to give a true picture. The Revells announce that their new Quaker story, entitled "For a Free Conscience," by L. C. Wood, is now in course of preparation for issue in the early spring.

Doubleday, Page & Co. say that the announcement of "The Garden Magazine," which is the only "Gardener's reminder" and comprehensive periodical having to do with all branches of flower, vegetable and fruit-growing, has brought in so many orders from newsdealers and advertisers that the first number will be larger than originally planned, and that the whole first edition will undoubtedly be in the hands of original subscribers and purchasers within a few days after publication.

Rudyard Kipling has sailed for South Africa to spend four months at his home at Rose Bank, near Cape Town. This is the home presented to the author by his friend and admirer, Cecil Rhodes. He spends the months of January, February, March and April there every year.

Readers of the January "Critic" cannot fail to be interested by the announcement that, beginning with that number, "The Literary World" will be incorporated with "The Critic," the Critic Company having taken over the publication of the Boston monthly from Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., who have been its publishers for the last two years. "The Literary World" was established some thirty or more years ago, and to the present date has been the only strictly literary journal emanating from Boston. In taking over "The Literary World" "The Critic" expects to hold the attention of that periodical's old subscribers, while at the same time appealing to a wider audience.

Thomas Nast: His Period and His Pictures*

POLITICS has its martyrs as religion has. This fact is strikingly in evidence in the interesting presentation by Mr. Paine of the work of Thomas Nast, especially in the twenty years that followed the Civil War. The work is intended not so much as a "personal biography," to use the writer's own words, "but to tell the story of a series of pictures which became an important part in this nation's history." There is enough of the personal note, however, to enable the reader to appreciate the cause of Nast's great power and to understand the story of the growth of the German immigrant child through limited schooling and art training to the commanding place that his talents and integrity won for him. It is told in an authoritative manner, as Nast's own story, and with the limitations of an autobiography, for it was undertaken at the artist's suggestion to present in permanent form the work of his pencil and brush. Something had apparently been done toward a selection from the thousands of sketches in his lifetime, but the work was not completed until after the death of Nast in his far-off consular post in Ecuador. It is a full and fair selection, and the text is an appreciative interpretation of the artist's purpose.

Thomas Nast was born at Landau, a garrison town of Bavaria, in 1840. At six years of age he was transplanted to New York City, and his boyhood was passed in William Street. His father, a political emigrant, was employed in the band at Burton's Theater, and young Nast accompanied him to the theater, "often making

crude sketches of Burton and the popular actors of that time," says Mr. Paine. "It was from these sketches and memories that fifty years later he painted the fine character portrait of Burton which hangs in the Players' Club to-day. Frequently he carried his father's big trombone to the theater, and this was a privilege as it entitled him to remain to the performance. Lester Wallack, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Charlotte Cushman, Placide, George Holland—these were among his favorites of those days. At Castle Garden he heard Jennie Lind. The boy saw and sketched them

all in his untrained way, and the influence of those early efforts and surroundings was continually cropping out in the great work of after years."

Beginning drawing under Theodore Kaufman, he soon entered the Academy of Design through the influence of Alfred Fredericks. Shortly after he entered on his newspaper work, and Mr. Paine has given us an account of his first assignment, which gave him a place on the staff. "He gathered up a bundle of his drawings one morning and went over to call on Frank Leslie,

who had already founded the Weekly. . . . The great publisher looked at the round-faced German boy of fifteen and remarked that he was pretty young—a fact already known. Then Mr. Leslie examined the sketches and observed that they were pretty good—a fact equally obvious. Presently he rose from his chair and looked down on the short, moon-faced lad—a scene of which Nast left us a caricature.

"So you want to draw for my paper?" he said. The small German looked up at the great man and nodded. "Very well. Go down to Christopher Street next Sunday



THOMAS NAST, 1877

*THOMAS NAST: HIS PERIOD AND HIS PICTURES.
By Albert Bigelow Paine. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1904.

morning, where the people are boarding the ferry for the Elysian Fields (a resort beyond Hoboken), and make me a picture just at the last call of All aboard. Do you understand?" The fat boy once more nodded.

Yes, sir," he said. "All right." That was easy to say; but the job was not easy even for a skilled man. Leslie afterwards told James Parton that he had no expectation of the little fellow's doing it, and gave him the job merely for the purpose of bringing home to his youthful mind the absurdity of his application."

Nast went to England to report the Heenan-Sayer's fight for the New York Illustrated News, and followed the red-shirt



NAST'S CARICATURE OF HIS FIRST INTERVIEW
WITH FRANK LESLIE

of Garibaldi in his redemption of Italy, making sketches for the London News. He came home just before the Civil War, married and soon began the political and war cartoons, which had little of the nature of caricature, except in the brief electoral campaign of 1864. There is a sketch made on his visit to Washington to report the inauguration of Lincoln in which Greeley in the midst of excited Southerners has the placid countenance of Pickwick, but the situation had little humor and Nast has recorded his impression of a vivid scene:

"It seemed to me," said Nast, "that the shadow of death was everywhere. I had endless visions of black funeral parades,

accompanied by mournful music. It was as if the whole city were ruined, and I know now that this was figuratively true. A single yell of defiance would have inflamed a mob. A shot would have started a conflict. In my room at the Willard Hotel, I was trying to work. I picked up my pencils and laid them down as many as a dozen times. I got up at last and walked the floor. Presently in the rooms next mine other men were walking. I could hear them in the silence. My head was beginning to throb and I sat down and pressed my hands to my temples. Then, all at once, in the Ebbitt house across the way a window was flung up and a man stepped out on the balcony. The footsteps about me ceased. Everybody had heard the man and was watching breathlessly to see what he would do. Suddenly, in a rich, powerful voice he began to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner!' The result was extraordinary. Windows were thrown up. Crowds gathered on the streets. A multitude of voices joined the song. When it was over the street rang with cheers. The men in the rooms next mine joined me in the corridors. The hotel came to life. Guests wept and flung their arms about one another. Dissension and threat were silenced. It seemed to me, and I believed to all of us, that Washington had been saved by the inspiration of an unknown man with a voice to sing that grand old song of songs."

The beginning of the war found Nast in New York, to witness the march of the Seventh Regiment. "The news of the assault on the Sixth Massachusetts by the roughs of Baltimore," says Mr. Paine, "came on April 19th, on the day that the Seventh of New York—the crack regiment of the New York National Guard—marched down Broadway to the ferry for departure. The city went fairly mad that day. Old and young screamed themselves hoarse, and a million banners waved above the line of march. Nast made a drawing and, years later, a large oil painting of the scene. It hangs to-day in the armory of the Seventh, the only pictorial record of an event which New York will never forget."

In 1862 Nast's connection with Harper's periodicals began, though he had been an occasional contributor for some years. "Thomas Nast's real service to his country began about this time," says Mr. Paine, in describing this important step in the young



THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY, APRIL 19, 1861

artist's career. "Harper's Weekly" had become the great picture paper in the field, with an art department of considerable proportions. Nast did not find the art room a satisfactory place to work, and was soon allowed to make his drawings at home, with pay at space rates. This proved a profitable arrangement, as he was a rapid worker, and soon more than doubled his former salary. Fletcher Harper, one of the original 'Brothers,' who made the publication of the Weekly his especial province, took a deep

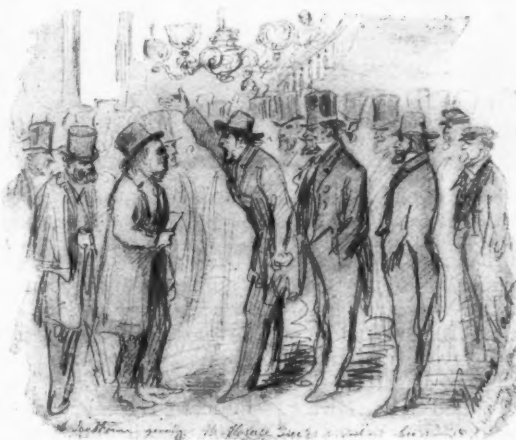
interest in the industrious and capable young artist. . . . The friendly relations between the future cartoonist and his employer, once begun, grew and augmented as the years passed, and it is due to Fletcher Harper more than to any other one person that the Nast cartoons and Harper's Weekly became identified with the Nation's

history. Almost from the first Nast was allowed to follow his own ideas—to make pictures, rather than illustrations—and these, purely imaginative and even crude as many of them were, did not fail to arouse the thousands who each week scanned the pages of the Harper periodical."

Nast sought inspiration for his cartoons at the front, but used whatever came to hand, and humorous, as in the caricature of the "Kingdom Comin'," or pathetic, as in his pictures of the hardships of the war, his work

was animated by an unwavering confidence in the success of the Union cause and was prosecuted with increasing skill.

The soberest history of the administration of Andrew Johnson reads like a caricature of government, culminating as it did in the solemn farce of the impeachment trial of the President. The whole



A SOUTHERNER GIVING HORACE GREELEY A PIECE OF HIS MIND

"epoch of chaos and disorder" was a prelude of the Grant and Seymour campaign, the description of which I quote:

"Naturally it was just the sort of a campaign to suit Thomas Nast. The issues were fierce and bitter. The war was to be fought over again. Yet he began rather tardily, biding his time. Then, in the late summer, he opened with a page cartoon of three elements of Democracy clasp hands, each with a foot set heavily on the prostrate colored man. But this was mild and general. Seymour the Satyr, as Lady Macbeth, regarding with awesome terror the stain left by the draft riots, more clearly indicated what was to be the real point of attack. Indeed, this picture was presently included with the old 'Compromise' cartoon of sixty-four in a fierce political pamphlet

with appropriate extracts. All these told heavily on the feelings of men who had battled in the field for principles which now seemed likely to be sacrificed through the ballot box. They were roused to the point of declaring that they 'would vote the way they had shot' and the returns from each state election became fearsome handwriting on the Democratic walls."

"Under the circumstances it was but natural that the successful candidates should feel grateful to a man like Nast, whose cartoons were believed to have materially aided the Republican cause. Letters of thanks came from all quarters. . . . But it remained for Grant himself to pay the final word of tribute. 'Two things elected me,' he said, 'the sword of Sheridan and the pencil of Thomas Nast.'"



"KINGDOM COMIN' "

We moved our things into Massa's Parlor just to keep it while he's gone. (From the original sketch)

which was distributed broadcast. The campaign grew much warmer presently, and Nast always worked better when the issues began to flame and sizzle. By the middle of September he was flinging weekly thunderbolts into the enemy's ranks. . . . A campaign publication called *The Mirror*, issued 'as often as the occasion might require,' was made up entirely of his pictures,

The story of the Tweed Ring has not lost its interest by reason of lapse of time or of imperfect imitations in other cities. Nast developed his highest talent and won his greatest triumph in the fight that resulted in its overthrow. The following passages indicate the story as told by Mr. Paine in great detail and with a wealth of illustration: "The Ring itself was a curious assort-

ment of incongruous natures—its single band of unity being that of sordid self-interest and gain. Tweed, the leader—supervisor and commissioner of public works, etc., etc.—who had begun his public career as foreman of the *Americus* or Big Six Fire Company, was a coarse and thoroughly ill-bred ward politician, a former member of the 'forty thieves' Board of Aldermen (1860), a drinking, licentious Falstaff, with a faculty for making friends. Sweeny—park commissioner, city chamberlain, etc.—was a lawyer of education and ability, sombre and seclusive—a man who lived to control great multitudes, unseen—to direct legislation, unsuspected. Connolly, controller of public expenditures (a bank clerk who had early acquired the sobriquet of 'Slippery Dick'), was a shifty human quantity without an honest bone in his body; while Mayor Hall—'Elegant Oakey,' as they called him—was a frequenter of clubs, a beau of fashion, a wit, a writer of clever tales, a punster, a versatile mountebank.

"Men with claims against the city were told to multiply each claim by five, or ten, or a hundred, after which, with Mayor Hall's 'O. K.' and Connolly's indorsement, it was paid without question. The money was not handed to the claimant, direct, but paid through a go-between, who cashed the check, settled the original bill and divided the remainder between Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall.

"Thomas Nast almost single-handed had been assailing the corrupt municipal government as early as 1867, and dropping an occasional hot shot into the camp of the enemy until by the end of 1869 he had singled out the chief malefactors for special assault.



NAST'S FIRST PUBLISHED SANTA CLAUS

"There had been a change of management in the *New York Times*, which, with George Jones at the helm and Louis John Jennings as editor, was to become a fierce and uncompromising organ of municipal reform. . . . The *Times* under their direction, with *Harper's Weekly* as its greatest pictorial ally, prepared to engage in a mighty work of destruction.

"It was James O'Brien, a close political friend of Tilden and sheriff under the Ring, who secured the

proofs which resulted in its fall. The writer has never seen any statement connecting Mr. Tilden with the inception of O'Brien's scheme for destroying the Ring, but in the light of collected facts it seems fair to credit the shrewder man—the man with the greater motive—with the origin of the idea.

"One morning O'Brien called at the controller's office and asked that an employee be removed and that a friend of his—one William Copeland—be appointed to fill the place.

"No sooner was he at the books than by O'Brien's orders he began to make a transcript of the items of the Ring's frightful and fraudulent disbursements, mainly charged as expenditures on the court-house, then building. He worked fast and overtime to get these, and within a brief period the evidence of a guilt so vast as to be almost incredible was in O'Brien's hands. Another man, one Matthew O'Rourke, in a similar manner had been installed as county bookkeeper.

"On July 8 was published the first installment of these terrible figures that having once been made to lie now turned to cry out the damning truth in bold black type—black indeed to the startled members of the Ring. The sensation was immediate. The



[THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE—"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" (THE FIRST USE OF THE FAMOUS TIGER SYMBOL)

figures showed that an enormous outlay had been charged as 'armory rents and repairs' which never could have been legitimately expended. Ten lofts, mostly over old stables, had been rented at a cost of \$85,000, and though these lofts had not been used an additional \$463,064 had been charged for keeping them in repair. Ten other armories had been kept in repair for a period of nine months at the trifling cost to the county of \$941,453.86.

"The excitement over the armory exposures was nothing in comparison with the upheaval that took place on publication of the Copeland transcript of the controller's accounts.

"The new court house was still far from complete, and miserably furnished, yet it had already resulted in the neat outlay of \$11,000,000 when the most liberal estimate placed its value, finished and luxuriously furnished, at less than three millions.

"Forty old chairs and three tables had a record value of \$179,729.60. A charge for repairing fixtures, through J. H. Keyser & Company, was \$1,149,874.50. Thermometers, \$7,500. Another charge for furniture, through Ingersoll & Company, \$240,564.63. City and county advertising, paid to the newspapers of New York City, \$2,703,308.48.

"As for Thomas Nast he was now in his glory. . . . He had already humorously illustrated Tweed's Fourth of July oration, before the first of the Times's disclosures, and had depicted 'Connolly's white-washing committee' as blind mice whose tails had been amputated by the Times's sharp editorials.

"Shortly followed the now famous page, the lower half of which, 'Who Stole the People's Money' has been so often reproduced. In the upper picture Greeley again appears asking "Who is Ingersoll's Company?" and Tweed and his numberless cohorts are there as a reply. And each week the 'handwriting' became more telling—more terrible in its clear statement of facts. There was to be an election in November, and it must be with wide-open eyes that the public should render judgment. The Ring was thoroughly frightened at last. Connolly gave out inexplicable statements of his accounts, and Hall published in his paper—the Leader—incoherent denials of his re-

sponsibility, and explanations that did not explain."

"The report of the Booth committee removed the last element of doubt. On that day William Marcy Tweed was arrested, and, though released on a million-dollar bond, supplied by Jay Gould and others, that first arrest marked the beginning of the end.

Two days before the election "Harper's Weekly" published Nast's great cartoon. "It was a great double page, of that Coliseum at Rome which the young Garibaldian had paused to sketch on his way out of Italy." Seated in the imperial enclosure, gazing



HORACE GREELEY AND THE TAMMANY TIGER

down, with brutal eager faces are Tweed and his dishonored band, with the Americus emblems above and below. But it is only the centre of the amphitheatre that we see. There, full in the foreground, with glaring savage eyes and distended jaws, its great cruel paws crushing down the maimed Republic, we behold the first complete embodiment of that fierce symbol, which twenty years before had fascinated a little lad who had followed and shouted behind the engine of the Big Six. The creature of rapacity and stripes, whose savage head Tweed had emblazoned on the Tammany banner, had been called into being to rend and destroy him.

In all the cartoons the world has ever seen none has been so startling in its conception, so splendidly picturesque, so enduring in its motive of reform as 'The Tammany Tiger Loose—What are you going to do about it?' In the history of pictorial caricatures it stands alone, to-day as then and for all time, unapproached and unapproachable."

Nast's caricature was to follow Tweed until it captured him—a fugitive from justice in Spain—and brought him home to die in jail.

There is not space to follow the fortunes of Nast's pencil through the campaigns succeeding the downfall of the Ring. The Tammany tiger was made to do yeoman service as a representative of Democracy, as in the Greeley cartoon [reproduced here, dividing honors with the ass, which character Nast may have received from the days of the Van Buren cartoons, where the successor of Andrew Jackson was represented following the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. The elephant symbol of the Republican party is also ascribed to Nast. The increased attention to national politics led to some difficulties in later years. The caricatures reflecting on Hayes's Southern policy, the support of Garfield's party, with ex-



THE "BRAINS" OF TWEED

pressed admiration of personality of Hancock, and the unflinching support of Cleveland, though in accordance with the result at the polls, undid the work of many years. "Harper's Weekly" lost its political importance as a party organ. Nast's political



THE GHOST OF THOMAS NAST
6423
1901

NAST'S CARICATURE OF HIMSELF WHEN REFERRED TO AS "THE LATE MR. NAST"

friends were now his enemies. In Cleveland's first administration Nast severed his connection with Harper's, and his subsequent cartoon work was irregular.

Nast's quickness with the pencil was remarkable and was of twice as much importance to him in the exhibition of life-size cartoons at the Opera hall in New York in 1866, where sixty caricature paintings of public men and women gave him immediate fame, and on the lecture platform, where his imagination had to guide his hand while he entertained the audience with speech. The lecture platform proved successful twice, but business and mining ventures were not so profitable. Nast finally accepted the appointment to the office of consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where a brief service ended in his death from yellow fever.

A part of Colonel Watterson's tribute to his memory must end the quotations from the book: "He was a sturdy, undoubting positivist, was Thomas Nast. To him a spade was a spade and he never hesitated to call it so. He had the simple child-like faith of the artist, crossed upon the full-confident spirit of the self-made man. To the younger generation the name of Thomas Nast is but a shade. Yet a century hence his work will be sought as an essential sidelight upon the public life in the United States during the two decades succeeding the great sensational war." W. C. Ewing.

The Clansman

AFTER his excursion, in his previous book, "The One Woman," into the realms of socialism, or what genuine socialists would undoubtedly call pseudo-socialism, Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has returned in his latest book, "The Clansman,"* to the subject of Reconstruction, which he treated to some extent in "The Leopard's Spots: A Romance of the White Man's Burden, 1865-1900." This book, like its predecessors, although crude in literary workmanship, occasionally says well things worth saying and will doubtless be read with much interest by those who wish to know what certain classes of Southerners, of whom Mr. Dixon is regarded as a spokesman, think about the "orgy of Reconstruction." Obviously, however, it would be a great injustice to the more broad-minded and well-balanced people of the South to suppose that Mr. Dixon represents the whole section; the mere fact that some of the best and sanest historical work on the subject of Reconstruction is being done by Southerners, who in their books, while not hesitating to call a spade a spade, write with commendably little sectional prejudice, would be refutation enough, if any were necessary. It is sufficiently certain, at all events, that the author has few of the qualifications for purely historical writing; his tone, his lack of poise and detachment, his disregard of perspective, inevitably vitiates everything that he says, but, after all, it is perhaps foolish to take very seriously the history of "an historical romance."

Yet it is evident that the "history" is meant to be taken seriously, for even the author cannot have regarded the "romance" as anything more than the sugar of the pill. At any rate, little need be said about the "double love-story," which the author, in his prefatory note "To the Reader," speaks of having woven into the "drama of fierce revenge." A young Confederate soldier, who, at the beginning of the book, appears, seriously wounded, in a Washington hospital, is nursed by a Northern girl, who is in-

strumental also in having President Lincoln set aside a death penalty imposed by court-martial for the young Southerner's alleged participation in guerrilla warfare. Of necessity, the young soldier falls in love with his nurse—did a man, in fiction at least, ever fail to fall in love with his nurse?—and they duly become engaged, after an aquatic love scene in which the man discourses principally upon the history of slavery, and the girl, possibly fresh from a lecture by Miss Susan B. Anthony, counters with an assertion of the rights of Down-trodden Woman, and proclaims, of course superfluously, the superiority of her sex—the man saying, "I love you," apropos of little in particular, and only in the nick of time, presumably because he sees the chapter ominously drawing to a close and realizes that he must seize the moment. The girl, however, is the daughter of old Austin Stoneman, the Great Commoner (of whom more anon), a radical Republican, who is represented as hating the Southerners collectively; she will not marry without his consent; and, naturally, he cannot, without violating all the conventions of fiction, relent until the last chapter. The girl has a brother, the man a sister; they also fall in love with each other, and, after a somewhat more convincing love scene, also become engaged. Old Stoneman, however untrue he may be, in the largest sense, to the dictates of humanity and mercy, is true enough to the aforementioned conventions of fiction, and in the last chapter, harassed and humbled, it is true, by untoward events, duly relents, while the reader breathes a sigh of grateful relief.

So much for the "double love story." The relatively important parts of the book, however, and the parts, likewise, to which the most space is given, are those which deal with the events of Reconstruction—events which no right-minded person can contemplate without a shudder, including as they do the carpetbag *régime*, which the English historian, Lecky, in his "Democracy and Liberty," has characterized as "a grotesque parody of government, a hideous orgy of anarchy, violence, unrestrained corruption, undisguised, ostentatious, insulting robbery,

*THE CLANSMAN: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE KU KLUX KLAN. By Thomas Dixon, Jr., Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1905. \$1.50.

such as the world had scarcely ever seen." It is not that the author, in depicting Reconstruction conditions, uses colors that are too dark; on the contrary, his picture is well painted, particularly that part which shows a typical negro legislature at work—a legislature which raised the annual cost of a State government from \$400,000 to \$2,000,000, bankrupted the treasury and stole millions of dollars. As a distinguished Republican leader recently said in a public speech, it is now generally conceded that the granting of the suffrage to the negro immediately after the war was a mistake and a blunder. Indeed, we may believe, as probably most of us do, that it was an egregious blunder, but, knowing the circumstances, we cannot believe that it was a crime, or that the men responsible for it were inhuman or were actuated primarily by a lust for vengeance, by malignity and by vindictiveness. Of necessity, however, the close of a great and unprecedentedly bloody civil war was a time when passions were intensely aroused on both sides, and men were relatively few who had the magnanimity and the emotional temperance of Lincoln on the one side and of Lee on the other.

In his prefatory note Mr. Dixon says: "I have sought to preserve in this romance both the letter and the spirit of this remarkable period. The men who enact the drama of fierce revenge . . . are historical figures. I have merely changed their names without taking a liberty with any essential historical fact." However, most of the names remain unchanged: Lincoln appears as Lincoln, Andrew Johnson as Andrew Johnson, Sumner as Sumner, Morrill as Morrill, and so on. In the case of the chief character of the book the name is changed; and Thaddeus Stevens appears under the transparent guise of Austin Stoneman. This exception, however, is not altogether to be wondered at, even though the author's assertion just quoted does not leave him free to take any great liberties with the facts.

The following remark, which appears in "The Leopard's Spots," "Congress became to the desolate South what Attila, the 'Scourge of God' was to civilized Europe," taken in connection with the author's statement in this book that "old Stoneman was the Congress of the United States," furnishes the key-note of the book; consequently the interest of the reader must, to a considerable extent, center upon the portrait of Stone-

man—otherwise Thaddeus Stevens. In some respects, too, the portrait is a good one; references to the bare facts of Stoneman's (Stevens') life are generally accurate; and fictional license will condone, for instance, the giving of a wife (though a dead one), a son, and a daughter to a childless bachelor; but any student of Stevens' life may well question the justice of the author in assigning to him the motives of action which he does assign. Radical and uncompromising Stevens unquestionably was; but he was surely not therefore consistently malignant and vindictive, mercilessly revengeful, a tool in the hands of a vicious mulatto woman; and he surely did not strive as he did for the success of his party without believing that his party was right. Probably few careful and unbiased students of the period would unreservedly approve Stevens' radicalism, or deny that he made mistakes, and very serious mistakes; the point we wish to make here merely is, that it is surely unnecessary and unjust to impugn his motives. The prominence given to the mulatto woman, moreover, savors too much of the digging up and the lugging in of old scandals; two chapter headings are assigned to her, and the author in one place speaks of "her domination of the old Commoner and his life"; in another he says: "Senators, Representatives, politicians of low and high degree, artists, correspondents, foreign ministers, and cabinet officers hurried to acknowledge their fealty to the uncrowned king, and hail the strange brown woman who held the keys of his house as the first lady of the land"; and in still another, "No more curious or sinister figure ever cast a shadow across the history of a great nation than did this mulatto woman in the most corrupt hour of American life." As a matter of fact, no such figure appears in any standard history of the times, nor in any reliable biography of Stevens. If such a woman "cast a shadow across the history" of the United States, that shadow has not yet been discovered by any American historian. In justice it must be said that to Stoneman the author does concede some good qualities; he is represented as at least loving his children and as having compassion for suffering in the individual while being untouched by suffering in the mass; and he is made to do things that show, unmistakably his possession of a heart.

The political story is inevitably similar, in its outlines, to the story of all historical

novels dealing with the Reconstruction period. It describes the assassination of President Lincoln, the resultant outburst of anger and grief in the North, the familiar Reconstruction measures of Congress, adopted under the leadership of Stoneman (Stevens), the hideous carpetbag misrule in a typical Southern community (in South Carolina), the committing of the unmention-

The descriptions of Stoneman (Stevens) are of particular interest. "At this moment [1865] he was," says the author, "a startling and portentous figure in the drama of the nation, the most powerful parliamentary leader in American history, not excepting Henry Clay.

"No stranger ever passed this man without a second look. His clean-shaven face,



"THE SOUTH IS CONQUERED SOIL. I MEAN TO BLOT IT FROM THE MAP"

able crime by a sensual, brutish negro, and the eventual organization of the Ku Klux Klan, through which the superstitious and timorous negroes were, with a rough hand, put down, and white domination again secured.

Extended quotations may give some idea of the tone and character of the book, as well as of the author's literary style.

the massive chiselled features, his grim eagle look and cold, colorless eyes, with the frosts of his native Vermont sparkling in their depths, compelled attention.

"His walk was a painful hobble. He was lame in both feet, and one of them was deformed. The left leg ended in a mere bunch of flesh, resembling more closely an elephant's hoof than the foot of a man.

"He was absolutely bald, and wore a heavy brown wig that seemed too small to reach the edge of his enormous forehead.

"He rarely visited the White House. He was the able, bold, unscrupulous leader of leaders, and men came to see him. He rarely smiled, and when he did it was the smile of the cynic and misanthrope. His tongue had the lash of a scorpion. . . . He had hated the President with sullen, consistent, and unyielding venom from his first nomination at Chicago down to the last rumour of his new proclamation.

"In temperament a fanatic, in impulse a born revolutionist, the word conservatism was to him as a red rag to a bull. The first clash of arms was music to his soul. . . . From the first, his eagle eye had seen the end and all the long, blood-marked way between. And from the first, he began to plot the most cruel and awful vengeance in human history.

"And now his time had come.

"The giant figure in the White House alone had dared to brook his anger and block the way; for old Stoneman was the Congress of the United States. The opposition was too weak even for his contempt. Cool, deliberate, and venomous, alike in victory or defeat, the fascination of his positive faith and revolutionary programme had drawn the rank and file of his party in Congress to him as charmed satellites.

"Stoneman was himself a gambler, and spent a part of almost every night at Hall & Pemberton's Faro Palace on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"His contempt for public opinion was boundless. Bold, original, scornful of advice, of all the men who ever lived in our history he was the one man born to rule in the chaos which followed the assassination of the chief magistrate.

"Audacity was stamped in every line of his magnificent head. His choicest curses were for the cowards of his own party before whose blanched faces he shouted out the hidden things until they sank back in helpless silence and dismay. His speech was curt, his humour sardonic, his wit biting, cruel and coarse.

"The incarnate soul of revolution, he despised convention and ridiculed respectability."

Stoneman's political aims and views are given as follows: In a stormy interview in 1865 with President Lincoln, he is represented as saying: "The Constitution be d—d. It

was the creation, both in letter and spirit, of the slave-holders of the South. . . . We have outgrown the swaddling clothes of a babe. We will make new constitutions! . . . Can't you see that your so-called States are now but conquered provinces? That North Carolina and other waste territories of the United States are unfit to associate with civilized communities? The South is conquered soil. I mean to blot it from the map. Rather than admit one traitor to the halls of Congress from these so-called States, I will shatter the Union itself into ten thousand fragments! I will not sit beside men whose clothes smell of the blood of my kindred. At least dry them before they come in. Four years ago, with yells and curses, these traitors left the halls of Congress to join the armies of Cataline. Shall they return to rule? . . . The life of our party demands that the negro be given the ballot and made the ruler of the South. This can be done only by the extermination of its landed aristocracy, that their mothers shall not breed another race of traitors. This is not vengeance. It is justice, it is patriotism, it is the highest wisdom and humanity. Nature, at times, blots out whole communities and races that obstruct progress. Such is the political genius of these people that unless you make the Negro the ruler, the South will yet reconquer the North and undo the work of this war."

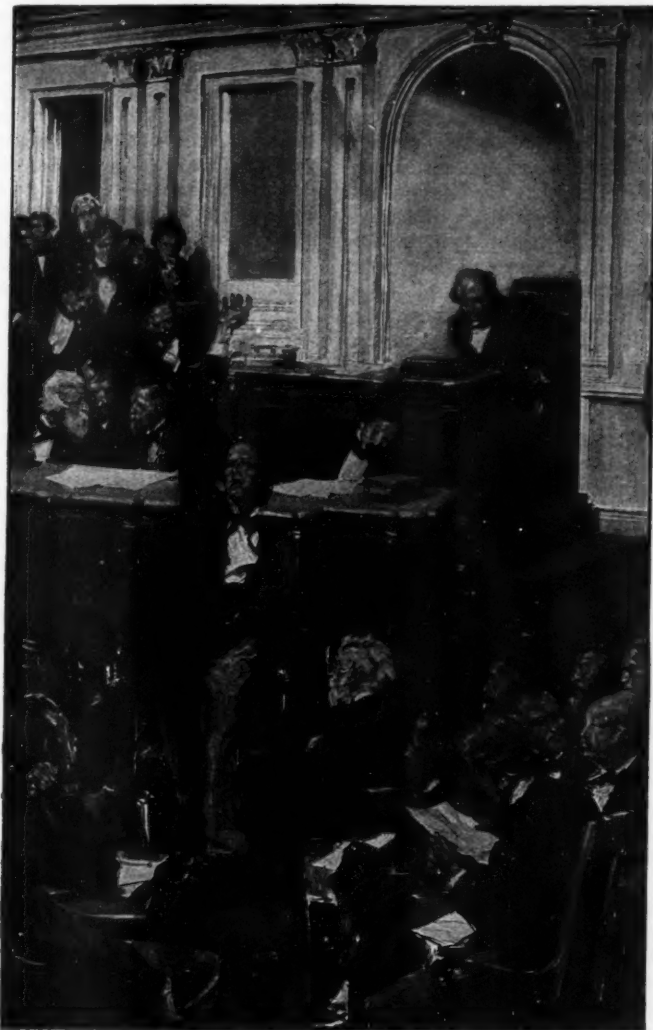
Elsewhere he says: "The South lies in ashes at my feet—the very names of her proud States blotted from history. The Supreme Court awaits my nod. True, there's a man boarding in the White House, and I vote to pay his bills; but the page who answers his beck and call has more power. . . . It is but the justice and wisdom of Heaven that the negro shall rule the land of his bondage. It is the only solution of the race problem. . . . Wait until I put a ballot in the hand of every negro, and a bayonet at the breast of every white man from the James to the Rio Grande." In the last chapter, broken and humbled, torn with grief because he believes that in attempting to bring about the execution of a young Southerner on a charge of killing a negro, he has caused the death of his own son, by whom in reality the negro was killed, he confesses to the father of the young man at whom his blow had been aimed:

"I have been called an infidel—I am only a wilful sinner—I have slain my own son,

unless God Almighty, who can raise the dead, shall save him! You are the man at whom I aimed the blow that has fallen before God. He may hear my cry, and have mercy on me.

"We all wear masks. Beneath lie the

yellow vampire who kept my house, I dreamed of lifting her to my level. And when I felt myself sinking into the black abyss of animalism, I, whose soul had learned the pathway of the stars and held high converse with the great spirits of the ages—



"I HURL THE EVERLASTING CURSE OF A NATION——"

secrets of love and hate from which actions move. My will alone forged the chains of Negro rule. Three forces moved me—party success, a vicious woman, and the quenchless desire for personal vengeance. When I first fell a victim to the wiles of the

"Mightiest of all was my motive of revenge. Fierce business and political feuds wrecked my iron-mills. I shouldered their vast debts, and paid the last mortgage of a hundred thousand dollars the week before Lee invaded my State. I stood on the hill in the

darkness, cried, raved, cursed, while I watched his troops lay those mills in ashes. Then and there I swore that I'd live until I ground the South beneath my heel! When I got back to my house, they had buried a Confederate soldier in the field. I dug his body up, carted it to the woods, and threw it into a ditch."

President Lincoln is represented as saying in 1865, with regard to the "race question":

"The Negro has cost us \$5,000,000,000, the desolation of ten great States, and rivers of blood. We can well afford a few million dollars more to effect a permanent settlement of the issue. . . . I have urged the colonisation of the negroes, and I shall continue until it is accomplished. My emancipation proclamation was linked with this plan. Thousands of them have lived in the North for a hundred years, yet not one is the pastor of a white church, a judge, a governor, a mayor, or a college president. There is no room for two distinct races of white men in America, much less for two distinct races of whites and blacks. We can have no inferior servile class, peon or peasant. We must assimilate or expel. The American is a citizen king or nothing. I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the Negro into our social and political life as our equal. A mulatto citizenship would be too dear a price to pay even for emancipation. . . . Within twenty years, we can peacefully colonise the Negro in the tropics, and give him our language, literature, religion, and system of government under conditions in which he can rise to the full measure of manhood. This he can never do here. It was the fear of the black tragedy behind emancipation that led the South into the insanity of secession. We can never attain the ideal Union our fathers dreamed, with millions of an alien, inferior race among us, whose assimilation is neither possible nor desirable. The Nation cannot now exist half white and half black, any more than it could exist half slave and half free. . . . God never meant that the Negro should leave his habitat or the white man invade his home. Our violation of this law is written in two centuries of shame and blood. And the tragedy will not be closed until the black man is restored to his home."

The following interesting conversation between Stoneman and another of the characters, Doctor Cameron, a high-minded Southern gentleman, is of particular interest

in that the author puts into the doctor's mouth sentiments which, it is to be supposed, he regards as being those of the whole class which Doctor Cameron represents; it is interesting, also, as giving a picture of Reconstruction conditions in the South:

"The Negro is the master of our State, county, city, and town governments. Every school, college, hospital, asylum, and poor-house is his prey. What you have seen is but a sample. Negro insolence grows beyond endurance. Their women are taught to insult their old mistresses and mock their poverty as they pass in their old, faded dresses. Yesterday a black driver struck a white child of six with his whip, and when the mother protested, she was arrested by a negro policeman, taken before a negro magistrate, and fined \$10 for 'insulting a freed-man.'"

"Stoneman frowned: 'Such things must be very exceptional.'

"'They are every-day occurrences and cease to excite comment. . . . Our school commissioner is a negro who can neither read nor write. The black grand jury last week discharged a negro for stealing cattle and indicted the owner for false imprisonment. No such rate of taxation was ever imposed on a civilised people. A tithe of it cost Great Britain her colonies. There are 5,000 homes in this country—2,900 of them are advertised for sale by the sheriff to meet his tax bills. . . . Congress, in addition to the desolation of war, and the ruin of black rule, has wrung from the cotton farmers of the South a tax of \$67,000,000. Every dollar of this money bears the stain of the blood of starving people. They are ready to give up, or to spring some desperate scheme of resistance—'

"The old man lifted his massive head and his great jaws came together with a snap:

"'Resistance to the authority of the National Government?'

"'No; resistance to the travesty of government and the mockery of civilization under which we are being throttled! The bayonet is now in the hands of a brutal negro militia. The tyranny of military martinets was child's play to this. . . . Eighty thousand armed negro troops, answerable to no authority save the savage instincts of their officers, terrorise the State. Every white company has been disarmed and disbanded by our scalawag Governor. I tell you, sir, we are walking on the crust of a

volcano! . . . Black hordes of former slaves, with the intelligence of children and the instincts of savages, armed with modern rifles, parade daily in front of their unarmed former masters. A white man has no right a negro need respect. The children of the breed of men who speak the tongue of Burns and Shakespeare, Drake and Raleigh, have been disarmed and made subject to the black spawn of an African jungle! Can human flesh endure it? When Goth and Vandal barbarians overran Rome, the negro was the slave of the Roman Empire. The savages of the North blew out the light of Ancient Civilisation, but in all the dark ages which followed they never dreamed the leprous infamy of raising a black slave to rule over his former master! No people in the history of the world have ever before been so basely betrayed, so wantonly humiliated and degraded!!

"Stoneman lifted his head in amazement at the burst of passionate intensity with which the Southerner poured out his protest.

"For a Russian to rule a Pole,' he went on, 'a Turk to rule a Greek, or an Austrian to dominate an Italian, is hard enough, but for a thick-lipped, flat-nosed, spindle-shanked negro, exuding his nauseating animal odour, to shout in derision over the hearths and homes of white men and women is an atrocity too monstrous for belief. Our people are yet dazed by its horror. My God! when they realise its meaning, whose arm will be strong enough to hold them?'

"I should think the South was sufficiently amused with resistance to authority,' interrupted Stoneman.

"Even so. Yet there is a moral force at the bottom of every living race of men. The sense of right, the feeling of racial destiny—these are unconquered and unconquerable forces. Every man in South Carolina to-day is glad that slavery is dead. The war was not too great a price for us to pay for the lifting of its curse. And now to ask a Southerner to be the slave of a slave—'

"And yet, Doctor,' said Stoneman, coolly, manhood suffrage is the one eternal thing fixed in the nature of Democracy. It is inevitable.'

"At the price of racial life? Never!' said the Southerner, with fiery emphasis. 'Our future depends on the purity of the racial stock. The grant of the ballot to these millions of semi-savages and the riot of

debauchery which has followed are crimes against human progress.'

"Yet may we not train him?' asked Stoneman.

"To a point, yes, and then sink to his level if you walk as his equal in physical contact with him. His race is not an infant; it is a degenerate—older than yours in time. At last we are face to face with the man whom slavery concealed with its rags. Suffrage is but the new paper cloak with which the Demagogue has sought to hide the issue. Can we assimilate the Negro? The very question is pollution. . . . Is civilisation a patent cloak with which law-tinkers can wrap an animal and make him a king?'

"But the negro must be protected by the ballot,' protested the statesman. 'The humblest man must have the opportunity to rise. The real issue is Democracy.'

"The issue, sir, is Civilisation! Not whether a negro shall be protected, but whether Society is worth saving from barbarism.'

"The statesman can educate,' put in the Commoner.

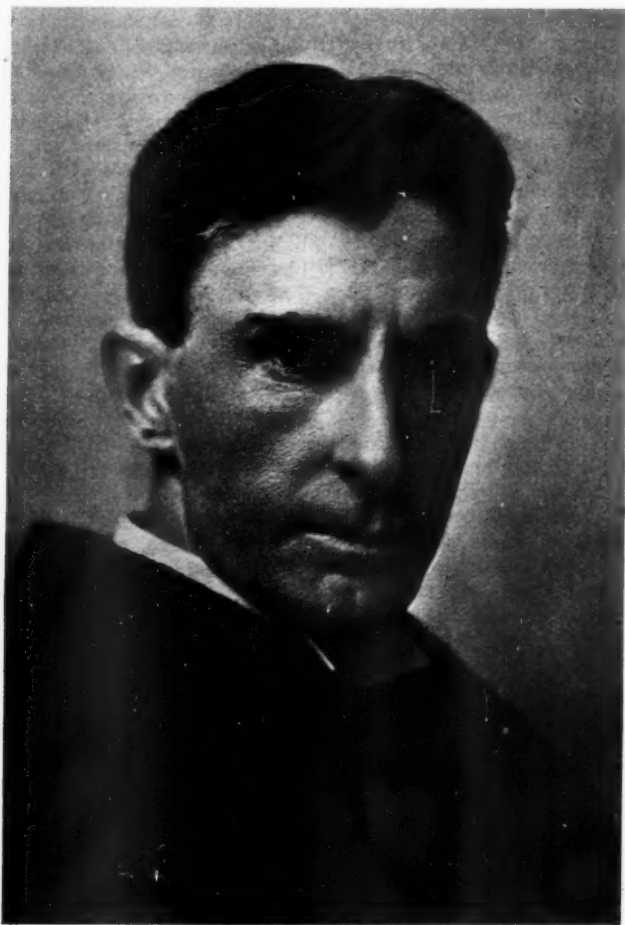
"The doctor cleared his throat with a quick little nervous cough he was in the habit of giving when deeply moved.

"Education, sir, is the development of that which is. Since the dawn of history the Negro has owned the Continent of Africa—rich beyond the dream of poet's fancy, crunching acres of diamonds beneath his bare black feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a white man showed to him its glittering light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never dreamed a harness, cart, or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an axe, spear or arrow-head worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. He lived as an ox, content to graze for an hour. In a land of stone and timber he never saw a foot of lumber, carved a block, or built a house save of broken sticks and mud. With league on league of ocean strand and miles of inland seas, for four thousand years he watched their surface ripple under the wind, heard the thunder of the surf on his beach, the howl of the storm over his head, gazed on the dim blue horizon calling him to worlds that lie beyond, and yet he never dreamed a sail! He lived as his fathers lived—stole his food, worked his wife, sold his children, ate his brother, content to drink, sing, dance, and sport as the ape!

"And this creature, half-child, half-animal, the sport of impulse, whim and conceit, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose speech knows no word of love, whose passions, once aroused, are as the fury of the tiger—they

the joy of a triumphant vengeance he had carried locked in the depths of his being, yet the intensity of this man's suffering for a people's cause surprised and distressed him as all individual pain hurt him."

We may sum up our opinion, with regard to the book, by saying that though prob-



THOMAS DIXON, JR., AUTHOR OF "THE CLANSMAN"

have set this thing to rule over the Southern people——'

"The doctor sprang to his feet, his face livid, his eyes blazing with emotion. 'Merciful God—it surpasses human belief!' . . .

"Stoneman was silent as if stunned. Deep down in his strange soul he was drunk with

ably sincere enough, it does not promote a correct, unprejudiced understanding of the Reconstruction period, and does not tend to bring us any nearer to the time when, in dealing with that period, one is not forced to "tread on ashes lightly covering fires."

Charles C. Whinery.

Science and Invention

Sewage Sterilization

The sewage question is a chronic one, and few cities have such a perfect system of disposing of it that improvement is not desirable. Consequently, any experiments which deal with improved methods of treating this standing menace to health and comfort are of public interest. Such an experiment is recorded in the "Electrical Review," and is worth a place here:

Some experiments made to determine the effectiveness of electrically prepared sterilizing solutions were carried out recently at Guildford, England. The solution was prepared by the electrolytic decomposition of sea water, the effect being, of course, to convert the sodium chloride into sodium hypochlorite. The solution thus prepared was introduced into the material to be sterilized. The sterilizing effect of the solution was remarkable. Three and one-quarter gallons, added to 1,000 gallons of sewage effluent, was sufficient to reduce the bacillus coli—a bacillus present in all sewages and allied to the typhoid bacillus—from 100,000 per cubic centimetre before treatment so that none could be found in a cubic centimetre after one hour's treatment. The total number of organisms per cubic centimetre before treatment was 900,000. After two hours' treatment they were reduced to less than 450. This sewage effluent had passed through two filtration beds. Taking the effluent after it had passed through three beds, it was found that one and one-half gallons of the sterilizing solution to every 1,000 of the effluent reduced the coli from over 1,000 per centimetre so that none could be found. The spores of the bacillus *enteritidis sporogenes* were reduced at the same time from over 100 per cubic centimetre to less than ten. These spores are much more resistant than the bacilli themselves. With the primary effluent it was found that seven and one-third gallons of the sterilizing solution per 1,000 of the effluent reduced the coli and the *enteritidis sporogenes* from over 100,000 and 100 respectively, so that none could be found after one hour and twenty minutes of treatment. Fifteen gallons of the solution per 1,000 gallons of the septic effluent reduced the coli in one and three-quarters hours so that they could not be found in five cubic centimetres. In raw sewage, eighteen and one-half gallons per 1,000 reduced the coli from over 2,000,000 so that none could be found. The total number of organisms was reduced, at the same time, from over 23,000,000 to 540. The treatment in this case lasted five hours.

These results are in entire accord with those of earlier investigators. Robinson found that one-fifth of a grain of available chlorine per gallon of effluent was sufficient to sterilize the latter. This small quantity of chlorine destroys practically all the bacteria, only one in 100,000, or

even less, being found in the effluent after a few minutes' contact with the sterilizing solution.

With such remarkable results possible, electrically prepared solutions would seem to offer to the municipal sanitary engineer a valuable aid in sewage treatment. An objection to the use of these methods has been the cost of preparing the solution. This cost involves not only that of the energy, but the maintenance of the electrolyzing tank and its electrodes. To-day there should be no difficulty in constructing an electrolyzer which will be fairly permanent. We have had considerable experience in this work in preparing bleaching solutions and other chemicals electrolytically so that now little need be feared on this score. The cost of the energy must be considered, however; but with large power stations at hand it would seem possible to obtain low rates if the power were drawn only during periods of light load. In this way the cost would probably be less than that of a special generating station for a sewage plant.

The London "Electrical Review" quotes figures given by Robinson for his tests, conducted at Maidenhead, England, some six years ago. It was estimated that the capital outlay for a plant for a town of about 100,000 inhabitants would not be more than fifty cents per head. The annual working expenses would not be more than ten cents per head. He estimated that the cost of filter beds and other accessories would amount to about one dollar per head: with a working expense of about three cents per head per annum, which would bring the total cost of the beds and the electrolyzing works to about a dollar and fifty cents per head, while the working expense would not be more than thirteen cents per head per annum. Bearing in mind the effectiveness of this method of treating sewage, these figures of cost are gratifyingly low.

The Inch versus the Meter

We hear much about the advantages of the "metric" system, when what is really meant is the "decimal" system of measurement. The "meter," which is the basis of the metric system, is a standard which presents several disadvantages, and there is really a large amount of wisdom in the following excerpt from an article by George Moores, F.S.S., in "Cassier's Magazine." It shows that with very little adjustment we could use our inch as a standard of measurement, and yet have a decimal system, so that calculations would be simplified. The subject is well worth considering.

Mr. Moores gives a table showing that the population of the countries not using the

metric system is greater than that of those using it, and then says:

When every other argument fails, the advocates of the metre fall back upon what they consider as their strongest point, the universality of the metre, the 36 to 3 argument. Possibly the foregoing analysis of those states will put another construction, and the right one, on that aspect of the question. We are, however, far from upholding the present methods in the three non-conforming countries (United States, British Empire, and Russia). The metric system is bound to be adopted by us sooner or later, for reasons that enforce the adoption of all other improvements. It is a scientifically sound system, whereas we are now using an agglomeration of systems, wasting our time, our money, and our brains for naught.

But whilst our forefathers stood by the length of the seconds pendulum as a unit, it would be unwise to adopt either that or the metre. Both are nearly forty inches long and present unnecessary difficulties in calculations which would be obviated by taking an inch as the unit of the system. Even if the inch was not known in practice, and though we were a new nation, with no vested interests, no literature, and no industrial reputation behind us, we should still go to the inch length to obtain a basis for a perfect metric system, so great are the improvements it would give us in mental manipulation, and in practical computation of all kinds.

The idea of a natural constant which the metre was supposed to be has not been realized. Later science has shown the measurements on which it was based to be incorrect, and no one now claims that it is anything more than a piece of metal, well preserved and used as a standard, just as our own yard standard is used.

It has been said, and with some force, that the French metric system is already universally used by scientific men, and especially by electrical engineers. We grant this, but in doing so we feel that it is no credit to our race that it is so. If our scientific men have fed themselves on French and German books, and our electricians have been content to have their formulæ made for them by foreigners, it is a subject perhaps not so much for praise of the metre and its derivatives, as it is for regret that Anglo-Saxons have been behind in the world of research and invention.

One of these days we shall have an industrious member of our race coming forward and converting the centi-metre, -gram, -second system into an inch-mil-second equivalent,—for the mil (one-thousandth of an inch) is to-day used more in mechanical and electrical manufacturing than is the millimetre, and all the power of the French Academy of Sciences was not found strong enough to alter the divisions of time, though it was part of their system to decimalize the day and to give us a second equal to 0.864 of our present second.

And, though we were to admit that the metre and its derivatives were perfect; though we were to overlook the fact that there are 122,000,000 more people using the inch and its derivatives than the metre; though we were to grant that it

were possible to compel Anglo-Saxon people on both sides of the Atlantic to adopt the unfortunate, and badly conceived metre, the cost of the change alone would be an effective bar in preventing it. We are standardizing our manufactures more and more; for centuries the English-speaking people have been, and are to-day, the greatest manufacturing people in the world, and their calculations are based on the inch.

Our sea charts and land measures, our legal documents and our priceless literature, and, above all, our costly mechanical measures, tools, jigs, gauges, drawings, etc., are all fixed on the inch and its multiples or sub-multiples. It is asking too much that we shall alter these for a mere sentiment.

A Novel Compass

For several reasons it is desirable that a record of the course of a vessel at sea should be preserved. If to this can be added the speed at which she travels, her position at any moment can easily be determined. Ocean travelers will readily appreciate the meaning of this. From the "Electrical Engineer," London, quoted by "Electricity," it appears that there is good reason for thinking that these advantages have been secured.

It is reported that satisfactory results have attended the use of the electrical apparatus devised by a French inventor, M. Heit, in connection with the compass for registering automatically, minute by minute, the direction followed by the vessel. The compass card, instead of having at its center an agate resting on a fixed steel point, is fixed on a steel pivot which rests on a fixed agate. The latter is immersed in a small quantity of mercury, which serves to conduct the current of electricity that makes possible the registering of the movements of the compass. For this purpose the card has attached to it a small silver index, which is kept in constant electrical communication with the pivot by a fine and flexible wire. In the usual position this index does not touch the fixed basin surrounding the card, but by means of the electrical current the circuit is rapidly closed and opened, with the result that the angle of the boat with the meridian is registered. For this purpose the basin is divided into a certain number of sections, isolated from each other and corresponding in each case to a special circuit, the registration being made on a sheet of paper by means of a spark produced by a small induction coil. Certain sections of the basin also correspond to certain call bells, the commander thus being instantly informed of any abnormal deviation in the direction of the vessel. The apparatus also gives the speed of the boat by registering the revolutions of the screws, a circuit being closed and a signal sent at each stroke of the engine. In case of accident, reference to the chart enables any alteration in the position of the vessel, and the time of such alteration, to be detected, so that responsibility can be located.

Educational Questions of the Day

The Status of American College Professors

Prof. John J. Stevenson, of New York University, has an article with the above title in "Popular Science Monthly," which should not be allowed to escape the notice of all who are interested in university education. The main point of it is that, notwithstanding all the magnificent donations bestowed upon our colleges and universities, sufficient provision is not made for the adequate remuneration, the independence of position, and, necessarily, of tone, the literary leisure and corporate action without which you cannot have a worthy faculty. It is true that the number of students entering college is increasing, and that income and buildings show financial prosperity; but these indications of progress in the universities do not react upon the professors.

Unquestionably, there is much in this of which to be proud, but the broad statement, as given in the journals, fails to emphasize the fact that this great fabric of higher education owes its existence, in great measure, to the willingness of college professors to bear a great part of the cost. It is true that college professors have never received salaries such as to arouse envy in men of other professions, but, at one time, the calling offered great attractions to those who cared more for study than for money. Appointments were made for life or good behavior, the calling was honorable above all others, as in Germany of to-day, and there was that "literary leisure" which could be devoted to investigation. Many imagine that there has been no change in these conditions; this error should be corrected.

Owing to the widening of the scope of instruction, the vast increase of literature dealing with each professor's subject, the abundance of public discussion of all sorts of questions in newspapers and magazines, there remains for the college professor hardly a trace of "literary leisure," and even the university professor is apt to find the stress of outside duties connected with his work so exhausting that, during term time, any prolonged study beyond that which is necessary becomes irksome.

The increase of financial support has not benefited the professors. The funds are spent upon buildings and equipment; on the endowment of scholarships for students and fellowships for the encouragement of graduate study; on the advancement of athletics and intercollegiate contests; and on a staff of instructors. The trustees have

ceased to be in touch with the professorial body, and devote themselves to the business affairs of the institution, and have even diverted the president from his natural duties to the same financial questions. Professor Stevenson holds that this is entirely wrong:

There should be an officer at the head of the business affairs and another at the head of the educational affairs. Our universities will not do their work as it should be done so long as the two offices are held by one man.

Speaking of this work of the colleges and universities, he very wisely says:

The college is not here to cultivate public taste in architecture or even to restore the Grecian games; primarily, its purpose is to train men for life's struggle; secondarily, to advance the world's welfare by investigation. Without a thoroughly efficient staff of instructors, the college is a farce, no matter how magnificent its plant may be, how numerous the students or the victories in athletic contests. The prolonged effort to obtain buildings has obscured this fact, and now, with increased cost of obtaining grounds and buildings, with increased and increasing number of instructors to satisfy incessant demands for new courses—which those in authority have not the moral courage to deny—with constantly increasing number of students and with practically no compensating increase of income from endowments, the ability of colleges to pay salaries deserving of the name has disappeared.

The remedies proposed are somewhat drastic, but will commend themselves to some at least who have thought deeply about this matter. The only question is, Who is to put them in operation? We have not the advantage which exists on the other side of the ocean, of a number of colleges, independent in many ways, combined into one university with one standard of education, and with the *éclat* of a great corporation. But this is what Professor Stevenson says:

The first step should be the elimination of mimic universities and restoration of the college with a fixed curriculum, intended to develop the man and to lay foundation for a broad education. By thus removing odds and ends of elective courses and attempts at types of work belonging altogether to graduate study, relief will be given from much which is of doubtful utility to the undergraduate, and the professors will regain that leisure, which for so many years was utilized to the advantage of the whole community.

The second step should be complete readjustment of the relation between the corporate and educational boards. Times have changed and with them the conditions also, but the powers

and duties of the corporate body have remained unchanged. Trustees are chosen in view of their fitness to manage the financial affairs, very rarely with reference to their familiarity with educational matters; yet their board has, as of old, the power to appoint professors and even to create new chairs, thus controlling, not only the selection of the faculty, but also the curriculum, matters with which, in the very nature of the case, they cannot deal intelligently—as a board. The teaching board should have the sole right to name candidates for appointment, to determine all matters concerning the curriculum, and the corporate board should be called upon to confirm the action, *pro forma*, whenever a business contract is involved. Details respecting methods of procedure do not concern us here; what is contended for is a proper assignment of powers and duties to accord with the conditions of to-day as contrasted with those of two generations ago, when most of the great institutions of to-day were little better than are the eastern High Schools. This adjustment would give to the teaching staff its proper standing and the trustees would be guardians of the material interests.

The Value of Studies

When it is remembered that education does not imply merely a certain amount of knowledge, but also the acquirement of the power of putting that knowledge to practical use, the relative value of studies embraced in the curriculum becomes a matter of vital importance. The "School Journal" of December 3 has a summary of an address delivered by Dr. Tompkins at the meeting of the Chicago Principals' Association, which deserves to be read in this connection:

Dr. Tompkins asked who was the man who considered himself so wise that he could decide just how many minutes should be given to this study and just how many minutes to that one. Such division was beyond finding out. But a physical basis for work was necessary, so a time table had to be roughly hewn out, and to make such a time table it was necessary to take up the too-heavy task of estimating the value of things to be taught and assigning to them their respective periods.

It is true that certain subjects are valuable for the discipline they give to the student. But the amount of discipline is not the real test. Such a test is in the larger touch the subject gives to the pupil with the world about him. A man is cultured when he is enabled to put the things which surround him under contribution to his

well being. A man is cultured when he responds most to the things of the world where he lives and to the world beyond his sight. So the standard of judgment of the value of studies is the inclination and ability they impart to the student to reach out.

Choctaw and Latin are of equal importance in discipline. But the Romans were working out great problems when the classics in Latin were written. Choctaw is nothing but words. The study of Latin puts the pupil in touch with great life, the study of Choctaw with nothing. Basketry and chemistry are not of equal value. Some time ago an application was made for the establishment of a chair of basketry at the normal school. It is good to make baskets, but we do not want a chair of basketry. Chemistry puts us in touch with the universe, it takes us down to the particles of atoms and up until we understand the nature of the sun. Every cultured man should have some intimate acquaintance with its fundamental principles, but basketry and such like are little things to touch and then pass on.

Manual training is not valuable because it trains to skill, but because it trains to an appreciation of other men's skill. We do not have a boy polish a board for the sake of the surface. But he will face polished wood all his days, and we want him, when he enters a sleeping car, for instance, to appreciate its construction, and, knowing how difficult it is to bring an article to excellence, he will respect the men who made the car and all others who work with their hands. It is only he who has been through a campaign who really appreciates the genius of a great general; it is only an educated man who respects a deep scholar, and why? Sit down now and try to write a sonnet. If you never tried before you have never fully appreciated the greatness of the famous poets. So when one who has himself encountered the intractability of material things, he will honor those who have overcome that stubbornness, and if he have mastered their difficulty, he will also have a brother's feeling of sympathy with those who have also mastered. By manual training we are put not only in touch with the workmen, but also with the work, the tremendous frame of things through which our lives and the lives of the world thread. Still more is it with science. Call it what you will, nature study or what not, but give it time commensurate with its power to open the mind to the objects that lie around it. After a study has been determined on there is but one problem left for the teacher, and that is to give that subject the widest possible application; that subject is then in that school mainly for the purpose of giving breadth of life to the pupil.

The Drama

Edited by Jules Eckert Goodman

Another Shakespearean Production

A PAUCITY of good new plays and a recognition of the commercial as well as the artistic value of the old classics have conjoined to maintain the Shakespearean revival which we have been witnessing the last two years. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn have scarcely left the city when here comes Miss Viola Allen in a delightful presentation of "The Winter's Tale." Managers are rediscovering that the bard is a no greater financial risk than the modern playwright—and there are no royalties to be considered.

Of all the comedies of Shakespeare "The Winter's Tale" is in many ways the most tantalizing, and at the same time the most appealing. Belonging to the latest period of the poet's work, by some placed as his very last composition, it is not comparable as a mere play to many of the earlier comedies. Placed beside "Twelfth Night," it is far inferior in story, and in the telling thereof. Two of the unities it entirely disregards, and a certain incongruity is apparent. It begins as a tragedy, continues as a pastoral, and finally ends as a comedy of intrigue. Yet, in spite of all its evident improbability it does hold and interest. Moreover, there is in it a feeling of "modernity," if it might so be termed, that brings this play nearer than many of the Shakespearean dramas to the audience of to-day.

One may not think of this play without recalling instinctively another of the poet's plays, "Othello," regarded by many as the greatest of all his creations. Comparison with this tragedy is not without suggestive results. In both cases you have a man, not jealous, but prone to jealousy. To both the impulse to this passion comes suddenly: to the one at the promptings of a false and malicious friend; to the other at the urgings of his own vitiated mind. There is this great difference between them: Othello was not by nature a jealous man; Leontes was a man in whom this quality had always lain near to the surface. The impetus once given, the tendency in both men is the same, viz., to strike. This Othello does. Although Leontes is more

unreasonable than the Moor, he has yet justice enough to vouchsafe his wife a public trial. To both comes the necessity of expiation. Othello stabs himself, and thinks by this one act to blot out his fault. For Leontes there are sixteen years of suffering and repentance.

Such contrasts as these show one thing very decidedly: the changed point of view which has come to the poet. The commentators have read many things into this charming play, one going even so far as to suggest that the happy ending was a sort of plea for pardon directed to his wife by the bard. Of course it is possible to read "the meaning of all things that are" into it, especially if a man be lacking in a sense of humor, and be unaware of the practical view that the Elizabethan dramatists took. As a matter of fact, the name of the play itself, as well as its construction, would indicate that the only meaning to be put upon it is that it is a good story, a sort of tale told by the fireside of a winter's evening, the very thing that would have appealed to a Chaucer. Its source, Greene's "Pandosto," suggests by its divergence from the Shakespearean version the same thing. The real significance to be put on this drama is therefore that it offers many suggestions of the poet's changed point of view and maturer vision, as hinted at in the comparison above.

Even more light may be given by a further consideration. No other play by Shakespeare shows as does this the absolute, final characterization—the characterization which goes beyond the mere limits of the action of the drama and leaves you with a definite idea of inherent personalities and characteristics. You know how each of these characters looks at life, and you know how each would act in any sort of circumstances. They are intimate portraits combined with psychological studies. In the whole realm of literature there is no finer creation than the Sicilian queen. Yet a Hermione would have been impossible to the young Shakespeare. It took years to conceive that type of absolute womanhood—strong, yet not unsympathetic, passionless, yet not too cold, shrouded in a dignity of

purity, and enveloped by the sanctity of motherhood. Placed beside her even a Desdemona seems weak. She is not in any sense the frail, leaning creature, but distinctly the woman of broader vision—the wife, the mother, the queen. She is the ideal woman of the mature man as opposed to the rhapsodized love of the young poet.

Even more strongly does Perdita show the changed Shakespeare. Love has become a fanciful poetical thing. From long years he looks back upon the turmoil and tragic passion of a Romeo and Juliet, and sees a Florizel and Perdita. Time has softened it all, and from the distance love's candle lights rather than burns. Florizel and Perdita in mere years are the seniors of Romeo and Juliet; in deeds and actions they are years their juniors—almost children beside them. It is youth, living, pulsing youth of all time, that is portrayed in that fourth act, one of the most beautiful love scenes ever written.

Straight through the play one might go and trace the same thing. The play has not even a villain, for Leontes is no more a villain than is Othello. This is unusual in the Elizabethan play. The keynote of the whole thing is friendship, too, rather than love. It is crammed with tragic possibilities, yet not a drop of blood is shed, unless it be that of the two sheep lost by the Shepherd. All these things point the maturer mind and the tamed disposition. As a play "The Winter's Tale" is not to be considered for hidden meaning, but rather as a fanciful fairy story for grown-ups. In its character delineation it will bear re-reading dozens of times, and give each time increased delight. Finally, as illuminative of the development which has taken place in its author, it is worthy of close study both along the lines only suggested above and in accordance with the more mechanical and technical qualities, such as verse structure and verse content.

As for Miss Allen's production, it is in almost every way worthy, and in one or two instances entirely satisfying. As Perdita she is exquisite; as Hermione she does not quite sound all the depths and *nuances* of the character, perhaps, but does convey its dignity and refinement and womanliness. Above all, her earnestness and sincerity of purpose are to be applauded. This may not be an epoch-making performance, but it is one of great merit.

Mr. Edward Terry

The newest arrival to our stage from the mother-country is Mr. Edward Terry, who made his American *début* on Christmas afternoon in "The House of Burnside." Mr. Terry is no longer a young man, being now past sixty. It is natural, therefore, that his acting should possess not so much brilliance as power and sympathy. Somewhat of a side-light upon his style may be gleaned from the fact that his greatest success has been the character of Richard Phenylin Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." He is especially successful in conveying the lovable weakness in a character. His keen sense of the ridiculous brings out all the humor, while an even keener sense of human frailty gives to his portrayals a feeling of moving sympathy.

For his opening play Mr. Terry presented a charming little study by Georges Mitchell, adapted by Louis N. Parker. It is one of those exquisite little things that the French do so charmingly. It tells the story of a bluff, kind-hearted, generous old man, his whole life wrapped up in two grandchildren, whom he loves equally, and whom he means to make his heirs. The pitiful, almost tragic struggle that comes to him when he discovers that one of them is not his grandchild, and his vain efforts to force his daughter-in-law to tell which one is, form the gist of the play. It is pathetic, yet filled with humor, too, and it is charged with underlying intensity. Beyond this it is made of those simple ingredients that appeal directly to the heart-strings. Of course flaws might easily enough be picked in it. It is not a great play, though it has the possibilities in it of greatness; it is better to consider it merely as a pleasant study of character, and to enjoy it as such.

As Burnside Mr. Terry shows himself a character actor of convincingness and appeal. In the essentials he is somewhat of the older school of acting, but it is apparent that the newer and more realistic method has been grafted on to it. It may be said unequivocally that he has created a distinctly favorable impression, and that his future portrayals will be watched with great interest and expectancy.

Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna"

No one will grudge Mrs. Fiske the great success which she has achieved with her first new play in two years, the first new

play to be produced by the Manhattan Company. No one will deny that Mr. McClellan has written a very interesting drama, and one which in many ways rises far above the ordinary and commonplace. But to maintain that "Leah Kleschna" is a masterpiece is open to argument. Its theme is the moral regeneration of a young girl brought up by her father to be a professional thief. The moving cause chosen by Mr. McClellan to bring about that regeneration is the love for a sympathetic, broad-minded, honest man. So far so good. When, however, the springs of action in each character are analyzed, fortuity, and not inevitability, is found to be the fabric upon which the play is built. It is a highly specialized case, and not a broad principle which is taught, and Sylvaine's sententious remarks about the good in the criminal classes become almost the vagaries of the dreamer. Place the drama beside Tolstoi's "Resurrection," which, somehow, it recalls to mind, and at once you see where it falls short. It lacks breadth and depth; it is suggestive rather than authoritative. Intensely clever it is, and it unquestionably holds the interest; far above the ordinary product it certainly is also; ideas and clever characterization it possesses; but to speak of it in terms of lavish praise as indicative of being a masterpiece seems to me to be misleading, to say the least.

When it comes to the acting, however, reservation may be thrown aside. There are five people in this company who stand out. First of all there is, of course, Mrs. Fiske; close beside her, and almost worthy of equal praise, there are Mr. Arliss, Mr. Mason, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Mack. It has been long since New York has seen a company of such high uniform excellence, a company which probably ranks as the finest of its kind in America. The value of such a permanent organization is great, and

already the first fruits are apparent. Mrs. Fiske can scarcely be too highly praised for the forming of such a company, and for her own acting therein.

Literary Musical Comedy

When Miss Fritzi Scheff first came to town this season she presented a musical comedy, entitled "The Two Roses." This analyzed to its elements proved to be a version of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with music interposed. Though a rather pretty trifle, it did not seem to have been a tremendous success, and Miss Scheff has had recourse to an old operetta, Suppe's "Fatinitza." Her success therein is an encouraging sign to all who hope for the betterment of light opera. "Fatinitza" is everything that most modern musical comedies are not. It has real humor, free from the crass and the vulgar, and above all, it has music which is not mere "tunes to whistle."

Both of these two operas showed, however, that the public is ready for the better sort of thing, and that the writers are not adverse to supplying it. The former also suggested a new source for opera books. It is the reversion to standard comedies. The most shining example of this kind is the new musical comedy entitled "Lady Teazle," in which Miss Lillian Russell is appearing with such pronounced success. The program designates this production as "a musical version of Sheridan's comedy, 'The School for Scandal,'" and has for one of its authors John Kendrick Bangs. It has thus a twofold claim to literary eminence. Result: a clever humorous book of distinct interest. This may not be an ideal way of writing comic operas, but it is so much better than what we have been having that we ought to be thankful. Moreover, it points an almost inexhaustible source for our writers of librettos.



Medical Questions of Popular Interest

The Improvident Health Seeker

When some one near and dear to the family circle is struck down by the dread disease of consumption, the others, hearing of some marvelous cure that has been wrought by change of air and scene, are grieved beyond measure that such a treatment is beyond their means. It is worth while asking whether this change is absolutely necessary, or whether it would in that particular case be the best thing for the sufferer. The "Medical Record" has some very wise and pertinent words on the subject:

There is hardly a question before the practising physician involving greater responsibility in its decision than that of the course to take with the consumptive still in the early stages of his disease and dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood. The health-giving properties of the climate in several regions of the West are so marvelous that the temptation is to disregard all other considerations and to hurry the sufferer as rapidly as possible from his humid and otherwise unsuitable surroundings to the dry air and sunny weather of Colorado, Arizona, or New Mexico. Of late, the tendency has been in favor of the Southern localities, since, while the prospects of a cure are just as good, the patient on his return home is not deprived of the additional stimulus to which one living in high altitudes has become accustomed. Phoenix, the center of the Salt River District in Arizona, has become the rallying point of these health seekers.

While it is quite true that the climate of Phoenix is wonderfully efficacious, yet the conditions of life there are such as to make the most courageous patient despondent. The place is literally overrun by health seekers, of whom many are in the last stage of penury. The article quoted goes on to say:

The conditions are not what heedless physicians and relatives think them when they send patients to Phoenix alone and with scant means of support. The sick man is told that all he needs is to get to that country and that there he will be able to support himself by light and healthful work. But what the incapacitated one finds on his arrival is a country already overcrowded with people looking for similar opportunities, and that competition has forced down prices until it is difficult to earn even a mere pittance. The country is essentially a ranching and agricultural one, where the rough farming and herding work to be done requires previous training and a healthy body to support its hardships. Board and lodging are high even on the ranches, and the food is rarely of the expensive kind necessary for tuberculous patients. Friendless and alone,

the despairing patient sees his small reserve fund rapidly consumed, and soon becomes dependent on the charity of strangers in a community that has no interest in him, and where he finds on many sides an almost hardened indifference to his pitiable need. This is not because residents of Phoenix are lacking in the finer feelings which prompt to charitable service, but because the people of the East and Middle West are, by their lack of forethought, putting upon them a burden which in no sense belongs to them. The supervisors say that the poor in the almshouse cost the county \$20,000 a year, and three-quarters of this is spent in the care of ailing consumptives, while the resources of the local lodges, the church, and the one free sanatorium are all strained to the uttermost.

The duty devolves upon every physician considering the question of sending a consumptive away from home, to determine first whether the lesion is still slight enough to offer reasonable prospect of cure, and secondly, whether the patient's finances are such as to enable him to secure the comforts his illness requires and which his protracted isolation from home and friends makes doubly needful. Such progress is being made in the home treatment of tuberculosis by careful management and attention to details that one assumes a certain responsibility in sending an invalid into a strange country where there is more than a possibility that he will be exposed to all the horrors of sickness and want in a community so overburdened with similar appeals as to make adequate assistance impossible.

Food Preservatives and Health

The question of the influence of preservatives in food upon health is approaching such a solution that steps with regard to the regulation of their use cannot be far distant. Dr. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has made known the results of the experiments conducted by him. He recently delivered an address on the subject before the New York Academy of Medicine, and we take the following excerpt from the summary of his statements given by the "Medical Record":

The fact that preservatives were used in foods was well known, and he thought that perhaps the chemist was as much responsible for this as anyone else. The preservation of food was known as long as the history of man, and was considered a necessity not only to human life, but to commerce and trade. Certain foods, as cereals, had the property of preserving themselves for a long time, and they have been found in the catacombs of Egypt in good condition. Some foods were improved by being kept for long periods of time

and some, like milk, fish, and oysters, were not good after being kept. With the progress of civilization and science, and the intercommunication of nations, men have changed, and they were not content with foods of one season, but they wanted on their tables foods of all seasons. Of course, this would be impossible without the use of preservatives. The preservation of foods was a legitimate practice, necessary to the welfare and prosperity of mankind. He asked what kind of preservatives should be employed, and were there other forms more desirable than those now used. More especially, what effect had preservatives, used in keeping foods, upon the health of the consumer? Sodium chloride (common salt), sugar, vinegar, and smoke were antiseptic in their nature, but their use could be revealed by taste as well as by odor. Certain substances used as preservatives, as sugar, were themselves foods. Others were absolutely necessary to the metabolic processes going on in the human body, as sodium chloride.

When Pasteur demonstrated that decay was due to ferments, the chemist immediately got busy devising means by which this could be prevented. There were certain substances that had neither odor nor taste that could be added to foods and prevent any further decay; they were capable of killing or paralyzing the ferments that caused decay. There were a large number of chemical substances, antiseptic in nature and used in large quantities, which did not give taste or odor to foods, and it was to bodies of this class that he wished to call attention. Mention was made of salicylic acid, borax, boracic acid, benzoates, benzoic acid, sulphates, formaldehyde, etc., these being the principal ones used to-day quite indiscriminately. The question of their effect upon the public health was a grave one.

If we turn now to "American Medicine," we find a specific inquiry into the effects of one set of these preservatives:

Dr. Wiley outlined the results of his famous "poison squad" experiments with food preserved by boric acid and borax. His deductions seem logically to follow the facts observed, and the entire series of studies is to be accepted as authoritative far beyond the hurried experiments and hasty conclusions of many modern investigations. An early change noted in the persons eating food preserved by boron products, was diminished nitrogen elimination, evidencing lessened metabolism and consequent retention in the body of effete material. An associated increase in the excretion of phosphoric acid indicated retrograde changes in the bones. In men known to be the subjects of physiologic albuminuria, the albumin was sensibly increased by ingestion of the preservatives in question. This is significant when coupled with the fact that at least 80 per cent. of the amount of those substances taken into the body is eliminated by the kidneys.

The possibility of inducing lesions of the kidney is a most serious charge against boron preservatives. The effect of long-continued irritation, however slight, upon those organs is well known, and readily explains how small quantities of the preservatives, ingested during a long period, might produce important lesions, while the temporary use of much larger amounts

would be essentially harmless. Dr. Wiley's conclusions are temperate and correspondingly weighty. Boron products must be considered harmful when taken during lengthy periods; all the individuals in the experiment lost weight. Temporarily, with but little risk, preserved foods may wisely be preferred to deteriorated non-preserved products, but the consumer should, by labels, be informed what he is eating, and thus be permitted to make his own choice.

Dr. George L. Peabody made a remark at the meeting at which the address was delivered which must appeal to all who have studied the subject of digestion. He said:

The use of an antiseptic in preserving foods could only render them less easy of attack by the organisms of decomposition and putrefaction. Now the utility of foods depended upon their instability, upon their openness to attack by the digestive ferments. The addition of antifermentative agents to foods was therefore irrational from the point of view of nutrition, and distinctly diminished their nutritive value, even if it did nothing more. Army surgeons had attested the truth of this statement. Apart from the army and navy, these foods reached largely the less well-to-do classes; those especially in need of highly-nutritious and easily digestible foods. We could not tell how many cases of digestive disturbance in hospital wards, how many anemias, how many chronic diseases of obscure origin, had been caused by the prolonged ingestion of foreign materials.

Cheap and Simple Treatment of Tuberculosis

Tuberculosis is no respecter of persons, but while it takes toll of all classes, the majority of its victims belong to the wage-earners who, often have not the means of obtaining special treatment. It is advisable, therefore, that the treatment should be as inexpensive as possible. The following passage from "American Medicine" indicates that the medical profession have this in mind.

It is natural that sanatorium treatment should at first copy the methods of expensive institutions in which indoor treatment of any disease was the chief. Hence has arisen an altogether too expensive ideal. Of all things in the world, open air is the cheapest. Do not let us make it expensive by too great insistence upon the adventitious adjuncts of the treatment of tuberculosis. Of course, necessities are to be put into the count. Some warmth and much good food of the right kinds are needed, but expensive "plants" are not needed. The chief requisite and one too little considered in historic and in modern times, is the personal clothing. A professor of clothing is needed in every medical college. The sanatorium officers should give much greater attention to this matter, and when they do so the expensive plant and high cost of many items may be greatly lessened. The great need now seems to be to teach the public that the treatment of tuberculosis is an inexpensive one; that it is essentially simple and preventive.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

How Our Squirrels Pass the Winter

There is nothing like accurate observation for putting an end to popular errors, but they die hard. How many people, living right out in the country, will tell you that squirrels hibernate, that hoop-snakes put their tails in their mouths and roll downhill like a cart-wheel! If you seem to doubt the creed of the neighborhood, they can bring witnesses and quote testimony by the volume in support of their statement. It would be interesting to know just how such errors as these originated, for everyone has the opportunity of putting them to the test for fact. Mr. L. W. Brownell has applied that test to the squirrel myth in an excellent article in "Field and Stream" for December, and it is a matter of regret that we have not space for a longer excerpt.

It is an erroneous idea, which many people have, that all our squirrels hibernate. To be sure, they are not abroad so much, nor are they as active, in the cold weather as during the summer months, but neither the red nor the gray squirrel has any period of continued sleep. A tramp through the woods on any winter day will be sure to show us several of these chattering, sprightly fellows. Nor is the day the only time that they are abroad, for, should we go to their haunts some early morning after a fall of snow, we will find their tracks leading in every direction, showing that they use the night also for their business and recreation.

The chipmunks, those little striped ground-squirrels, with which we are all familiar, are the only true hibernators of this group of mammals. October or early November sees them preparing for their winter's sleep in their snug underground retreat, where no cold nor any enemy can reach them. Here they doze through the long, cold days and nights, not knowing or caring how the storms may rage above them, and only waking when hunger demands it, sufficiently to draw from their store of nuts and seeds, with which they have stocked their larder. They eat enough to satisfy hunger, and then go back to sleep again. They will not again venture forth until the spring winds shall have tempered the air and melted away the snow.

The red squirrels build their winter nests of the shavings of hemlock and cedar bark, and like soft material, usually placing them in some cavity in a tree or dead stump. Occasionally they will bore into the ground, as do the chipmunks, or else make use of some deserted snake's or chipmunk's burrow. Bird houses are sometimes taken possession of by them, and they will

even enter human habitations and build in some snug corner. Either in the nest itself, or in close proximity to it is their storehouse, which they stock with nuts and grain. Usually they have several of these storehouses. Many times, as a boy, have I considered myself lucky in finding one of these hiding places, filled with carefully shelled chestnuts, beechnuts and acorns. I am sorry to say that, upon such occasions, I have not hesitated to appropriate the contents, never stopping to consider what an amount of labor on the part of its owner it represented, or that I was robbing him of a part of his winter's store of food.

The little flying squirrel also stores his winter's food, which consists principally of thin-shelled nuts and corn grains, in a like manner. His winter's home is a hollow—usually a deserted woodpecker's nest—in some trees, and in such a place a number will congregate and roll themselves into a warm ball to sleep through the coldest weather, only occasionally venturing forth, when it moderates somewhat, to draw rations from the general storehouse.

The gray squirrel secretes his winter's food in a much different manner from that of any of his relatives. Instead of having only one, or, at the most, three or four storehouses, he has perhaps hundreds of receptacles. Did you ever watch a gray squirrel gathering his winter's supply of nuts? It is a process that is well worth observing if you can do so without his knowing it. He takes a nut in his cheek pouch and hops along beneath the trees, testing the ground every few feet with his front paws. When he has found a spot entirely to his liking, he will scoop out a shallow hole, place the nut in it, covering it with the loose earth. Then, stamping this down and patting it into shape, he soon has so precisely restored the looks of the ground to its original condition that it is difficult, even for one who has watched the entire operation, to locate the exact spot. This performance he will repeat again and again, in that and other localities, until he has hidden away in this manner a large quantity of nuts, it being no exaggeration to say that one squirrel will thus often bury several hundred. In the winter he unearths these nuts as he wishes them, and it is wonderful how unerringly he can go to his various *caches*, even though, as is very frequently the case, they may all be covered with a foot or more of snow. What sense it is that so surely directs him to the exact spot in which he has buried one of these nuts remains a mystery, although numerous conjectures have been made. These conjectures, however, have been mere guess-work, and none of them is based upon any foundation of solid fact. It does not seem possible that these little animals, with their limited amount of gray matter, can remember with such unerring exactness each individual place in which they have secreted a nut, and yet it may be so.

It seems equally incredible that their sense of smell can be so acute as to guide them, especially when the snow is lying deep upon the ground. Whatever sense it is that they bring into play, it serves them well. It is entirely probable, however, that a number of their storehouses are missed and that a percentage of the nuts are never exhumed by their owner.

Prepare to Feed the Birds

The Ancient Mariner told the Wedding Guest" that

He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

During the winter the charitable are not found wanting in their duty toward the suffering ones of their own race. This is good. Cannot we add to this work some substantial proof that we possess also the other signs of being able to pray well? Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, in the "Hartford Times," points out a way in which we can:

Last winter bird lovers, in many parts of the country, made a good beginning, and saved the lives of many thousands of birds. Had their work been imitated wherever the winter was severe, many more lives would have been saved. The State ornithologist of Massachusetts estimates that 95 per cent. of all the quail in the State perished from starvation last winter, and that even 5 per cent. survived is due to the fact that they were fed by the bird lovers. Those who were out on snow shoes every now and then discovered the stiff little form of some junco, chickadee or tree-sparrow, and now and then an observant man would notice a dozen or twenty little hummocks of snow lying close together. Beneath would be found as many quail which had died as they had lived, gently and together. Of course, every one, old and young, rich and poor, can do some good by feeding the birds at home. They can put up wooden trays and keep them well supplied with seeds, cracked oats, wheat, bread and table scraps; they can tie lumps of suet to the shade trees, and they can clean wide spaces on the lawns and in the yards and keep these spaces covered with different kinds of bird food. This will be a great help to many kinds of birds, but there are many other kinds which will not come so near the house, and these, perhaps, are the ones which suffer most. In order to save these, regular relief parties should be organized. If there is a bird club in the town, of course, the feeding of hungry birds should be directly in the line of its work, and surely there is no woman's club which would refuse to assist in such an undertaking.

There are hundreds of people in every town who, while unable, for one reason or another, to actually do the work of bird-feeding, would be willing to assist by donating food or money. Perhaps there is no better medium through which to distribute food to the birds than through the students of colleges, academies, and high schools, and the pupils of public schools. Bodies of students or pupils should work under the leadership of either an individual or a committee, who

should divide up into sections all the territory to be covered, and assign to each section one or more squads of from two to six men. These men should set out provided with plenty of bird food which may easily be carried either in baskets or in bags, which should have straps to go over the shoulders, and they should be armed with snow-shovels, and with string for tying the suet to the trunks and branches of trees. The grain, seeds, etc., should be placed in the middle of fields and other open places, which are plainly visible to birds which may be flying over. On reaching such a place, a squad should begin by marking out a space perhaps twenty feet square, and from this they should clear the snow, right down to the bare ground, on which the grain should be scattered. If it were put on top of the snow, it would be apt to sink in at the first thaw, and be out of the reach of the birds. It is hardly necessary to say that these spaces should be cleared after every snow storm, and if this is done regularly, the work of clearing them will not be severe. This plan is one I can vouch for, as I have seen it thoroughly tested, and the results were gratifying from every point of view.

Winter Collecting

"People" often suppose that the naturalist (the word is old-fashioned, I know, but "botanist" and "zoologist" savor too much of the professorial chair) that the naturalist, I say, has nothing to do outside of the house in winter. There could not be a greater mistake. Every fine day, when the keen, crisp air and the bright sunshine are most invigorating, he finds some inducement to wander—that is the word—to wander by lane and woodland to "see what he can see." Evelyn Groesbeeck Mitchell knows all about this, and has written an inspiring article in "Boys and Girls" on the subject. Although, no doubt, intended for the younger members of the genus naturalist, it will appeal to those elder ones who are not afraid of the fate of "Sir Thomas," the husband of that Lady Jane who was "tall and slim and fair," in the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Most of the butterflies, to begin with the more conspicuous forms, winter as pupæ. You may find the adult of the Mourning Cloak in the barn lofts or sheds clustered under the eaves, or tucked under bark or in hollow trees, their color making them very inconspicuous. Many moths will be found hidden under loose bark or dead trees. One snapping, cold day, I pulled a large piece of bark, perhaps four feet by eight to ten inches from a slender, standing pine. To my surprise nearly all of the revealed space was covered with small, brown moths, crowded closely together for protection from the cold. Sometimes the moths hide in tufts of moss, working deep down into the soft bed.

On the slender, bare boughs, sharp against the sky, you will spy many a cocoon and spider's egg-sac. There, also, are the dangling sacs of the dangling bag-worm, like little bundles of

sticks. Gather your twigs together, bring them home and put them into a cold room until spring, then watch your winter guests come out.

Under the bark and in the moss, you will find stores of chrysalids of butterflies, larvæ of moths, of beetles, of bugs. In the fence corners, under the rails of the fences, under the shingles, under the edge of clapboards, are the cocoons of lepidoptera and spiders. Put them in pasteboard boxes and many a surprise will appear later.

Then there are the numerous forms of galls. Every strange dwelling on trunk or twig of tree or on stem of weed should be investigated. Where the heart-leaved willows are abundant you will find many twigs dipped by a cone-shaped gall, which, in the summer, looks much like a flower. In the heart of these galls a tiny larvæ lies hidden, waiting for spring to tell him to put on his gauzy dress and take flight as a dainty gnat. In the lumps of resin on the pines are the larvæ of another gnat. Plant-lice, mites, beetles, moths and other insects also form galls. On the oak leaves are smooth galls, often very large, formed by the gall-flies. If you cut them open you will find their structure very interesting. On the blackberry and rose stems are many fuzzy galls. Take them all home and put them in glass jars. Some will prove empty, some will be inhabited and you may be surprised to find two kinds of flies coming from one gall. That is because certain kinds of gall-flies have the habit of laying their eggs in the galls of other species. These gnat larvæ feed on the galls and often do not disturb the original inhabitants at all. On the raspberry and blackberry bushes you will find another large gall containing the larvæ of the Gouty-gall beetle, one of the wood borers.

The ground under the oak and apple trees will sometimes be covered with small branches which look as if they had been cut off with a saw. This is the work of the Tree-trimmer. The twigs are hollow and from them will emerge a brownish gray beetle. Many of the jumping plant-lice also form galls. The adult of the blackberry louse may be found in winter under the scales of hackberry bushes.

Large tufts of grass cut close to the roots often yield fine results when beaten over a sheet of paper, especially tufts from the marshes. The roots of grass growing in sandy banks where the grass grows in patches will be found to contain many sorts of beetles. Other good hunting grounds are around hay or straw stacks, in the litter close along the sides of a barn, in old birds' nests, hollow stumps, old bumble bees' nests, among piles of brush, both in the wood itself and in the debris at the bottom, in and under logs in the woods, all these are likely places if not too wet or too dry. But dry-rotted wood, barkless logs, or very sodden wood will yield nothing.

Honey

This paper began with a popular error about squirrels. Here is another about honey. Persons frequently speak of the sweet liquid found in flowers, like honey-suckle, as honey. It is only nectar. J. Ford Sempers states the matter very clearly in an article in the "American Botanist":

There appears to be occasional misapprehension with respect to the relation existing between honey and nectar. Not because the subject has failed to receive ample attention from various writers, but because of the presence of certain established, but misleading expressions. We often speak indiscriminately of nectar and honey as one and the same thing. The habit of calling plants that yield nectar, honey plants, has become, in ordinary usage, almost a necessity.

The term honey plant is misleading in that it conveys to the mind of the average layman the idea that honey is the direct product of the flowers. So it is taken for granted that the bees play the rôle simply of gatherers. Such a notion cannot be accepted by those familiar with the habits of the honey bee. What the bees do find in the blossoms is nectar. Under certain conditions some species of plants may secrete what to all appearance is honey. Such cases, however, are to be regarded rather as exceptions. It may then be naturally asked what the difference is between the two substances? A partial answer may be had by examining them as they are found in the hive. With that end in view, we will place in a vigorous colony of bees, during the early morning hours, a perfectly empty honey comb. A day, of course, must be selected when any wide-spread nectar-yielding plant, white clover for example, is actively producing nectar. Toward evening, in removing the comb, it will be noticed that the cells are more or less filled with a thin, watery fluid; so thin, indeed, that it may be readily poured from the comb. Aside from the fact that it is sweet there is little about the liquid to suggest honey. This, however, is nectar very nearly as we would find it in the blossoms if we could gather it ourselves.

Nectar as normally found by the bees is composed very largely of water. Only after the elimination of this excess of water, and certain other changes effected by the bees, does the product of the flowers become honey. It is believed that a part of this water is absorbed and ejected by the bee while the latter is in transit from the field to the hive. But the greater proportion is expelled by evaporation, it is thought, after having been stored in the open-celled combs of the hive.

If in the evening after the bees have spent a busy day in the fields, we approach a hive, there will be noticed a loud humming sound. The noise comes from the rapidly vibrating wings of the worker bees. These are noticed at the hive entrance. Strong currents of air are driven by their ceaselessly buzzing wings over the combs of freshly gathered nectar. This warm, moisture-laden air, as it leaves the hives under certain conditions, may deposit little drops or pools of condensed water just outside the hive entrance. The bees continue this concentrating process until the superfluous water disappears.

The finished product differs from the freshly gathered, not only in mechanical condition, but chemically so. If raw nectar and well-ripened honey be subjected for some time to a summer temperature the nectar will be found to have turned to vinegar, while no change will be noticed in the honey. We may, therefore, regard honey as a kind of concentrated nectar in which a chemical change has taken place.

Music and Art

Machine-made Music

The increase of mechanical instruments for the performance of music in the house, the school and the concert rooms (of the manufacturers) is a significant fact in a consideration of the present state of music in this country. The average individual who is not a musician, but who suddenly finds that he may gratify at will, as if by magic, his love of music and incidentally widen his knowledge of its literature, becomes a quasi-student. The increasing ranks of these delighted "artists" place beyond question the educational value of mechanical piano players.

Other phases of the subject are discussed in the following paragraphs from the "Chicago Musical Leader and Concert Goer."

The exact place of the mechanical piano attachment in relation to the executant and student of the piano, has not yet been quite determined. It is ever in practice and can present an almost limitless repertoire of the best music, much of it most difficult, with such technical accuracy and effect as will often arouse the envy of even accomplished pianists. Opinions vary, and the doctors in music seem to be a good deal divided on the question whether the latest pianistic contrivance is likely to prove a boon or a detriment to pupils and players. Some teachers seem to think it may dishearten them; others, on the contrary, believe it will tend to stimulate their ambition to more ambitious playing, as they will the more keenly realize the necessity of playing accurately and clearly when their work is likely to be reviewed or judged by those familiar with the merely mechanical, though technically correct, work of an appliance. Some apparently sound critics are of the opinion that the advent of the mechanical player will serve to emphasize in the minds of students and pianists generally, the great difference which exists between really artistic playing, which the machine cannot command, fineness of touch, delicacy of modulation and beauty of interpretation, with that technical accuracy which it undeniably possesses. Admitting the necessity of an adequate technic, without which there can be no adequate interpretation, these teachers and critics advise the devotion of less time to the acquirement of remarkable proficiency in mechanism, merely as mechanism, which is the mastery of muscles, rather than of music. They advocate subordination of a desire to shine brilliantly in technical display, to the attainment of greater beauty of interpretation, and a fuller appreciation of the ideals of the composer's thought. Unfortunately the artist and the amateur alike, finds the public and the private

audience cold, if not indifferent, to music, possessing the charm of artistic conception, and of but slight technical difficulty. The mechanical player will do an excellent work in familiarizing thousands of people, at home, with an abundance of the best music, which, without it, they would be unlikely to hear played even passably well. It will help rather than discourage the earnest student and ambitious player in supplementing merely technical proficiency with poetic interpretation. While the teacher, who imparts to these the knowledge of this beauty in musical conception, bestows something that will live long after the supple fingers have lost their cunning.

Theodore Thomas

To Theodore Thomas more than to any other may the term Pioneer of Music in America be applied justly when the history of music in this country comes to be written. Already it has been done tentatively among others by Mr. Louis C. Elson, whose "History of American Music," published last year, gave to Mr. Thomas full credit for his work in the development and advancement of American musical taste, while the popular verdict has ever, both in the early and later fields of his effort awarded him unwavering loyalty and unquestioned precedence.

After an illness of but a few days Theodore Thomas died of pneumonia at his home in Chicago, January 4th, at the age of seventy. The following account of his career is reprinted from the New York Globe:

Theodore Thomas was born in Essens in Hanover, Germany, Oct. 11, 1835. His father was a violinist of ability, and from him he received his first musical training. At six he was playing the violin in public. In 1845 the family came to the United States, and for two years he played the violin in concerts in New York. Next he joined the orchestra of an Italian opera company, and with it went from city to city. These were the days when, as he used to say, he worked eighteen hours and did not feel it. He rose to be first violin in the orchestras that played with Jenny Lind, Sonntag, Grisi, and Mario, and then to be the conductor of wandering opera companies.

New York, however, remained his home, and in 1855 he formed a string quartet and began the first series of chamber concerts here that was worthy of the name. Schumann, Schubert, and the German composers of the middle of the century were little known then in America, and Thomas's quartet was the first to play their chamber music. Thus Thomas gradually gath-

ered a following, and in 1861 he began the organization of an orchestra here. It began its symphony concerts in 1864, and they continued until 1878. Again, Thomas was a pioneer, with Wagner, Brahms, and others on his programmes. In 1866 he began his nightly summer concerts that mingled light music with classic, and with new that Thomas would have his public learn. Meanwhile he made long tours with orchestra, visiting many cities, making known music that had never been played there before, and repeating it when he returned next year. More than any single man, he made German music from Schumann and Schubert, through Wagner, known, understood and appreciated in America.

Meanwhile, Thomas became the conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1877, and he had long been the conductor of the similar Brooklyn Philharmonic. He continued with both during the two years in which he was the head of the newly established college of music in Cincinnati from 1879 to 1881, and while he was the chief conductor of the National Opera Company in 1886 and 1887. He was of too authoritative and unconciliating a temperament to succeed in the direction of a college, and he was not successful as a conductor in opera. He lacked the theatrical instinct, and he was inclined to forget the stage in his conducting.

As a consequence of Thomas's work, orchestral concerts by local orchestras had become more frequent in American cities, and the number of these diminished the success of Thomas's tours.

There was no disposition in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, or many of the cities in which he had conducted at festivals and concerts to establish his orchestra permanently, and, in 1888, he disbanded it.

Then, in 1890, came the call to establish an orchestra in Chicago. There was a sufficient guarantee against deficits for years. Thomas had a free hand in the choice of his programmes and his men. He flung himself heart and soul into the work. At first deficit was heaped on deficit, and hostile criticism was persistent. But he did not lower the quality of his programmes, and as he had done in New York, he brought his public to an appreciation of them. He trained his orchestra as diligently, and when it made its first eastern tour, its quality surprised its audiences. Steadily he widened the range of his programmes. He cultivated the Russians. He was the first American conductor to give the young Paris men a hearing. He watched for rising Germans. To the end his programmes were the most catholic in America.

Little by little the deficits diminished. Chicago took pride in its orchestra. It was firmly established. Then Thomas set out to fulfill his last ambition—a hall for it that should be its permanent abiding place. At his call, two years ago, rich and poor in Chicago subscribed to it. Three weeks ago to-night (January 5, 1905) he dedicated it. Twice afterward he conducted its concerts in the hall he had raised for it. Then the cold seized him that brought his death.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

The Lord Is the Maker of Them All

The mistress in one of the most beautiful homes on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, recently ignored the boundary-lines between rich and poor and invited all the members of her church to a reception in her parlors.

The religious press has generally commented approvingly and the "Western Christian Advocate" says—"The worn plush jacket and the silk gown that had been worn ten seasons brushed against the sealskins and the Worth creations." The hope is expressed that such an experiment may prove more successful than other efforts carried on outside the church in which "everyone without credentials" has been admitted "to the homes of millionaires. Anarchists, socialists, laborers—everybody from the byways and highways have been gathered in."

It may be that the church relationship will prove the bond, and the motive is to be highly commended. But the "reception" hardly

touches the root of the matter. We make no appeal on behalf of the "anarchist" or the "socialist," who seem well qualified to speak for themselves. But the "laborer"! And why should it awaken surprise that a *laborer* is invited to the home of the millionaire? No one is more conscious than the millionaire, if he is intelligent, that the millions which give him his distinction are but the fruit of the toil of the world's laborers. As a matter of fact the "Worth creations" are the creations of the laborer who possibly wore the "silk gown that had been worn ten seasons" and for one dazzling evening enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of brushing "against the sealskins and Worth creations" that had been wrought into their loveliness by her own stiffened and overworked hands.

At the conference held for the discussion of the relation of the church to labor at the National Council of Congregational Churches "The Congregationalist" says that the rep-

representatives of labor were clean-shaven, well-dressed men! Indeed! Then perhaps the church need no longer hesitate to extend the hand of fellowship to these poor creatures since they have learned to shave and wear good clothes!

Substantial advance has been made since two years ago when a leading Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn invited to partake of its privileges all young men with an ambition to be something beside a "common loafer, a day-laborer, or a mere pleasure-seeker." The church is beginning to distinguish between the "day-laborer" and his two parasites—the common loafer and the mere pleasure-seeker.

But some plan more serious than receptions in millionaires' parlors will be required to bridge the gulf yawning between the "laborer" whose childhood was deprived of education and freedom, whose mind is dulled by a kind of labor in which there is no joy and whose body is exhausted by poverty and the persons of "good fortune" to whom all doors of opportunity are open and whose generous dispositions impel them to permit the "worn plush jacket" to brush against their own "Worth creations."

The London correspondent of "The Church Standard" describes a large meeting of the children of the "leisured class." The phrase is helpful. If there is leisure for people it is the product of something. The conscience of civilization is beginning to ask, "Who bestowed this blessed leisure? Who is this benefactor?"

Lyman Abbott's "Heresy"

Only an inordinate hunger for "copy" could have led the press of the country into so ridiculous an exhibition of ignorance as has appeared in the attempt to discuss recent utterances of Dr. Lyman Abbott in a sermon before the Harvard Divinity School. One leading metropolitan journal announces editorially that "Dr. Abbott has rejected any supernatural sanctions to the inculcation of morality," because he said, "I no longer believe in a great First Cause."

The "enormity" of what Dr. Abbott said can hardly shock the intelligent believer in God, when taken down from the sensational head-lines and placed in the paragraph where it belongs. In defining the aid given to faith in the divine by the scientific patience and wisdom of modern days, Dr. Abbott said that science has to offer us: "No longer an absentee God; no longer a Great First Cause,

setting in motion secondary causes which frame the world; no longer a divine mechanic who has built the world, stored it with forces, launched it upon its course, and now and again interferes with its operation if it goes not right; but one great, eternal, underlying Cause, as truly operative to-day as he was in that first day when the morning stars sang together—every day a creative day."

This is no unique confession, but only a reiteration of Dr. Abbott's well-known belief that God is a present fact, rather than a topic in ancient history. And while there may be those who will shrink from the positions taken by this leader among religious thinkers, we presume few of those who are devoting life to an attempt to actualize the teachings of Jesus, will refuse to indorse the following utterances, which are also a part of this "heretical" address:

The notion of a humanized God, sitting in the centre of the universe, ruling things, is gone; and in the place of it science has brought us back this: "We are ever in the presence of the Infinite;" and history has brought us back this: "There is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness;" and literature has brought us back this: "Spirit with spirit can meet; closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet."

God has personified himself in human history. He has entered into one human life, and filled that life so full of himself that in Jesus Christ we see the image of the Invisible God. . . . The coming of Christ to the Church was in order that we might know that God is. It was the revelation of a perpetual incarnation; the revelation of an unseen but eternal presence. . . .

If Dr. Abbott said, as he is reported to have said, "To-morrow the papers will publish this, and brand me as a heretic," we can only explain this by suggesting that, for the moment, his sense of humor took possession of him and he felt impelled to see how easy it would be to "fool the children," for Dr. Abbott is too familiar with current thought to suppose for a moment that his statements are unique, or that his position is novel. Dr. James M. Whiton, Chairman of the New York State Conference of Religion, has concisely expressed the faith of a multitude, in a letter to one of the New York daily papers:

"The conception of an external power causing the world and making it go is superseded in the present-day philosophy of religion by the conception of uncreated and infinite life as the ground and root of all finite existence, sustaining, pervading, controlling all with benign power and with gracious purpose. In this view the natural is the face of the supernatural, and the supernatural is the heart of the natural."

The Same Old Blight

In a discussion of the message and mission of Pastor Wagner, of Paris, Rabbi Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, points to the causes of the unhappiness in society to-day in a manner to arouse serious thought. He says that we have "exchanged frugality for luxury, simplicity for complexity, ease for exhaustion, and we wonder that we are not happy. We have abandoned reason and have become the slaves of the appetites." After picturing the desolation often wrought upon the home by the excesses of modern customs, he affirms that—

"A veritable magic power is attributed to money. It is the common belief that if one have but gold, and even though he have no heart, no mind, no soul, no character, and no conscience, he has what is infinitely better—he has what can buy and keep happiness; he has what can replace the simple things of life with the dazzling and costly, with the courted and envied. This belief it is that has nursed that fell brood of discontent, unrest, overwork, envy, greed, avarice, hypocrisy, fraud, extravagance, dissipation, divorce, suicide, that has made it necessary for an apostle to rise in our day to teach and preach anew the gospel of the simple life."

Preventable Evils

Among the evils in the world which may be prevented "whenever human wisdom and energy are brought to bear in the task of completing the creation of the world," the editor of "The Christian Register" mentions a "class of preventable evils" which "spring from a fruitful cause of everything that goes wrong in human life." He affirms that "bigotry, superstition, sectarian hatred, the fortunes of a church preferred to the welfare of the people, and all the miserable mob of selfish sentiments and pernicious activities which take shelter under the name of religion, have from the earliest time until now turned the thoughts of men away from the glorious function of the church, as the promoter of good morals, good manners, and as a fellow-worker with God here and now upon the earth. The church has in the name of God and his truth spent its energies in ways which were fruitless for any good, and have left the real work of civilization—which is another name for the kingdom of heaven—unregarded and undone. God needs nothing that his Church can do or give excepting

co-operation with him for the benefit of his sons and daughters."

Better than Dying for Faith

In a recent address before the pupils of the parochial school in Washington President Roosevelt well expressed the kind of religious zeal which is fast becoming dominant in the most enlightened countries and is, we believe, far better than the zeal of former days, leading "Defenders of the Faith" to inflict martyrdom upon those who differed in form or creed:

"O, my countrymen, one of the best auguries for the future of this country, for the future of this mighty and majestic nation of ours lies in the fact that we have grown to regard one another; that we brothers have grown to regard one another with a broad and kindly charity and to realize that the field for human endeavor is wide, that the field for charitable, philanthropic, religious work is wide, and that while a corner of it remains untilld we do a dreadful wrong if we fail to welcome the work done in that field by every man, no matter what his creed, provided only he works with a lofty sense of his duty to God and his duty to his neighbor."

The Unrecognized Citizen

When Mr. Stead exposed some of the unsavory facts regarding our great cities a few years ago in a volume entitled "If Christ came to Chicago" he awakened a deep sense of responsibility among all who desired to prepare their city for so exalted a visitant. The suggestion was helpful, but it was incomplete. There was still room for neglect—He *might* delay his coming. Dr. William J. Dawson, in his Brooklyn campaign of evangelism, says: "Christ has never gone away. He has seen every stone of the great cities laid. He has heard every cry of the eternal beast that lurks beneath the polished surface of your modern society."

But the picture is not all dark. The city is itself the proof of human interdependence and the promise of universal peace. The organizations instituted for the relief of distress and for the distribution of concrete helpfulness and good-will are multiplying to furnish channels through which the Christ spirit may be expressed, while it is doubtful if there is a street or alley in any of our great cities so far gone in iniquity that it does not furnish at least a single example of him who went about doing good.

Newspaper Verse

Selections Grave and Gay

Why Not, Indeed?.....Collier's

If more than one house are called houses
And more than one mouse are mice,
Then why are two mice not mice
And why are two houses not hie?

If a letter is sent and it goes,
And we know it went when it's gone,
Why hasn't it snent when it snows
Or the money we spent been spone?

If the vine that clings never clanged,
But the joke that we spring is sprung,
Why isn't the bell that we ring ranged
Or the door that is banged shut bung?

A word that we speak is spoken,
Why don't we say it is spake?
Our girl, when a pitcher is broken,
"Ach, Louis!" she says, "it iss break!"

If we lie when we say that we laid
And we lay when we said that we lied
Why don't we speak of the needles we played
Or tell of the pieces we plied?

A fish that we catch isn't caught,
And the roof that we thatch isn't thought.
Why don't we speak of a thought that was
thatched
Or hear of an egg that was haught?

If a picture that's hung isn't hanged,
But the man who is hanged isn't hung,
Why isn't the song that we sing sanged
Or any old thing ever thung?

Maurice Smiley.

Deedee's Hands.....Atlanta Constitution

No golden bands
Need Deedee's hands
To make them fair to see;
For Deedee's hands,
Without the bands,
Are fair as they can be.

Nor diamond ring,
Nor anything,—
Let Deedee's hands be bare;
No lovely queen
Was ever seen
With hands so truly fair.

Rich gem-decked bands
May make the hands
Of many fair to see,
But Deedee's hands,
Without the bands,
Are fair enough for me.

Joseph W. Humphries.

To Poverty.....Kansas City Star

Come, link thine arm in mine, good Poverty,
Penniless yeoman in the tattered gear!
Let's jog adown the brazen world and steer
For ports where toil is aristocracy!
Utopia laughs not at our sackcloth. See!
Here's fair Sir Lackland and right many a
peer,
With doublets threadbare as our own, full
near,
Would vow us love and hospitality!

Our gold's laid up in sunsets, safe from thieves,
And all our current silver's in the stars.
We've naught to lose save honest hearts, who
steals
Shall get more treasure than he knows or feels.
Here's sweetest roots from out our scrip,
good sirs,
And waters clear and couches in the leaves.

Harrison S. Morris.

Remembrance.....Nashville Banner

You promise me that love should bless the way,
My future life be one glad summer day—
Love's paradise that we alone should know,
Now changing with the years that come and go.
Yet evermore, O soul, that will complain,
With broken beads I count my loss and gain.
My broken beads, that ne'er can mended be—
O memory! O memory!

Frail spring may leave her birds on summer's
breast,
'Mid apple boughs the happy birds may rest.
June-roses blow above the pansy bed,
And on the fields the clover blooms burn red.
Yet ever more 'tis winter in my heart.
One thought of thee and all the joys depart
Of what has been and never more can be.
O memory! O memory!

Beth Slater Whitson.

Theism.....Springfield Republican

Once Truth and Righteousness and Love were
tasked
To say if there exist a God, or no.
They stayed their steps before the soul that
asked,
And each gave answer, with a conscious
glow.
Said Truth, "He hears God's voice who heareth
me;
His word eternal, old and new, am I."
And righteousness confessed herself to be
"God's every act in earth and sea and sky."
Then Love stepped forth, with bearing all divine,
And said, "Behold the heart of God in me—
In me the splendors of his being shine."

All that God is, and was and is to be."
Then all: "Arise and publish it abroad
That Truth and Righteousness and Love are
God."

Louis Lombard.

The Question..... Baltimore Sun
Have you, poor pilgrim, on Life's journey long,
Treading with tired feet the well-worn ways;
Have you not heard the laughter and the song,
And had not heart to join the merry lays?

Have those whose paths know not the briar and
thorn,
But only roses growing all the day,
With ne'er a thought for you, poor, plodding
one,
Gone gaily on, nor even glanced your way?

Or, if compassion in their hearts was raised
And they besought: "Come, laugh with us a
while!"

They grew impatient when you mutely gazed—
How could they know it is so hard to smile?

Now if through pastures green your road should
lead

And you, too, learn to sing as on you go,
Will you forget those others still in need
And be content when you could help them so?

Will you not place a kindly hand in theirs
And guide them when for tears they cannot
see?

Will you recall your days of grief and cares
And give the help none ever gave to thee?
On all alike your sympathy bestow?
God grant it may be so!

Lucia Edelen Lyles.

A Song of Worry..... Atlanta Constitution
What's the use to sit an' worry if you lose, who
thought to win?

Kick the worry out the winder—let the livin'
sunshine in!
Time ain't sighin'—
He's a-flyin';
Worryin' is half a sin!

What's the use to work for worry? Ain't there
any hope in sight?

Kick the worry out the winder in the blizzard
an' the night!
Time don't worry—
Too much hurry!
Swifter than an eagle's flight!

What's the use? There ain't a reason, nor the
shadder of a rhyme,

When the worl' rolls on in music, an' the stars
are keepin' time!
Time ain't cryin'—
He's a-flyin',
An' you're on the wings of Time!

Frank L. Stanton.

New Rich..... Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

Since Silas Sorreltop struck "ile"
Some year or two ago,
His folks put on a lot of style,
As they would have you know;
They have no use for common stuff
Nor for the simple life—
The best is hardly good enough
For Silas and his wife.

Their food is served on solid gold
And gotten up with care;
They breathe exclusively, I'm told,
A special brand of air.
No cheap or common object mars
The household, it is said—
They even have no family jars
But jardinieres instead!

If —..... Cleveland Plain Dealer

(Apologies to Mr. Swinburne.)

If you were Mrs. Chadwick,
And I were Andrew C.
I'd stand for all your capers,
And say I signed those papers—
Be game and lose the money,
For you'd look good to me—
If you were Mrs. Chadwick,
And I were Andrew C.

If you were Mrs. Chadwick,
And I were Andrew C.
I'd reason thus: "This lady
Has methods that are shady,
But in not dying wealthy,
She's helping me, you see,"—
If you were Mrs. Chadwick,
And I were Andrew C.

If I were A. Carnegie,
And you were Cassie C.
We'd form a combination
With one fixed occupation—
I'd just sign notes all morning,
And you would cash 'em—Gee!
If I were A. Carnegie,
An you were Cassie C.!

A Hard Blow..... Cleveland Plain Dealer

It
blew
like
this!
that!
like
blew

It
You'd hear it hiss,
And hold your hat.
No matter if
You walked or rode,
You soon would sigh:
"Well, I'll be blowed!"

The Tercentenary of Cervantes

In addition to the centenary of Sainte-Beuve, celebrated in December last, the first month of the new year marks the tercentenary of the appearance of "Don Quixote." An editorial which appeared in the Saturday Review of the New York Times of January 7th is reprinted herewith as an interesting contribution to the subject:

Cervantes

It is agreed by the specialists that the first publication of "Don Quixote" occurred three hundred years ago this month. There has not been a tercentary since those of the births of Dante and Shakespeare, it would be bold to say that there will be another of the birth or of the "first edition" of any writer born since 1605 of so much importance in the history of literature. It is curious to reflect that the devotion of the earliest of modern novelists to a life of letters was the result of accident. But for the severe and disabling wound which he received after conducting himself with conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Lepanto, it is very unlikely that the author of "Don Quixote" would have "smiled Spain's chivalry away" by becoming its author. It is as curious to reflect that the Spaniard who made the greatest mark upon his time in the generation preceding that of Cervantes should equally have been diverted by the same cause from a life of action to a life of thought. But it was on the most glorious day in the history of Spain, that day which broke the power of the Turk in the Mediterranean, that the future novelist received his disabling wound, whereas the siege of Pampeluna, conducted twenty-six years before Cervantes was born, is remembered now only for the circumstance that it converted Ignatius Loyola from a secular to an ecclesiastical career. Whether it was a greater achievement to found the Society of Jesus or to write "Don Quixote" is an invidious question upon which we need not enter.

At any rate, it was the turning of Cervantes from the art of war to that of literature which gave its beginning to the modern art of prose fiction. The romances which preceded the novel of Cervantes and of which

it was begun as a burlesque are of no more importance to the modern reader than the lost tales of Miletus, whereas the novel three hundred years of age this month is as alive and as young as when it first saw the light. The priority of Boccaccio is no more to the real purpose than the priority, reaching back to "the twilight of fable," of "The Arabian Nights." For these wonder stories and sportive tales make no sort of pretense of containing the philosophy of life, of being the "book of humanity," as which Sainte-Beuve so justly praised the great novel of Cervantes, which still remains, in spite of Calderon and Lope de Vega, of all the poets and of all the dramatists, the chief literary monument of the Spanish people.

The justice of Byron's epigram has been strongly and justly disputed. It was not the "chivalry" of Spain, but the false pretenses into which that chivalry had degenerated that the first and greatest Spanish novel "smiled away." There have been other chivalries since, and some of them still survive, which have stood as much in need of the satirist's puncturing. But the satirist has not appeared. It was to the kindness even of the satire, to recur to the French critic's word to its "humanity," that the satire owed its lasting power. Colonel Newcome is not more human or more modern than his illustrious predecessor. It was not "the true romance" but the false that the Spanish realist exploded with his realism, with the tilting of his hero, helmeted with a barber's basin, against giants that in the light of common day were seen to be but windmills. One can imagine no better meeting ground for the arrangement of a truce between the realists and the romanticists than this romance of reality affords. The consensus of mankind has at least decided that there is something the matter with the man who does not like it. And one can look forward to the six hundredth anniversary of its publication with as confident an assurance as he can feel about any book published since that "Don Quixote" will still continue to be read and relished and its author to be regarded with admiration and affection.

The Library Table

Dr. Luke of the Labrador*

THOSE who read, some months ago, the stories about Newfoundland fishermen by Mr. Norman Duncan in McClure's Magazine must have felt that he had discovered a new mine of fiction of rare wealth and interest. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the same field has furnished him with material for a novel which, beyond a peradventure, ranks as one of the most remarkable issued in 1904. "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," if not exactly unique, at least stands out so prominently in the year's fiction that there is little likelihood of its being overshadowed by any of its compeers.

Although "the Labrador" is not in the island of Newfoundland, it is an appanage of it, having been placed under the government of that island in 1763. It comprises a narrow territory along the Atlantic coast of Labrador from Cape Charles on Hudson Strait to the Strait of Belle Isle, which is the northern entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The inhabitants must be a people of more than ordinary interest, seeing that the coast has been settled in succession by Norsemen, Basques, Acadians, French and British. It is the last-named settlers, consisting of sailors and fishermen, who give the tone Mr. Duncan has caught with so masterly a power. Gathered in settlements along the shores of the many inlets, they find a livelihood in fishing, and their almost sole communication with the outside world is by means of a government mail steamer which makes periodical voyages up and down the coast for a few months of the year. A less inviting field for a novelist it would, at first sight, be difficult to imagine, but Mr. Duncan has made a story which for interest and treatment has but few rivals among recent additions to our literature.

The narrator is Davy Roth, the son of the trader in one of the settlements on the shore of the Strait of Belle Isle. The story begins with his boyhood and ends with his entering upon manhood. His mother died and was

soon followed by the father, and the sister, older than Davy, determines to carry on the father's business. They are aided by Dr. Luke, who was saved from a wreck on the night of the mother's death, and who decides to devote his life to the kindly folk among whom he has been thrown. He is an English physician who has led a "fast" life in London, but has found the dregs very bitter. As might be expected, he falls in love with the sister, and in this we have the love interest of the story. When he confesses his errors to the boy, the lad is so overcome that he endeavors to turn his sister against the doctor, but without success.

The passages in which the love of the sister and the doctor is involved have a peculiarly natural charm and pathos, but exquisite as this is, the real strength of the tale lies in its treatment of the simple life of these simple and isolated people, their naïve confidences, their mother wit, their communal habits, their pathetic admiration for their bleak and, to us, uninviting country and their anthropomorphic religion, familiar to the last degree with the personality of the Deity. "Skipper Tommy Lovejoy" is a character which will live long in our minds, and the "Gospel according to Tommy"—love, labor and faith, "just faith in the loving-kindness of the dear God; just faith, with small regard for creeds and forms"—will find an echo in many a reader's heart and leave an impression of the solid worth of simple human nature.

While, however, there is a tone about "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" which is fully in keeping with the stern scenes among which its incidents are laid, there is an undercurrent of delicious humor which crops out at times. One instance must suffice. The doctor had secured a commission as magistrate, and consequently could perform marriages. He utilizes this to remedy some irregularities. A woman comes in:

"'I hearded tell,' she drawled, addressing the doctor, but looking elsewhere, 'that you're just after marryin' Aunt Amanda,'

"The Doctor nodded.

*DR. LUKE OF THE LABRADOR. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"'I 'low,' she went on, after an emptying pause, 'that I wants t' get married too.'

"'Where's the man?'

"'Jim he 'lowed two year ago,' she said, staring at the ceiling, 'that we'd go south and have it done this season if no parson come.'

"'Bring the man,' said the doctor, briskly.

"'Well, zur,' said she, 'Jim ain't here. You couldn't do it 'ithout Jim being here, could you?'

"'Oh, no!'

"'I 'lowed you might be able,' she said, with a little sigh, 'if you tried. But you couldn't, says you?'

"'No.'

"'Jim 'lowed two year ago it ought t' be done. You couldn't do it nohow?'

"'The doctor shook his head.

"'Couldn't make a shift at it?'

"'No.'

"'Anyhow,' she sighed, rising to go, 'I 'low Jim won't mind now. He's dead.'"

Equally striking, too, is the tragedy of the

visitation of smallpox, the disease being carried from settlement to settlement by a vessel of the greedy villain of the story. The narrative, told by the survivor of this vessel, which has been wrecked on the coast, is one of the most powerful chapters in the volume. The highest praise must also be accorded to the descriptions of scenery and the soliloquies in which the narrator sometimes indulges.

It may be thought that we are bestowing overwhelming approval upon this work of Mr. Duncan, but the verdict may be left to the reader without any fear that he will not indorse it. "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" is undoubtedly a success of no ordinary kind and raises its author at once into the front rank of writers of fiction who deal with the simple life of "common folk." When we speak in future of "the simple annals of the poor" we shall recall "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" as one of the most striking of the records.

Robert Blight.

The Women of America

THE papers which compose "The Women of America"* are the result of a six months' journey through the country, taken for the Outlook Company, for the purpose of making "an investigation, as nearly complete as the brief time at command should permit, of the ideals and achievements of American women—in the professions, in municipal affairs, in the arts, and, above all, in the home and things pertaining to home-making." The task was a gigantic one—a fact that must be borne in mind by those to whom Miss McCracken's book seems inadequate.

The author reminds her readers in one of the early chapters that the East, and particularly New York, is not all of America, and that three-fourths of the women in this country are to be found "not in cities at all, but in small towns and country villages, and on Eastern farms, Western ranches, and Sout rn plantations."

About these women she has a good deal to say that is interesting. When her travels led her to that part of the country where the great farms and ranches are she came across more than one woman of education and cul-

tivation living the laborious life of a farmer's wife, but still interested in the things that had once been everything to her and thankful for a talk with a woman of similar tastes. These incidents, together with her encounters with women of few opportunities, but great desire for improvement, are among the most interesting parts of the book, perhaps because they are typically American.

The chapter on "Woman's Suffrage" is a disappointment. The author is so taken up with the all-important question as to whether a woman can vote and retain her womanliness that she has not much to say as to the effect of that vote on politics. On the whole, her opinion is "that the majority of those women in Colorado who are actively engaged in politics have hurt themselves with the ballot . . . appeared to me . . . unmistakably apparent." As an example of the unfitness of women for political life she tells of a strike at Colorado City, and mentions reproachfully the fact that no women came over from Denver to get ideas as to the best way to vote in order to prevent such occurrences. She does not record how many men appeared for the same purpose.

Of the American woman in the club and in the college she cannot speak too highly, and advances the statement that "the

*THE WOMEN OF AMERICA. By Elizabeth McCracken. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

woman from the college is the surest safeguard in this country against that evil which pessimists occasionally seek to frighten us by prophesying—any aristocracy of wealth."

Other chapters are those on "Women in the Professions," "The School Teacher," "Women and Philanthropy," "The Woman in the Play." In the last Miss McCracken tells one or two interesting anecdotes of the impression made upon women of no cultivation by plays like those of Shakespeare or

Ibsen. The author is evidently one of Miss Julia Marlowe's large feminine following, for her name appears constantly throughout the book.

Next to its inadequacy the chief fault of the book is its tendency to sentimentalism. The paper on the Southern woman is full of it, and it crops out in a less degree in almost every chapter. It is a pity that this is so often the case when women write about other women.

Mary K. Ford.

The Common Lot

PERHAPS the easiest way to give an idea of Professor Herrick's new book* and its purport is to quote two short excerpts, both on page 338:

"Greed, greed! The spirit of greed had eaten him through and through, the lust for money, the desire for the fat things of the world, the ambition to ride high among his fellows. In the world where he lived this passion had a dignified name; it was called enterprise and ambition. But now he saw it for what it was—greed and lust, nothing more."

Here, then, you have the thesis: a man who devotes every effort and every energy of his nature in order to "succeed"—not succeed in the absolute meaning of the term, but succeed in the worldly meaning of the term; a man who sacrifices every better attribute of his soul, who forgets every ideal, every ennobling purpose. At bottom he is a weakling and a moral criminal, though in his unscrupulousness he avoids the clutches of the law. It is a vivid example of the numbing process which goes on in the soul in our greed for success and the symbol of that success, money. Powerfully has Professor Herrick painted this element in our national life, showing it working out in case after case, clinching the lesson finally by pointing the contrast and the realization of debasement.

When through his negligence and disregard and dishonesty Hart, the architect,

sees the building in which he has put inferior material a mass of flames and the holocaust of a number of people, when he sees himself in the light of a murderer, then with the horror of the thing comes the recognition of the depths to which he had sunk in his ambition and of how futile had been the results of it all. Suddenly he comes to himself again:

"He lay in the gathering twilight, listened and saw. And at last the soul of the man, which had been long in hiding, came back and flowed into him once more. A deep new longing filled his heart, a desire to be once again as he had been before, to rise from his debasement and become clean, to slough off this parasitic self into which he had grown all these years of his strife in the city, to be born anew like springtime of earth—such longings as come to men when they are sickened with the surfeit of their passions."

"The Common Lot" is a strong story of serious import, written in a virile, splendid manner and carefully and logically worked out. It will not appeal to frivolous readers, who go to make the "biggest selling book," but it will recommend itself to all thoughtful students of conditions of to-day. As a mere story it is interesting and holds attention. Never before has this author's keen analytic power stood him in better stead. In every case the pictures are drawn with finality and convincingness. The book is heartily recommended to those who care for the better thing in fiction.

Jules Eckert Goodman.

*THE COMMON LOT. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Glimpses of New Books

Biography

A Nation's Idol. By Charles Felton Pidgin. Henry Altamus Co., Philadelphia.

The "Idol" is Benjamin Franklin, the "Nation" is France. Mr. Pidgin has woven a romance around Franklin's visit as minister plenipotentiary to France, making him subserve the love story of two young Kentuckians troubled with a "cruel uncle." One might take exception to several things in the purely mythical story of Franklin's passage across the Atlantic, but it serves to demonstrate American bravery and Franklin's resource under difficulties. The tale is full of incident, often thrilling, and the enthusiasm which the great American excited in France is well described. It is certainly a revelation to learn that Franklin had such interest in love-affairs amid all the harassing circumstances of his attendance on the French Court.

The Quest of John Chapman. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has based a romance upon the scanty legends connected with a curious historical character of the end of the eighteenth century in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. His popular name was "Johnny Appleseed," because of his self-imposed task of floating up and down the rivers to plant the seeds of apple and other fruits on their banks. Dr. Hillis has discovered that his real name was John Chapman, and has connected him with the Massachusetts party which founded Marietta in 1788. Tragic as the tale is, it is an interesting study of character and exemplifies the great value of even humble enterprises.

The Tomboy at Work. By Jeannette L. Gilder. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25.

There are three excuses for autobiographies. The importance of the author, the lesson the book may teach, or its intrinsic interest. "The Tomboy at Work" can plead none of these reasons for its existence. Almost a third of the book is given up to accounts of the love-affairs of a pretty neighbor of the author's in the New Jersey village which is thinly disguised under the name of Birdlington, and even after the Tomboy moves to Newark and enters a wider field the interest is hardly increased.

In the course of her journalistic career the author met many well-known persons, and what little of interest the book contains is due to her scanty notes on such well-known people as Horace Greeley, Bret Harte and Clara Louise Kellogg. The latter became a personal friend of the author (the book is dedicated to Miss Kellogg), which may account for her strong admiration of Miss Kellogg as an artist, while Madame Parepa Rosa's wonderful voice is inadequately characterized as one of "unusual sweetness and bird-like quality."

The illustrations by Mrs. Shinn are too strongly

reminiscent of "Lovey Mary," and in one or two cases are distinctly poor.

Economics

Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

The various papers of Mr. H. G. Wells, which when combined bear the title "Mankind in the Making," have already been presented to the American public in the "Cosmopolitan" magazine. In book form they have experienced revision, brought about by the criticisms of friends and others, so that we may conclude that here we have a statement of Mr. Wells' attitude toward modern sociology, psychology, ethics, and education. His attitude he characterizes as that of the "New Republic." It may be stated thus: "Any collective human enterprise, institution, movement, party, or state, is to be judged as a whole and completely, as it conduces more or less to wholesome and hopeful births, and according to the qualitative and quantitative advance due to its influence made by each generation of citizens born under its influence towards a higher and ampler standard of life."

The volume demands the attention of all who are concerned with the progress of the world, for, although some may take issue with the author on several points, there is a fund of wisdom and insight which should not, indeed can not, be ignored. It must not be supposed for a single moment that Mr. Wells is wholly iconoclastic. On the contrary, underlying all the reforms he suggests, and all the criticisms of existing methods and institutions, there is a really conservative idealization of human nature, human progress and aims, and the well-being of our race. The volume is a remarkable and valuable addition to our literature, whether we regard it from the standpoint of sociology, political economy or education.

The Land of Riddles. (Russia of To-day.) By Dr. Hugo Ganz. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.

Many books have been written of late about the condition of Russia, but there is room for this one of Dr. Hugo Ganz, because it is the work of an expert journalist, who is evidently determined to present as faithfully as he can both sides of the question while, at the same time, he is anxious to offer a striking picture to the reader. Dr. Ganz is a well-known Viennese writer who went to Russia at the beginning of January, 1901, with introductions to persons well fitted to give him the information he sought. It is true that all that he tells us is "hearsay," but what other source of information is open to the alien in Russia? However, he was not content with making inquiry only at the hands of those who might take a liberal, and therefore hostile, view of Russian autocracy and bureaucracy, but he sought out those who, from personal or official position, were likely to regard as favorably as possible the existing system. The almost

universal condemnation of that system, the entirely universal acknowledgement of the critical state of Russian finance, and the wide consensus that defeat in the present is the best thing for Russia, are remarkable, and lend color to the most adverse predictions of the press of to-day concerning the immediate future of the vast empire. The volume comes at a critical moment, and should be studied by all who would form a just opinion about conditions and movements which may affect not only Russia herself, but many others deeply involved in the world's concert. It is a curious page of history, and is calculated to make the reader pause and ask himself whether he is really in the twentieth century of Christian civilization.

Education

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. With an Introduction by W. J. Rolfe. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.00.

This fourth volume of Mr. Fleming's admirable Shakespearean manuals is fully up to the standard of its predecessors. The plays dealt with are "Richard II.," "Cymbeline," the First Part of "Henry IV.," the "Taming of the Shrew," and the Second Part of "Henry V." The method of study is sound and good, and the explanatory notes are in the main sufficiently full and judicious. It might be advisable to give sometimes more information about the history of unusual words. Thus, it would interest the student, in connection with the expression "teeming date," to be told that "teem" is Scaninavian for "to empty"; that in districts of England where Scandinavian elements are to be found, like Lancashire, "to teem" is still regularly used for "to pour" a liquid from a vessel; and that the adjective "toom"—empty—is still in use in Scotland. "Teeming" is "full to running over." These manuals will be found very useful both by teachers and students. In fact, they may well do away with the necessity of a teacher with many.

Fiction

Mammy 'mongst the Wild Nations of Europe. By Ruthella Morry Bibbins. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

"Mammy" is a faithful Virginian negress who has been nurse in a Southern family for two generations, and she is strongly gifted with that philosophic way of looking at things which is often met with in her race. Mrs. Bibbins has hit upon the notion of taking her to Europe and "showing up" the English people through her keen powers of observation. The party certainly goes to the Continent of Europe, but there is very little of Europe in the volume. It is mainly taken up with England during the coronation season.

The humor deals with the manners and customs of the insular English and there is little new in it, unless it be the shock Mammy suffers at finding Shakespeare so much honored. Of course, the English have no right to speak so peculiar a dialect of American, and so there are the usual witticisms about the language. Neither should they be so ignorant of what is good for them as to omit to place pone and patent breakfast foods upon the breakfast table. So there

are criticisms on the food. Of far more questionable taste are the strictures on the divine service in an English cathedral. The coronation forms a central spectacle, and much is said about the nobility, one of whom, as usual, succumbs to the charm of an American girl. She, however, strange to say, resists the temptation of being able to put a "handle to her name," and remains true to her democratic nationality. The book, doubtless, will appeal to readers who are fond of that caviling humor which sees something ridiculous in everything foreign that does not accord with our own national peculiarities.

Players and Vagabonds. By Viola Roseboro'. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Here are nine stories connected with the stage which are worth reading. Mrs. Roseboro' has seen much of human nature and fully understands how to "stage" in it the form of a tale. Some of her characters are genuinely pathetic and interesting, and are well worth knowing.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Once more we have a romance of the Civil War. Mr. Upton Sinclair has given a vivid picture of a young Southerner, brought up amid slavery, coming to the North to be educated. He there was converted to abolition and, returning to his native State for a short time, realizes all the enormities of the system of slaveholding. Cast out by his people, he throws himself into the abolition movement, and on the breaking out of the war enlists in the Union ranks. The story is well told, even if it is sometimes prosaic and cumbersome. It is also too lengthy. The days with which it deals are dead and gone, and, whatever may be the outcome of the system of peonage one hears so much about, slavery is a dead subject as far as this country is concerned. Would it not be well to banish it from the realm of fiction?

Poketown People. By Ella Middleton Tybout. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

This is a collection of negro stories which have already appeared in a periodical publication, but, beyond all controversy, they fully deserve the permanent form. They are far too good to lie in what is so often the cemetery of the bound copy of a magazine. Miss Tybout is thoroughly at home in depicting that curious combination of religious fervor, indistinct notion of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, shrewd observation and superstition which has come to be the recognized type of the Southern colored race. Every one of the thirteen stories deserves to be read, and will be enjoyed.

The Records. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

Several of these sketches have already received deserved praise as they appeared in various magazines. Mr. Brady has gathered his material from the actual experiences of people of his acquaintance, and they have, as the artist in "Divided" would say, "the human touch of human life." It would be difficult to say which is best of these fourteen sketches. Every one is a good story and well told.

Juvenile

Up the Forked River. By Seward D. Lisle. Henry T. Coates, Philadelphia. \$1.00.

Boys will be pleased with this book. It relates the adventures of a young American who, after earning a reputation and a majorship for himself at San Juan Hill, resigns from the army to assist his father in business, but takes his pleasure in following his natural bent for yachting. The story carries the major and a young lady up the Amazon and to two of the trivial republics of South America. It is full of thrilling incidents, and of coolness under trying circumstances. Of course, there is a love story which ends as it ought to do.

Little Royalties. By Isabel McDougall. Fleming H. Revell & Co., Chicago and New York. \$1.25.

These "stories about the children of the rulers of Europe" are written, says the author, "for the children of the rulers of America." She then explains that in America "every citizen is a sovereign." The little children of European royal families are so presented as to appeal to the childish imagination and sympathy, and many first lessons in history will be learned from these stories more absorbing than fiction. Perhaps the two most charming chapters are on "The Little Dauphin" and "The Princes in the Tower." The book is handsomely illustrated.

The Blue Dragon. By Kirk Munroe. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1904. \$1.25 net.

This is a good story of adventures in China. The author has studied his ground, having made a journey to China in preparation for this work. Bright boys who care to read books of adventure and description of other lands will find this a mine of wealth. An American and a Chinese boy figure as the heroes, and the Boxer uprising furnishes the plot. The book will aid to a better understanding of the Chinese character.

The Rider of the Black Horse. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1904. \$1.50.

The Revolutionary War is a perennial treasureland of good story plots, and Mr. Tomlinson has found in the adventures of Robert Dorlon, one of General Washington's couriers, the material for one of his best Revolutionary tales. The story is full of dash and fire, is written for the boys, and gives a glimpse of the period which will be a real aid to the study of its history.

Little Paul. By Charles Dickens. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, 1904. \$1.00.

This little volume in the "Famous Children of Literature" series is adapted to children's reading, though without materially altering the art of the author. The volume is neatly illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson and others.

Miscellaneous

Self-Building through Common-Sense Methods. By Corilla Banister. Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.10.

"Common-sense methods!" The author has given us an *olla podrida* of hygiene, Ralstonism, vegetarianism, telepathy, Christian Science, theosophy, and what-not, to enable us to build up "a sound mind in a sound body." It is true that some of the hygienic advice is good and "common-sense," but of the other we do not feel competent to express an opinion.

Waes Hael. The Book of Toasts. By Edithe Lea Chase and Captain W. E. P. French. The Grafton Press, New York. \$1.50.

As the subtitle indicates, this is a collection of "toasts" such as used to be given in the old days of convivial gatherings. Is its appearance an indication that the fashion of each guest at a banquet giving "a sentiment" is being revived? If so, we cannot conceive any bibulous company which could not find here just what is wanted, from the highest patriotism to the most vacuous sentimentality, nay, even to the contents of the cup and the thirst they are supposed to quench. The sources of the "toasts" are multitudinous, and there is a strong admixture of Captain French's own lucubrations. So copious is the supply of "sentiments" that a modern "three-bottle man" could not possibly get through the whole in his short lifetime.

Music

Richard Wagner. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 1904. 50 cents net.

This delicate little volume will be prized by Wagner lovers, and will be found a valuable introduction for those not familiar with his life, work and ideals. The book is richly illustrated.

Nature

Flower Fables and Fancies. By N. Hudson Moore. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.60.

We have here half a dozen essays of more than ordinary interest on Tulips, Daffodils and Crocuses; Violets; Lilies; Roses; Lilacs; and Chrysanthemums. The histories of these flowers, their place in the vegetable kingdom, in literature and folk-lore, and interesting legends about them, are presented to the reader with a peculiar charm which stamps the author as one who has communings with nature in the spirit which should mark the true lover of plants. The "make-up" of the book is worthy of the text, for the illustrations and decorations are very pleasing. The volume is a welcome addition to the literature which stimulates a due appreciation of the beauty and charm of flowers.

List of Books Received

What to Read—Where to Find It

Essays and Miscellany

Courtesies, The. A Handbook of Etiquette. Miss Eleanor B. Clapp. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00.

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and arranged by M. Allette Ayer, with Introduction by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. Boston, Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.

Doctor's Leisure Hour, The. Chas. Wells Moulton. Akron, O., Saalfield Pub. Co. \$2.50.

Dodge's Elementary Geography. Rich'd Elwood Dodge. Part I, Home Geography; Part II, World Relations and the Continents. New York, Rand, McNally & Co. 65 cents.

Duality of Thought and Language. An Outline of Original Research. Emil Sutro. New York, Physio-Psychic Society. \$1.50.

Education of the Wage-Earner, The. Thomas Davidson. New York, Ginn & Co. 75 cents.

Eliza. Barry Pain. Illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 75 cents.

Fireside Astronomy. D. W. Horner. London, Witherbey & Co. 36 cents.

Further India. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G. Illustrated. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

Heroes of the Storm. Wm. D. O'Connor. With an Introduction by Sumner I. Kimball. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Highways and Byways of the South. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York, Macmillan's.

House and Home. A Practical Book on Home Management. Mary Elizabeth Carter. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00.

How to Know the Starry Heavens. Edward Irving. Illustrated. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

How to Make Pottery. Mary White. Illustrated by the Author. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

How to Study Shakespeare. Wm. H. Fleming. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

Immensee. Theodor Storm. Translated by Bertha M. Schimmelfennig. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.

Imported Americans. The Story of the Experiences of a Disguised American and His Wife Studying the Immigration Question. Brougham Brandenburg. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.60.

Incense of Sandalwood. Willmina L. Armstrong. Los Angeles, Cal., Baumgardt. Pub. Co. \$2.25.

Island of Tranquil Delights, The. A South Sea Idyl and Others. Chas. Warren Stoddard. Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.00.

Japanese Life in Town and Country. Geo. Wm. Knox. Illustrated. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

Kristy's Queer Christmas. Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities. Lawrence Hutton. Illustrated. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Little Kingdom of Home, The. Margaret E. Sangster. New York, J. J. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

Luxury of Children, The. And Some Other Luxuries. Edward Sandford Martin. Illustrated by Sarah S. Stillwell. New York, Harper's. \$1.75.

Mammy 'mongst the Wild Nations of Europe. Rathella Mary Bibbins. Illustrated by Francis P. Wightman. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co.

Mass and Class. A Survey of Social Divisions. W. J. Ghent. New York, Macmillan's. \$1.25.

New Life, The. Dante Alighieri. Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.

Old English Christmas, An. From "The Sketch Book." Washington Irving. New York, Century Co. \$1.00.

One Hundred and One Beverages. Compiled by May E. Southworth. San Francisco, Cal., Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents.

One Hundred and One Salads. Compiled by May E. Southworth. San Francisco, Cal., Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents.

Out of Work. Frances A. Kellor. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Painted Shadows. Richard Le Gallienne. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Pathfinders of the West. A. C. Laut. Illustrated. New York, Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Personal and Ideal Elements in Education. Henry Churchill King. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist. L. W. Brownell. New York, Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Practice of Self-Culture, The. Hugh Black. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Principles of Relief, The. Edw. T. Ullvine, Ph.D., D.D. New York, Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Prosit: A Book of Toasts. Compiled by Clotho. San Francisco, Paul Elder & Co. \$1.25.

Quest of John Chapman, The: The Story of a Forgotten Hero. Newell Dwight Hillis. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Quintette of Graycoats, A. Effie Bignell. New York, Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.

Raiderland. S. R. Crockett. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

Romance of Modern Exploration, The. Archibald Williams. Illustrated. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Routine and Ideals. Le Baron Russell Briggs. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition. Josiah Allen's Wife. Illustrations by Ch. Grunwald. New York, G. W. Dillingham Co.

Scientific American Reference Book. Compiled by Albert A. Hopkins and A. Russell Bond. New York, Munn & Co. \$1.50.

Self-Building through Common-Sense Methods. Corilla Banister. Boston, Lee & Shepard. \$1.10.

Snowland Folks. Robt. E. Peary. Illustrated. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.20.

Sonny: A Christmas Guest. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory. New York, Century Co. \$1.25.

Stories of Adventures: As Told by Adventurers. Edward E. Hale. Illustrated. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Stories of Discovery: As Told by Discoverers. Edward E. Hale. Illustrated. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Story of the Churches, The: The Episcopalians. Daniel Dunlany Addison. New York, Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.

Strategy of Great Railroads, The. Frank H. Shearman. With maps. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Strenuous Animals: Veracious Tales. Edwin J. Webster. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble and Bob Adams. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.

Study to be Quiet. Edgar Work. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. 50 cents.

Swedish Life in Town and Country. O. G. von Heidenstam. Illustrated. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

Tiger of Muscovy, The. Fred Whisham. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.

Tomboy at Work, The. Jeannette L. Gilder. Illustrated. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

Transplanted Nursery, A. Martha Kean. Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author. New York, Century Co. \$1.20.

True Bills. Geo. Ade. Illustrated. New York, Harper's. \$1.00.

Waes Hael: The Book of Toasts. Edith Lea Chase and Capt. W. E. P. Trench, U. S. A. New York, The Grafton Press. \$1.50.

Younger American Poets, The. Jessie Rittenhouse. Illustrated. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Fiction

Custodian, The. Archibald Eyre. With Illustrations by Penrhyn Stanlaws. New York, Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Diane, A Romance of the Icarian Community on the Mississippi River. Katherine Holland Brown. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Emmanuel Benden. Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Far from the Madding Girdle. Guy Wetmore Carryl. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Fata Morgana. A Romance of Art Student Life in Paris. André Castaigne. Illustrated. New York, Century Co. \$1.50.

Freckles. Gene Stratton Porter. Decorations by E. Stetson Crawford. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Gabriel Praed's Castle. Alice Jones. Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.50.

Genevra. Chas. Marriott. New York, D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Girl and the Kaiser, The. Pauline Bradford Mackie. With Drawings by John Cecil Hay. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Among the February Magazines

President Eliot, of Harvard, Defines "Gentleman"

It is a current custom in many of the colleges to gather the new students at the beginning of the year and set forth the most judicious gentlemen obtainable to bid them welcome and make wise discourse to them about the new world they have come into and how they may best assimilate its best offerings. They do this every Fall at Harvard, and last October President Eliot, coming as the last of the speakers who addressed the newcomers in the Sanders Theater, imparted to them some true and timely ideas about being gentlemen in the democratic fashion proper to this untrammelled land. Discussing the characteristics of a gentleman in democratic society, he submitted that he should be gentle of speech, quiet of demeanor, a serene person who does not bluster, or bustle, or hurry, or vociferate but who pays attention with the intent mind which is requisite to effectiveness. And he accorded him the disposition to see the superiorities in persons rather than their inferiorities and a preference for the society of his superiors. And he held that he should have a generous spirit, conforming his life to his resources, avoiding both lavishness and parsimony. He should be considerate, too, especially towards those who are in any way in his power, and should scrupulously avoid hurting any one weaker than himself. He even denied him the precious privilege of being lazy. His democratic gentleman must be a power, a worker, a disinterested laborer in the service of others; not a weakling or a mere pleasure-seeker, but a strong and hard-working man.—E. S. MARTIN, in "The Metropolitan Magazine" for February.

Do Animals Think?

We know that the animals do not think in any proper sense as we do, or have concepts and ideas, because they have no language. Thinking in any proper sense is impossible without language; the language is the concept. Our ideas are as inseparable from the words as form is from substance. We may have impressions, perceptions, emotions, without language, but not ideas. The child perceives things, discriminates things, knows its mother from a stranger, is angry, or glad, or afraid, long before it has any language or any proper concepts. Animals know only things through their senses, and this "knowledge is restricted to things present in time and space." Reflection, or a return upon themselves in thought—of this they are not capable. Their only language consists of various cries and calls, expressions of pain, alarm, joy, love, anger. They communicate with each other and come to share each other's mental or emotional states, through these cries and calls. A dog barks in various tones and keys, each of which expresses a different feeling in the dog. I can always tell when my dog is barking at a snake; there is something peculiar in the tone. The hunter knows when his hound has driven

the fox to hole, by a change in his baying. The lowing and bellowing of horned cattle are expressions of several different things. The crow has many caws, that no doubt convey various meanings. The cries of alarm and distress of the birds are understood by all the wild creatures that hear them; a feeling of alarm is conveyed to them—an emotion, not an idea. We evolve ideas from our emotions, and emotions are often begotten by our ideas. A fine spring morning or a prospect from a mountain top makes me glad, and this gladness may take an intellectual form. But without language this gladness could not take form in ideal concepts.—John Burroughs in February "Harper's."

Forestry for the Farmer

This question of game refuge and protection and national parks is very close to that of forest preservation; they share in being of vital importance to the people. To the farmer, to agricultural communities anywhere, to the miner, to the stock breeder, conservation of the forest is absolutely imperative. The permanent prosperity of some of our far Western States has been seriously threatened by destruction of forests on the water sheds of needed streams. Protection of such forest land is literally a *sine qua non* of agricultural success. But wasteful lumbering and criminal carelessness that starts fires, continuously are impairing the efficiency of the forests as storage founts of future water supply.

Ignorance on forestry matters has been denser, perhaps, than on any other question in which the public is interested. The Forestry Department of the United States has been and is a missionary of incalculable service to those who will heed its warning, but only now is its educational efforts beginning to bear fruit. Residents of afflicted districts having learned their lesson through suffering are demanding the creation of new reserves and the rigid conservation of those which are not already devastated. Yet with the need of scientific forestry thus painfully demonstrated, over and again, no kind of bill meets by turns with such indifference or with such bitter opposition before Congress.

For example: The effort to officially establish the Appalachian Forest Reserve has been so long and unsuccessfully seeking Congressional recognition one despairs if eventual success will not come too late. Always Congressional ignorance or servitude of given interests disastrously handicaps the way of intelligent forestry preservation, irrigation, and wild bird and animal protection. Citizens should instruct their representatives and senators on these great general questions in no uncertain terms.

Nowhere in the whole country is more shameful destruction of forest taking place than in the southern Appalachian district; nowhere is the need of forestry conservation greater. Although the comparatively sparsely settled areas of agri-

cultural industry have served to scatter and minimize losses, yet the losses are there, just the same, and are grievously harming land which otherwise would be most advantageous for settlement. The lumber companies unchecked are making tremendous and irreparable inroads in the primeval forest, for the same reason that in the same South market hunters were permitted to slaughter birds—indifference of the local legislatures. Federal rescue is the only hope of this great section; and the Appalachian Forest Reserve should be among the first of those granted by Congress.—February "Outing."

The Dismissal of Bismarck

The first thing after his accession which really struck me as a revelation of his character was his dismissal of Bismarck. By vast numbers of people this was thought the act of an exultant young ruler eager to escape restraint; and this opinion was considerably promoted in English-speaking countries by an ephemeral cause—Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot." As most people who read this will remember, the Iron Chancellor was therein represented as an old, weather-beaten pilot, in storm-coat and sou'wester, going slowly and heavily down the gangway at the side of a great ship; while far above him, leaning over the bulwarks, was the young Emperor, jaunty, with a satisfied smirk, and wearing his crown. There was in that little drawing a spark of genius, and it sped far; probably no other cartoon in "Punch" ever produced so deep an effect, save possibly that which appeared during the Crimean War with the legend, "General February turned Traitor." It went everywhere, appealing to deep sentiment in human hearts.

And yet, to me, admiring Bismarck as the greatest German since Luther, but reflecting upon the vast interests involved, this act was a proof that the young monarch was a stronger man than any one had supposed. Certainly this dismissal must have caused him a deep pang. All his previous life had shown that he admired Bismarck, almost adored him. The dismissal revealed deep purpose, strong will. Louis XIV had gained credit after the death of Mazarin by declaring his intention of ruling alone, of taking into his own hands the vast work begun by Richelieu; but that was the merest nothing compared with this. This was, apparently, as if Louis XIII, immediately after the triumphs of Richelieu, had dismissed him and declared his purpose of henceforth being his own prime minister. The young emperor had found himself at the parting of the ways, and had deliberately chosen the right path, and this in spite of almost universal outcries at home and abroad. The old Emperor William could let Bismarck have his way to any extent: when his Chancellor sulked, he could drive to the palace in the Wilhelm Strasse, pat his old servant on the back, chaff him, scold him, laugh at him, and set him going again, and no one thought less of the old monarch on that account. But for the young Emperor William to do this was fatal. It classed him at once among the *rois fainéants*, the mere figureheads, "the solemnly constituted impostors," and in this lay not merely dangers to the young monarch, but to his dynasty and to the empire.

To me his recognition of this fact was and is a proof that the favorable judgments of him which I had heard expressed in Berlin were well founded.—Andrew D. White in February "Century."

Mme. Waddington's Visit to Pope Leo XIII

There were three red and gold arm-chairs at one end of the room, with a thick, handsome carpet in front of them. The Pope sat on the one in the middle, put me on his right, and W. on his left. He is a very striking figure: tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow, and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono, the only Pope I had ever approached. He was most gracious, spoke to me always in Italian, said he knew I was an old Roman, and that we had lived many years in Rome; spoke French to W., who, though he knows Italian fairly, prefers speaking in French. He asked W. all sorts of questions about home politics and the attitude of the clergy, saying that as a Protestant his opinion would be impartial (he was well up in French politics, and knew that there were three Protestants in W.'s ministry; himself, Léon Say, and Freycinet). W. was rather guarded at first (decidedly *banale*, I told him afterward), but the Pope looked straight at him with his keen, bright eyes, saying: "Je vous en prie, M. Waddington, parlez sans réserves."

We stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and the talk was most interesting. Evidently he had been curious to see W., and I think he was pleased. It was quite a picture to see the two men—the Pope dressed all in white, sitting very straight in his arm-chair, with his two hands resting on the arms of the chair, his head a little bent forward, and listening attentively to every word that W. said. W. drew his chair a little forward, spoke very quietly, as he always does, and said all he wanted to say with just the same steady look in his blue eyes.

From time to time the Pope turned to me and asked me (always in Italian) if politics interested me—he believed all French women were keen politicians; also if I had found many old friends in Rome. I told him I was so pleased to see Felice Malatesta as we came in, and that we were going to meet Cardinal Howard one day at breakfast. I shouldn't think he took as much interest in the social life of Rome as Pio Nono did.—From "Italian Recollections," by Mary King Waddington, in the February "Scribner's."

Conclusions Regarding Lynching in this Country

And finally, we may, perhaps, form a few general conclusions.

Lynching in this country is peculiarly the white man's burden. The white man has taken all the responsibility of government; he really governs in the North as well as in the South, in the North disfranchising the negro with cash, in the South by law or by intimidation. All the machinery of justice is in his hands, and will continue to be; the negro, indeed, brought here originally against his will, is even yet the all but helpless charge of the white man. How keen is the need, then, of calmness and strict justice in dealing with him! The idea of equality is hateful to many white men, but nothing more surely tends to bring the white man down to the lowest level

of the criminal negro than yielding to those blind instincts of savagery which find expression in the mob. The man who joins a mob, by his very acts, puts himself on a level with the negro criminal; both have given way wholly to brute passion. For, if civilization means anything, it means self-restraint; casting away self-restraint the white man becomes as savage as the negro.

If the white man sets an example of non-obedience to law, of non-enforcement of law, and of unequal justice, what can be expected of the negro? A criminal father is a poor preacher of homilies to a wayward son. The negro does not reason. He sees a man, white or black, commit murder and go free, over and over again, in all these lynching counties. Why should he fear to murder? Every passion of the white man is reflected and emphasized in the imitative negro. —February "McClure's."

American Society

There seems to be a general idea in this country that if a man has rank in the European countries he has the open sesame to the highest society. This is very far from being the truth. There are duchesses in England who have no place in what is known as "society." Some of them because they do not wish for it. Some of them because they have nothing that adds to a smart entertainment. Of course if a woman is born in a high station, or even if she marries there, she has the advantage of having her chance. Some American women have even failed to have that, because they have married, quite unknowingly, men for whom society in their own land refuses to do anything.

To a great many people the word "society" is looked at with contempt. We keep some of the Puritan point of view, and the word spells to thousands of Americans all that is light and ephemeral and of no account. This is certainly not true anywhere. The smallest town in the United States will show that just as surely as London or Paris. Who are the "influential citizens"? Are they not the men who have come to the top or have kept on top? Is it not their

wives and daughters, who have tact and courtesy and education, who are the leaders in the social world, however small it may be? Hasn't the woman who is "in society" in Fowlersburg an easier manner, a readier adaptation to strangers, and a greater opportunity to meet the best of the world that comes into her community, than the woman who is not? It is thus everywhere in the world. Society is the face of the body politic.

We have in America all of the ingredients to make the most charming social life, but they have not had time to come to maturity, nor are they concentrated in any one place as in London or Paris. New York is not a typical American city by any means, and judged by world-standards there are other places in this country that have a much better society. America, socially, should no more be judged by New York than the social tone of Germany by that of Bremen.

The real charm of a world-society is that it is truly able to give the guinea's stamp which allows the possessor to pass current in the world without being assayed in every community. —February "Cosmopolitan."

The Advance of "Wireless"

Wireless telegraphy is already making a commercial success. Go, if you wish, to the nearest telegraph station, and thence you may communicate with a friend on almost any trans-atlantic liner on the high seas. The service will cost you, exclusive of land tolls, \$2 for ten words. Or you may send your friend money, or give notice of legal action against him, or play a game of chess with him. And you might reach him similarly from Canada or England, or from another steamship. The United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and Lloyds, and the British Admiralty, all have steamship lines carrying Marconi installations. In all, about 100 vessels are equipped. The Atlantic Ocean is charted into squares, and since every ship is constantly in range of communication from land and from other ships, it can be located at any moment and rung up to take a message. —February "World's Work."

Magazine Reference List for February, 1905

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Allegories. McClure's
 Beautifying the Ugly Things. World's Work
 Beethoven and His Music. Chautauquan
 Boston Symphony Orchestra, The. Century
 Melba in Australia. Munsey's
 Singers Now and Then. Atlantic Monthly
 Who Discovered Wagner? Munsey's

Biographical and Reminiscent

American Authors of To-Day. Munsey's
 George Herbert as a Religious Poet
 Atlantic Monthly
 Hans Breitman as Romany Rye. Atlantic Monthly
 Haunts of Oliver Wendell Holmes, The
 Four-Track News

Ibsen, Henrik: Philosopher or Poet?

. Cosmopolitan
 Italian Recollections. Scribner's
 La Salle, The Great. Harper's
 Matthew Arnold in Time. Atlantic Monthly
 Recollections of General Grant
 Journal Mil. Service Inst.
 Stoessel, General: Hero of Port Arthur, The
 Review of Reviews
 Strong Men of Canada, The. Munsey's
 Thomas, Theodore. Review of Reviews
 Washington's Home Town. Four-Track News

Educational Topics

Aspects of the Elementary School. Chautauquan

Essays and Miscellany

- American Child, The.....Good Housekeeping
 American Wife in Europe, The...Cosmopolitan
 Art of Wooing, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Barbaric Pearl and Gold.....Cosmopolitan
 Building of a House, The...Good Housekeeping
 Building of a Wonderful Community.....World's Work
 Caverns of Wyandotte, The...Four-Track News
 Color at Vesuvius.....Century
 Confessions of a Newspaper Woman, The.....Atlantic Monthly
 Corner in Pacific Railroads, A...World's Work
 Development of Nome, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Do Animals Think?.....Harper's
 Elevation of Domestic Service, The.....Good Housekeeping
 German Town and German Byways. Chautauquan
 Hostess, The.....Good Housekeeping
 House of Bismarck, The.....Munsey's
 How Insurance Laws Work.....World's Work
 Humors of the Omnibus.....Temple Bar
 Impressions of the German Emperor...Century
 Jiu-Jitsu.....Review of Reviews
 King on American Soil, A...Four-Track News
 Land of a Hundred Castles, The.....Harper's
 Last of the Indian Chiefs, The.....Munsey's
 Lights and the Stars of Broadway, The...Scribner's
 London River.....Metropolitan
 Lucin Cut-off, The.....Four-Track News
 Madame at Her Inn.....Good Housekeeping
 Making Business Fighters for Uncle Sam's New Navy.....Metropolitan
 Neglected Class, A.....Good Housekeeping
 New Discovery at Pompeii, A.....Century
 Occupations in the Twelfth Census.....Journal of Political Economy
 Our Growth in Wealth.....World's Work
 Our Strenuous Diplomats.....Munsey's
 Promoter at Work, A.....World's Work
 Rationale of Ghosts, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla....Munsey
 Samian Wine: Some Greek Sketches. Temple Bar
 Sentiment in Chambers.....Good Housekeeping
 Shop Closed, The.....Review of Reviews
 Significance of Erckmann-Chatrian. Chautauquan
 Street Railway Fares in the United States.....Review of Reviews
 Tintagel and its Arthurian Traditions.....Temple Bar
 Use of Growing Plants for Table Decoration, The.....Lippincott's
 Wall Street as It Is.....World's Work
 War Correspondent and his Future, The.....Scribner's
 What is Lynching?.....McClure's
 White Slaves of Haicheng.....Scribner's
 Young Wife's Confession, A...Good Housekeeping
 Youth of Mary Stuart, The.....Harper's
- Historical and Political**
 Canada's Attitude toward Us....World's Work
 Conflict in Finland, The.....Century
 Democratic Predicament, The. Atlantic Monthly
 Far East after the War, The....World's Work
 Industrial and Commercial Outlook in Venezuela.....Review of Reviews
 Intervention in War.....Review of Reviews
 Jackson and Van Buren Papers, The.....Atlantic Monthly

- Korea and the Korean Emperor.....Century
 Making a Treaty with Menelik...World's Work
 Present Financial and Monetary Condition of Japan.....Journal of Political Economy
 Progress of Socialism, The.....Scribner's
 Rhode Island: A State for Sale.....McClure's
 Studies in Marine Biology.....Harper's

Military Science

- British Tibetan Expedition of 1904.....Journal of the U. S. Infantry Assn.
 Cardinal Vices of the American Soldier.....Journal Mil. Service Inst.
 Extemporized Moving Target, An.....Journal of the U. S. Infantry Assn.
 Japanese Infantry Attack, The.....Journal of the U. S. Infantry Assn.
 Land Defense of Seacoast Fortifications.....Journal Mil. Service Inst.
 Military Hygiene.....Journal Mil. Service Inst.
 Militia.....Journal Mil. Service Inst.
 Rod-Bayonet, The. Journal of the U. S. Inf. Assn.
 What is Contraband of War?. Gunter's Magazine

Religious and Philosophical

- Early Days of Christian Missions in Japan, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Spiritual Quality, The.....Metropolitan

Scientific and Industrial

- Advance of "Wireless".....World's Work
 Breeding Exhibition Poultry.....Outing
 Conditions in the Cattle Industry.....Journal of Political Economy
 How to Save the Corporation.....McClure's
 Radium.....Harper's
 Workings of a Model Bank, The...World's Work

Sociologic and Economic

- American Municipal Social Service. Chautauquan
 Capital as a Competitive Concept.....Journal of Political Economy
 German Municipal Social Service...Chautauquan
 Great Era of English Reform, The. Chautauquan
 Plan for Simpler Living, A.....World's Work
 Public House Trust Movement in England.....Social Service
 Saloon Substitutes in Great Britain. Social Service
 Solutions of the Drink Problem....Social Service
 Subway Tavern, The.....Social Service

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

- African Big Game.....Four-Track News
 Boating on the Nile.....Outing
 Can a Business Man Walk Five Thousand Miles a Year.....Outing
 Chicago's New Park Service.....Century
 Courting Death Merrily in a Motor Car.....Metropolitan
 East End London at Play.....Outing
 Everglades of Florida, The.....Century
 Game of Billiards, The.....Outing
 Least Known of All Game Animals, The...Outing
 Life in the Louisiana Swamps.....Outing
 Racing on the Sacramento...Gunter's Magazine
 Some Incidents of Western Life.....Scribner's
 Wide Marshes of Manitoba, On the...Outing
 Wild Animal Trapping.....McClure's

Open ❀ ❀ Questions

1100. Can you tell me where I can find a poem entitled "The Song of the Idler"? I clipped it from a stray newspaper some time ago. The name of the author was given as Marion Kent Hurd, and two of the verses ran something like this:

"Hear ye the song of the idler,
O ghostly-faced divine,
Where can ye find in your sermons
A creed like the creed of mine?
Mine is the God of Nature,
Yours is the One in Three.
The trinity, out in the grasses,
Is earth and sky and sea.

"Out in the golden sunshine
The very shadows play,
The thrushes sing the anthems
Of joy on earth to-day,
And the pines preach soughing sermons,
Beyond your tongue or pen,
Of freedom to God's creatures
And love of all God's men."

J. B. DENSLOW, Chicago, Ill.

[We have not found this in any index to current periodicals, nor in any collection of poems that we have consulted.]

1101. Will you please publish the poem "Over the Hill to the Poor House?"

MARY T. GRAY, Cincinnati, O.

[This will be found in many collections of verse that are accessible in a library, as it is a popular recitation in school commencements.]

1102. Will you kindly tell from what poem the following lines are taken:

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Mrs. FLOYD MOORE, Harpster, Idaho.

[These are the concluding lines of a poem by Thomas Moore, the first line of which is its title.

Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it, too,

And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain

Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,

But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw

Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up

To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,

My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—

Shall join your revels, your sports, and your wiles,

And return to me beaming all over with smiles;

Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,

Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,

Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy!

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,

And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.]

1103. Can you tell me who is the author of "The nature of things is in their beginnings"? Where can the sentence be found?

JOHN ORR, San José, Cal.

[We do not find this indexed.]

1104. Can you direct me to the following quotation:

"Lion of Judah,
From Brahm and
From Buddha"?

WILLIAM G. LIGHTFOOTE, Canandaigua, N. Y.

1105. Will you kindly tell me, if you can, the date and place of birth of Henry Seton Meriman? I cannot find it in any biographies available to me here.

E. W. ROGERS, Fitchburg, Mass.

[Some newspaper or magazine article may furnish the desired information. We find many notices of his writings, but nothing more definite concerning his birth than that he was English. Hugh Stowell Scott, his real name, published from 1889 to 1902 the following: "Phantom Future," "From One Generation to Another," "Suspense," "Prisoners and Captives," "Slave of the Lamp," "With Edged Tools," "Gray Lady," "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," "Flotsam," "The Money Spinner," "Roden's Corner," "Isle of Unrest," "Velvet Glove," and "The Vultures." He died in 1903.]

ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

1092. My attention has been directed to an item in "Open Questions," concerning a poem entitled "Rest," and said to be credited to Mary Woolsey Howland. It would be a matter of interest to have the claim to the authorship set-

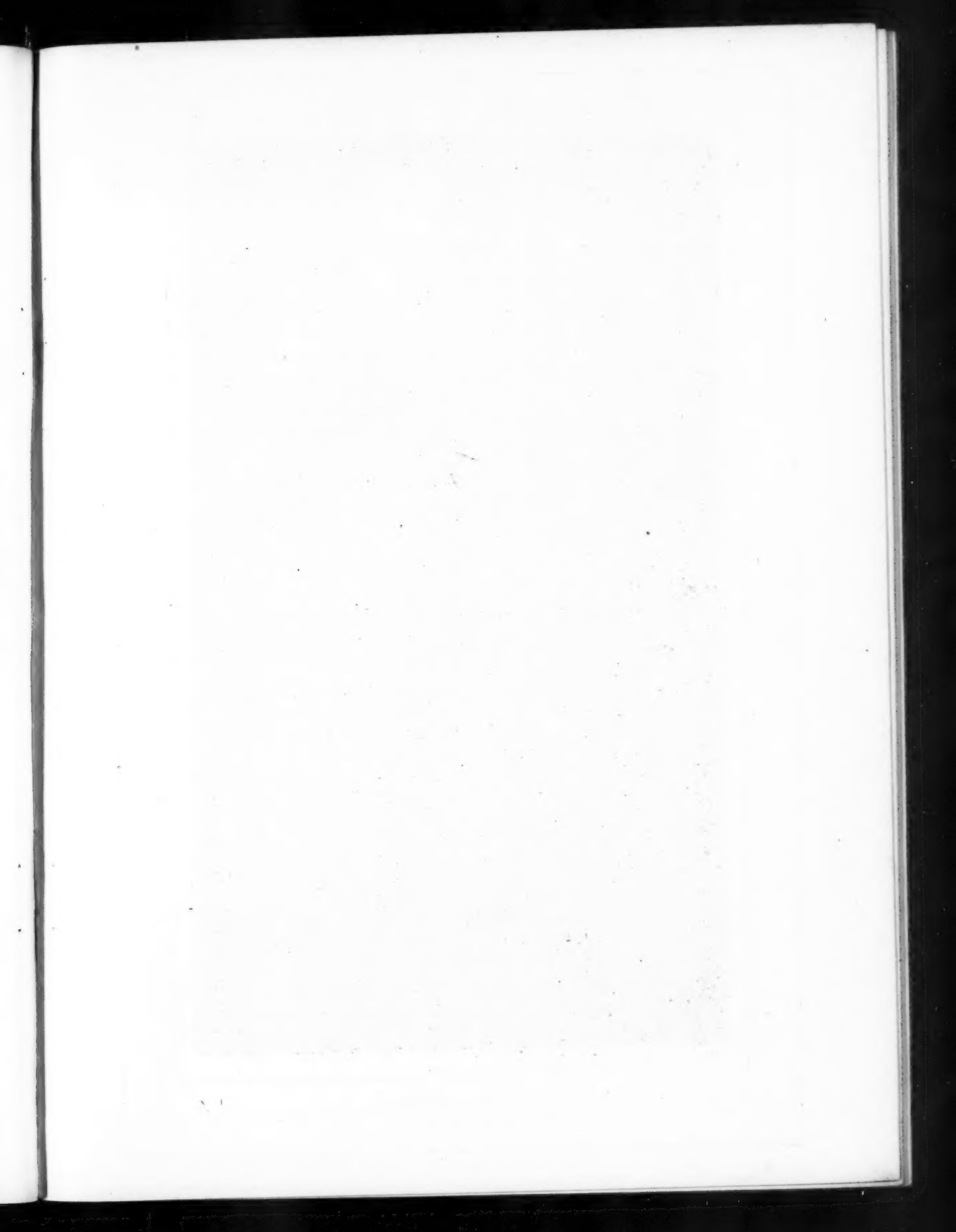
tled, as it is a poem which will live. Pardon me for personal allusions, but I would like to tell you what I know about it. When I saw the first line of the poem in the Memphis Appeal, two years ago, I handed the paper to a friend, saying: "See if I have a good memory?" and repeated the poem. I had not seen it since as a school-girl in Mobile in 1864 I cut it out of a copy of a Mobile paper, and put it in a scrap-book, which soon after found its way to Arkansas. But my old-fashioned education and love of poetry made easy the retaining it in my mind all these years.

A notice at the head of the poem, as I first saw it, said that it was found penciled in a worn note-book under the pillow of a dead soldier in the hospital at Port Royal, S. C. That was forty years ago. Possibly my recollections may throw some light upon the matter.

FANNY JAMES MOSBY, Professor of History, Industrial Institute and College, Columbus, Miss.

[This interesting communication furnishes the earliest date yet given of the publication of the poem, and the detail of the lines having been written in a note-book. There are many controversies not settled because of a disregard of apparently insignificant details. A controversy over the authorship of "The Island of Long Ago" would have been ended before it began if the fact had been noticed that it was publicly claimed by Benjamin F. Taylor in the lifetime of a college professor to whom it was afterward attributed, but who had not himself ever laid claim to it.]







From a photograph by Miss Zaida Ben-Yusuf

MR. JOHN W. ALEXANDER

The distinguished American painter